

MCCALL'S

10¢

"DROWNED VALLEY"
by

ROBERT W.
CHAMBERS

Complete in this Issue

DECEMBER

A CHRISTMAS
LOVE STORY

by
KATHLEEN
NORRIS





BEAUTIFUL hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care. You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

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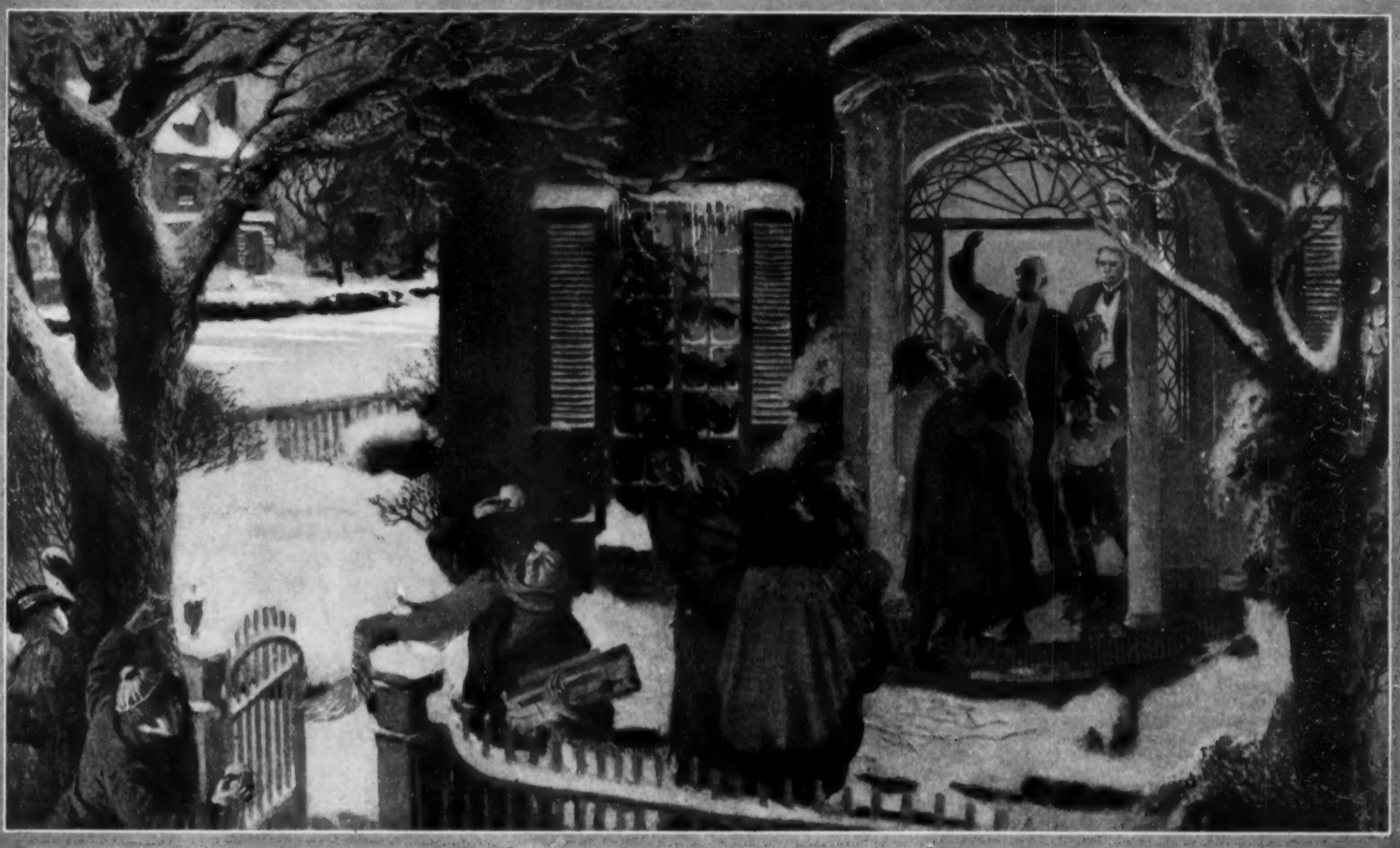
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Christmas on McCall Street



GEORGE ELIOT once said that, could she constantly hear great music, her character, she knew, would take on a radiance and a fineness that it ordinarily did not possess; that music made her "suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange," and that no longer was she merely mortal.

Christmastide with its "song in the air," as it yearly rolls round brings to us a like glamorous interlude in the chaos of the strident, workaday world, and it makes our hearts glow somewhat in the same way; we, too, under the spell of its beneficence, seem to take on added stature and a grandeur of feeling that give us a sense of a sublime elation. It is precisely at such intervals that we find what life can be at its highest moments, and it is directly the result of these rare presentiments of the spirit that the world has been lifted to whatever beauty it has. For it is these flashes which give us glimpses from time to time of an ideal suggesting to us a plan of life that enlists the respect of our better selves, however much we fail in ordinary to meet its obligations.

McCall's affirms that it is this ideal life that humans sense in the occasional moments of spiritual ecstasy which must be stressed again and again by the written word if life is to become gradually better—if reality is ever to come near to catching up with the ideal. McCall's indeed feels that this, and this alone, is the mission of the written word, that it can justify itself eventually only by accepting such a mission. If the written word, however interesting it may be, does not carry

a suggestion for positive good, we feel it is better left unwritten.

At Christmastime, then, when cynicism and hardness have given place, even in the grimmest of us, to peace and goodwill toward men, it is fitting, it seems to the editors of McCall's, to make this affirmation for the benefit of those who dwell on McCall Street, who believe in McCall's as a friend with principles of the highest.

We do not think any magazine that is accepted as such a friend at the firesides of American homes has the

right to print things that our best selves do not sanction, sentiments that are less worthy than those we entertain in our highest moments. Therefore, we pledge ourselves at this time of the year when men's thoughts are concerned with the serious and fine issues of life, to make McCall's a magazine that will stress the good, the true, the beautiful.

It has become of late among modernistic critics a cult to belittle stories that convey morals. This is propaganda that is not only pernicious but also untrue. There are a great many excellent pieces of writing which teach great moral lessons, among the major of which may be mentioned the Bible.

We believe that the American nation today constitutes the moral reservoir of the world, and that the writer who does not sense the highly ethical nature of America is foredoomed to failure, for his audience is not here. The American people, far from not taking literature seriously, are rather inclined to take it more seriously than other nations for they believe that unless it contributes real inspiration and help in the solution of life's tangled problems, it is of little use to humanity.

In the field of fiction McCall's expects to print only interesting stories and novels, but also only such that tend to instill a moral. In its articles it will not fail to analyze current evils, but it will do so only to point them out, and thus start reformation.

We shall attempt to keep the atmosphere of McCall's throughout the twelfth month as fine, as gay, as generous and as radiant as that which pervades the earth when the spirit of Christmas falls upon the haunts of men.

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The Gift Without the Giver is Bare

By Kathleen Norris

ILLUSTRATED BY AGNES C. LEHMAN

THERE are three sorts of Christmas presents; the sort you buy ready-made in shops, like calendars and cologne and silk stockings; the sort you make yourself, of yarn and orris and pink ribbon; and the kind that cannot be wrapped in tissue-paper or red ribbon or touched with hands—but that are the real Christmas gifts, after all! We all know it, we all say it, and yet how few of us really act upon our belief that the sweetest and holiest and truest sort of Christmas has nothing to do with checks and charging and aching feet and worry about money. Inevitably, with mid-December, comes the time of anxiety, rushing, fatigue, confusion; inevitably we buy the wrong thing for George, decide to give it to Robert, find ourselves too late to get another of the leather boxes, exhaustedly substitute the bronze book-racks; inevitably we jam street-cars, stand shivering on crossings, reach home in a state of collapse, and—even then!—perhaps have to apologize to the nearest and dearest:

"I couldn't get you boys your skates, there was such a crowd about the counter! And I am just going to promise Daddy the dressing-gown now, and get it some day next week, when there is no rush!"

And then the aftermath, the mysteriously enormous bills that sicken and shock one, in January, when the excitement of the great feast is over, and the chill hour of reckoning has come. They looked so innocent, the candlesticks and the beaded bags and the dear little dolls from the Woman's Exchange—but they add up into a hideous total and seem to represent a good deal of coal, groceries, shoes and theater tickets.

"I want you to go down-town *this morning*," said a wife of my acquaintance to her husband, firmly, on the twenty-third of a certain December, "and buy yourself a Christmas present! Something decent, and something that you want, and something that you won't buy in the ordinary course of events!"

"I'm terribly busy, Mary," the husband pleaded, worriedly, for he was deep in business troubles.

"You do it—*today!*" said his wife. And he did. And the bill for the golf coat he bought was among the things that went into the receiver's hands a few weeks later.

I know a family (and you do, too!) that spends all December in a fever of automatic generosity.

"No, you shan't give Aunt Sally the door knocker, because I thought of that!" one member will say. "I'm going to give Jim gloves again—I always do; and I've thought of a wonderful thing for Father. But do—do tell me something to give Mabel and the girls—something about five dollars each, say. They have *everything*—and there's nothing in the world they need!"

Nothing in the world they need! Are we crazy that we go on multiplying the unnecessary prettiness and fussiness of life, when there are thousands and millions who need lunch today, and dinner tonight, when there are children watching their mothers' faces patiently, quietly, hour after hour, to see if there is any hope that the aching, gnawing pain in their little bodies may be stilled for awhile? Yes, of course we are crazy; we know not what we do. But it becomes a little more than mere imbecile irresponsibility when we do all this in the name of the Baby who came to make life simpler and sweeter and more loving for us all.

The two most wonderful Christmas presents that I ever had in my life come back to my memory as I write, as exquisite as they were on those two Christmases long ago. But neither was scribbled down upon a damp and crumpled list, or snatched from a disordered counter in a department-store basement.

ONE was given me on Christmas Eve, almost twenty years ago, when I came home weary and cold and discouraged from a long day in a close office. We were living in five rooms, six sisters and brothers, and there was no turkey that Christmas, and no tree, and for the first time no mother and no father. There was no promise of joy or comfort when I came in out of the rain on Christmas Eve.

The first door in the narrow hall opened into a small room we called the parlor, a room that was rarely used; for the dining-room, hanging like an eagle's nest over San Francisco Bay, was the real living-room. On the parlor door, this evening, was a large card, "Merry Christmas!" Almost too tired to want to be pleased, I opened the door, and then the tears came to my eyes, and they come now, as I write.

The little sisters and brothers had turned it into a bedroom, for me—all for me. My bed was there, my books, my treasured drop-light, my pictures. The givers of the gift were all peeping in through the door into the

bedroom that I had shared, until now, with the three children of the family, and whether we laughed or cried most, in the general rapture, I can't remember.

The delight of that room! The luxury of coming home to it perhaps only a business woman of twenty can really appreciate. A string of Tiffany pearls now would not mean anything like the joy that it was to me to waken in that little haven of peace and isolation.

And the second Christmas present, although entirely inadvertent, is delicious to remember, too. It was the first Christmas after I was married, and Himself and I were down-town in the biggest city, loaded with important bundles, and saving one precious banknote for the most thrilling gifts of all—ours to each other. And we were to dine with friends who had begged us just to surprise them *any* night, and we were then to use a pass to the theater. It was a glorious occasion!

AND then, we lost the precious last ten dollars! And the friends' house was shut up and blank; they were in Bermuda. Darkness and coldness and utter fatigue arrived with the sudden conviction that there was to be no dinner. And the theater pass—as the doorman told us loudly—was no good on Saturday night!

Home with our bundles we plodded, through the snow—forty long blocks. But we were laughing all the way, singing Christmas carols and planning for next Christmas. And gravely handing me a cup of coffee, at ten o'clock, the head of the house said, "Merry Christmas," and gravely handing him a hot roll, I said, "With Best Christmas Wishes!"

We have forgotten other gifts, as the years have gone by, but never these.

Try the intangible sort of giving, this year. Give Dad the exquisite relief of surprisingly small bills; give Mother the real, deep, unreserved confidence for which she has been wistfully waiting; give Mary yourself, on a long wet afternoon, so that she can go down-town for an hour or two, knowing the nursery safe in your care. Give Grandmother a morning of real companionship and give Aunt Betsey the sort of present she never forgets, by saying something kind about peculiar and unpopular Uncle George.

The joke of this kind of present-making is decidedly on the recipients, for they are too radiant and grateful and soothed and touched over your giving to realize that you are really giving priceless things to yourself.

After all, are there any words in all poetry truer than these:

"Not what you give, but what you share;
For the gift without the giver is bare."

A Delightful Christmas Gift

Is a year of McCall's Magazine. Who would not enjoy this most popular of all magazines? A special offer to McCall readers, which makes the giving of a McCall subscription especially attractive, is found on page 24.



The Victrola is the gift of all music to your home

Wherever the dawn of Christmas morning finds a Victrola, there are gathered the greatest artists of this generation. All have contributed their art to the Victrola, positive that it is the one instrument which brings to you their authoritative interpretations in the tones of actual reality.

Will there be a Victrola in your home this Christmas? \$25 to \$1500.



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Whenever soap comes in contact with the skin—use Ivory.

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THE daily bath is a real pleasure to millions of people because of Ivory Soap, yet they do not think of Ivory as only a "bath" soap.

For the toilet, the shampoo and the nursery its users would not risk using any other soap, yet they do not think of Ivory as a "toilet" soap exclusively.

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Whiteness, fragrance, mildness, purity, abundant lather, easy rinsing, "it floats";—without *all* these qualities no soap can give the same satisfaction for *any* use as Ivory,—and what soap but Ivory combines all seven?

Ivory Soap comes in a convenient size and form for every purpose



Small Cake

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Large Cake

Especially for laundry use. Also preferred by many for the bath.



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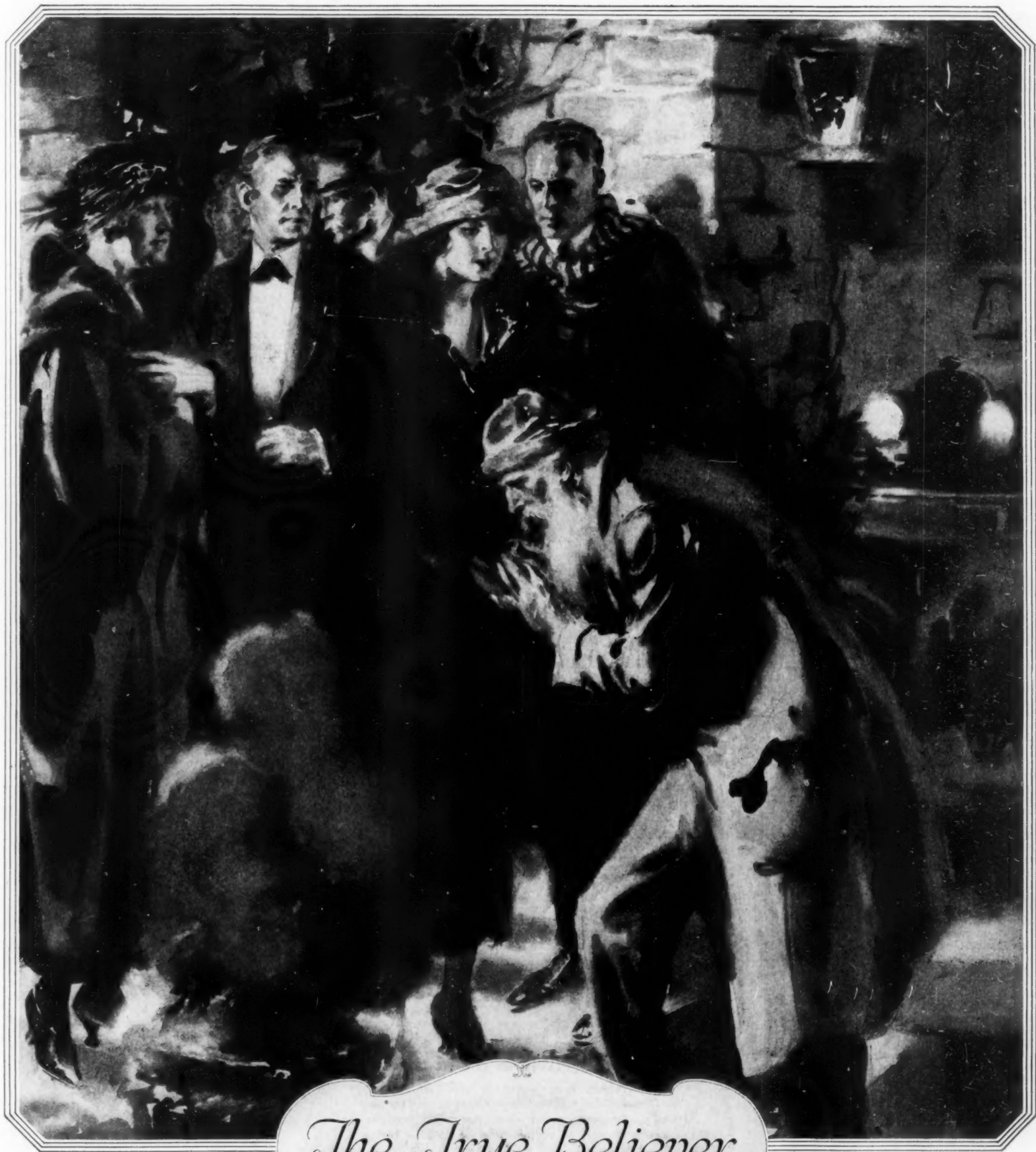
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IVORY SOAP



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The True Believer

by Kathleen Norris

Illustrated by H.R. Ballinger

THE old Lovell homestead, in Boston, built in the sixth decade of the eighteenth century by Thomas Lovell the third, stood in a square block of its own fine maples and elms, still protected by the fence of faded and vine-wreathed and weather-stained brick that had been built about it when the trees were saplings, and when admiring passersby in shovel bonnets and empire waists had stopped to admire the whole as "the new Lovell place." The fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth Lovells had duly followed each other through the oak-panelled hallways and up the great winding stairway, and now the magnificent widow of Thomas Lovell the ninth reigned there, and walked the brick paths, and kept her grays in the old brick stable, and watched unperturbedly the growing of the city below her, and the migration of all her old friends—so many widowed, too, nowadays—into apartments or conservative hotels. The head of the Lovell family had lived on this particular corner since Governor Bernard's day; it was not for Lizzie Patterson Lovell to make a change now.

They were a proud lot, the Lovells—proud even for Boston, which is to say the world. They had much of which they might legitimately be proud, and they were not the only family who made this a good reason for being proud of everything they had and did and said, without exception. Their peculiarities and their faults were swept along in this high-tide of utter satisfaction with themselves, and if the privileged few who loved them called this quality wonderful, there were plenty of outsiders to say that they were arrogant and self-satisfied to the point of absurdity.

But what outsiders thought of them, troubled them not at all. They were so rich, and so well-established, and so

busy, that they could well afford to ignore the world. There was a score of family homes to which they all made visits; there were weddings and dinners and babies constantly occurring, Christmas and birthday parties, departures for Europe, returns from abroad, hospital calls, and of course the midsummer migrations to Buzzard's Bay or the Vermont hills—and all these absorbed the Lovells and made them independent of less fortunate and envious strangers.

THEY were all more or less interested in what the women vaguely referred to as "the mills," outside the city, on the river, from which flowed miles and miles of matchless Lovell linens, and to which returned unlimited streams of gold. Thomas Lovell the ninth had been their president, and Lizzie Patterson Lovell, his widow, was a recognized and mighty influence therein.

The Lovell men were all big handsome blonds; the Lovell women usually began life as exceptionally homely, heavy, awkward girls, with muddy complexions, straight hair, and prominent teeth. All the Lovells went to one private school and practised Chopin's *études* under the same irritable German master.

A girl's voice said pitifully, "Ah, let's give him something!"

From the ages of ten to sixteen the girls had gymnasium work, and French and Italian; they rode with grooms; their big teeth were strapped in hideous gold bands. But after a while, when their heavy hair was loosened from the plain clubbing of girlhood, and their skins cleared with diet and exercise, they bloomed into "nice-looking" young women, rather too athletic, perhaps, and still a little blunt in manner when they duly married Cockses and Hutchinsons and Lunings and Moodys. The family custom was immediately to have two girl babies, and then, after an interval, two boys.

AS years went on, the Lovell men lost their fair hair, and grew a little heavy, a little red as to face. And the Lovell women went on improving in manner and voice, complexion and figure; and happy wifehood and motherhood lighted their fine, intelligent faces, so that presently, surrounded by handsome sons, and clumsy, heavy daughters, they became extremely attractive personalities, and outsiders sometimes wondered just what they had seen, fifteen or twenty years before, in this husband or that.

In all the houses there were heirlooms. There were thin old portraits of John Copley and Gilbert Stewart, old blue cups and old Spode teapots, copper warming pans, wig-stands and low-boys, mahogany fourposters and fiddle-back rockers, thin silver spoons and porringers.

And then there were the lesser things, more delightful and more intimate; personal letters from Carters and Shirleys to the Lovells of colonial times, samplers with churches and trees and alphabets, peace pipes, Indian bowls, great slatted

Quaker bonnets that fell back on the shoulders, spinning-wheels and horse-hide saddle-bags, rose jars and cap crimpers.

All these were scattered among the magnificent homes, among beautiful rugs from the Orient, modern mahogany, glowing lamps, and priceless books and canvases—and because the old Lovell home was richest in them, its mistress felt that she had one more feather in the bristling plumage of her cap. She made a sort of royal progress through her domain every day, eyeing the nail-studded sea-chests, the great Canton china bowls and jars, the English oak chairs from what she called the "family seat" in Nottingham, as all contributory to her sense of fitness and rightness. All the world had laid its treasures at the feet of the Lovells, and the Lovells were the most important people in the world.

Lizzie Patterson Lovell, now fifty-six years old, had duly born her husband two daughters and two sons. Sally and Elizabeth, had, respectively, married a Luning and a Ballard.

So both the girls had done exactly what was expected of them, and had the boys been as fortunate, their automatic mother would have been a younger woman, on her fifty-sixth birthday, as she walked slowly up and down the wet garden after an August thunder-storm, and pondered with doubt and anger and agony in her heart upon the strange and unnatural conduct of the tenth Lovell.

PAIN and anger and agony, these were new emotions to the handsome, erect woman of a few years ago. But these were changed days for the Lovells, as for half the world. Mrs. Lovell, pacing to and fro, waiting for Sally and Elizabeth and their husbands and their three little girls to arrive from the country with birthday wishes, carried with her almost the heaviest burden of grief that she had ever known.

To be sure there had been the sad loss of her husband, but that was twenty-five years ago, now. She had risen, she had been obliged to rise, to the occasion. Rich, young, capable, there had been something soothing in the very greatness of her loss; she had been the queen regent, guarding the precious heirs.

Elizabeth had been ten years old then, and Sally nine. Thomas the tenth had been a magnificent boy of seven, and his brother, Cyrus Patterson—always called Pat—had been two years younger. How she had loved them! She thought of it now, with an aching heart. How happily the years of skates and arithmetic and dentists and Christmas trees had flown by! Tom's scarlet fever, Pat's broken arm, the day Elizabeth was thrown from a horse—that was only yesterday. Yet here were Sally and Elizabeth duly busied with little girls and baby boys of their own!

And Pat—dear, big, handsome Pat—but no, his mother had to hurry her thoughts away from Pat! The Lovells had always given men to the service; there had never been an American war without a Lovell. Pat's mother had been only her proud, complacent self when he had come to say good-by, on a January day nearly two years ago. Captain Pat—she had been so proud of him! She had given him messages for the older brother, Thomas the tenth, who had been for some months in the London office, and she had promised to come to France when the war was over and visit Italy and Norway and England with her soldier.

So he had gone away, grinning and confident—gone away never to return to the big room that was full of Harvard trophies, to the guns and the wistful Airdale, the mother and sisters who loved him so dearly. She had had a letter, penciled in an English hospital; she knew that Thomas had been with him, at the end—and that was all.

Stricken to the heart and shaken to the very depths of her being, she immediately had learned that she must face a second blow. Thomas had written her that he himself was going to the front, and that as, like dear old Pat, he might not come back, he wanted to write his mother a piece of news that he had suppressed for a long time because he had hoped to tell her himself when he came home. And then the war had come, and he had been detained in London, with poor Pat's sickness and all that.

Well, anyway, he wanted her to know now that shortly after his arrival in London, now three years ago, he had been married to a young lady in the London office and they had a fine little boy, Tommy—the eleventh, by George, wasn't it?—and they were expecting another baby pretty soon. And if anything happened to him, Thomas tenth, at the front, would his mother keep an eye on his wife, and on the kiddies? Of course she would, but he wanted to be sure that she forgave the secrecy about his marriage, and to realize that there were circumstances that made it seem the best thing at the time. When she met Lucia she would love her, as everybody did, and if he came out of this war safely he would bring his wife and the babies straight home to Boston—and he hoped his little son, who was the image of Pat, would help her, and help them all, to bear the dear old boy's loss.

SORROW had blotted out pride when Pat died, but pride had its own way here. A girl from the London office, a secret wedding, a 'nobody' carrying on the line of Lovells for the first time in two hundred years. What bitterness and disappointment there was in this for the heart-sick woman to whom this confident letter came!

She herself felt unable to acknowledge it, but Sally wrote. She wrote her brother that shock and distress had almost killed Mother. They did not even know his wife's name. They had always hoped, when Tom married, to know his wife, to have her "one of themselves." Mother felt that the sort of girl who made a man a good wife hated secret marriages, as all gentlemen did, and that if Tom had married differently, of course everyone would have felt differently. But he had done it in his own way, and his sisters, at least, could not blame his mother for feeling incurably wounded and grieved.

Thus Sally, breathing hard, and getting red in the face as she wrote. Her sister was there, and they read the letter together when it was finished, and agreed that it was not one bit too severe, and that it would serve Tom and his Lucia right. So it was mailed, and when Tom's answer came the correspondence was closed, with some feeling on all sides. Tom wrote angrily that his marriage was his own affair, and that his wife was the finest woman he had ever known. They intended to make their home in London, and he only regretted that his family had made him ashamed of it, before Lucia. He had not mentioned her maiden name, because he knew that they would not know it—she was not an English girl, she had been born in New York, and had

been earning her own living since she was thirteen, poor kid, and had not a living relative.

However, wrote Tom, he and she thought a good deal more of their future family than of their past, and his little boys would be none the worse off because they were not sleeping in the Alden cradle, and surrounded by wormy old counterpanes and wampum and fire-irons!

Tom's mother heard this letter read with a stricken countenance. "He is flippant about the family," she said, in an almost frightened tone. And stretching a fine, big-ringed hand for the damning pages, she added: "Now I have no son!"

The armistice was signed six months later, and she knew, through the Boston office, that Tom had returned to London, safe. But she never mentioned his name, and while Pat's room was left untouched, a sacred shrine, one day she had some of the men box everything that belonged to Tom and ship the boxes to London, and she turned the room into a sewing-room.

However, even if his mother could so heroically surrender him, the family firm it appeared, could not. Tom's grandfather, old Cyrus Patterson, died, and not only left the old corner house in Back Bay, with its high wall and arched elms to Tom, but left the vice-presidency of the mills vacant. It was Tom's logical place (he had been destined for this position since his birth, since before his birth.) He must come home now, regardless of any little domestic hitches, and let young Jack Luning go over to London.

Mrs. Lovell, fresh mourning for her father superimposed upon her mourning for Pat, heard the news with an immovable countenance. She had intended of course to give over the Lovell home, some day, to her son's wife, with the silver and the Copleys and the mahogany intact. She had intended, under these circumstances, to retire to the old Patterson homestead herself, in true dowager fashion, and end her days fittingly in the rooms where she had been born, and been married.

But she would not abdicate in favor of this unknown Lucia. That would be more than she could bear. Let Tom and the unknown wife take possession of their inheritance, their return to America should not concern her.

PACING the garden back and forth in the warm green shade, she pondered all these things wretchedly. Tom and his wife and his children would arrive next week; when Sally and Elizabeth and their children descended from motors at the gate, she showed them the cable, and the shadow of the event clouded even the happiness of the birthday reunion.

"They've three children?" she said to Sally.

"Three boys," Sally answered. "The baby is only a few weeks old."

"They'll be crowded in your grandfather's house," Mrs. Lovell said heavily. "He turned one room into a bathroom, and another into a sun-porch, when your grandmother died."

"If Tom doesn't like Grandfather Patterson's house, he can rent a house!" Elizabeth said firmly and unsympathetically. Her mother shuddered; the Lovells were not renters.

"Or he can buy a house!" added Sally heartlessly.

"That somebody else has built, you mean?" her mother asked doubtfully. Then, "He will inherit this some day," she added, with sudden feeling, "and I suppose I ought to bring them all right here, now. But I cannot—I cannot! A woman I never saw—so soon after Pat—!"

"Darling, of course you shouldn't ever consider that!" Sally interrupted her soothingly. "No, don't worry so! But here is something everybody wants to know, Mother," she distracted her quickly, "are you going to call?"

Elizabeth held her breath, but Mrs. Lovell was calm. "Certainly I will call," she said.

"And have them to dinner, Mother?"

"Certainly. Immediately—" Mrs. Lovell breathed a little quickly. "Almost immediately," she amended.

Young Mrs. Luning and young Mrs. Ballard sighed with relief. This word might now go forth into the clan; Mother was accepting the Tom Lovells. She still felt, of course, that no gentlewoman could have acted as Tom's wife had acted, and that Tom's conduct had been rash and inconsiderate, but she would call, and the girls would call. After Tom and Lucia had had dinner with his mother, then they would

be Lucia. Sally felt oddly young and countrified, when they were introduced, and Lucia moved splendid, dark, unsmiling eyes toward her and accepted her greeting almost without a word. She was slender almost to emaciation, but the clear, colorless skin was healthily pale, and there was energy in the quick tones with which she addressed the children. It was arranged that they were to be sent to the house at once.

"Thank you," Tom said coldly, when Sally stumbled over some explanation of Mother's lack of welcome and hospitality. "Grandfather's place is all in order, the children will go straight there. You'd better go with them, dearest," he added tenderly, to his wife. Flame leaped into her magnificent eyes as she smiled at him.

"The baby will need me, and they are all so hot and rumped," she said. She spoke to the maid in French, and trailed quietly away, with a little boy on each side. Tom's old driver, Cotter, was waiting with the big car. Elizabeth was left on the pier with the two men.

TOM was quiet; anxious to get to the mills, have a talk with the directors, and get home to his wife. He asked Elizabeth briefly for their mother; they spoke of Pat. When Elizabeth rather awkwardly alluded to his children, Tom seemed to shake off the intimate touch. They were nice kids, he said.

He and Emerson took her to their mother's house, where Sally and her baby were, and Tom kissed his mother and sister, as he had kissed Elizabeth on the pier. He was still cold, unapproachable; he stayed only a few moments.

The three women, with Mrs. Lovell's sister-in-law, Maria Endicott Patterson, and Maria's sister-in-law, Nancy Patterson Alcott, who were spending the day there, discussed Tom and his affairs for the rest of the afternoon. Mrs. Lovell's heart was sore. It was her son's wife, after all, settling in the old home, busy with fires and cribs and unpacking. It was a family event, it was a scene that she, as mother and grandmother, should have shared. But Tom's folly had spoiled everything!

"Did she seem common, Elizabeth?"

"Oh, not at all, Mother—not that. She seemed foreign, I couldn't place it exactly, but she has quite a manner. She is almost—almost distinguished looking. And she has quite a lovely, low voice."

"What do you suppose possesses such a woman, to put herself so hopelessly in the wrong with her husband's people?" Cousin Maria, blinking through her glasses, asked in clear, incisive tones. Mrs. Lovell shook her head.

"I don't know. Tom's wife . . ." she mused sadly, in discouragement and disapproval. And it was to be seen that mere beauty and accomplishment on the part of the intruder would never heal the breach.

THE younger crowd capitulated first, and capitulated utterly. Lucia, from the first, had a preoccupied and contented air that was in itself reassuring. She was getting settled, she was exploring and studying the historic old city, she was driving with the well-coated and capped little boys, or she was revelling in an intimate hour with Thomas the tenth, over the five o'clock tea cups. Cousins, calling, had a sense that they were interrupting, rather than diverting the young Lovells, although Lucia was extremely hospitable, in her rather silent way.

Tom's mother called, remaining only a terrible twenty minutes, looking at the children with civil indifference and confining her conversation to impersonal matters. "You liked London?"

"Oh, extremely." A pause. "I have to confess that I have been a little homesick," said Lucia.

"Indeed." Another pause.

"But Boston is of course extremely interesting."

"Well—" a stiff smile—"we Bostonians feel that, naturally. But it does not always impress outsiders so."

"No, perhaps not. Your tea is getting cold?"

"No, delicious. You will find the winter cold."

"Ah, not after London! One becomes hardened—"

And so on and on, until Mrs. Lovell senior heard the old clock boom five, and rose to depart.

"Will you and Tom dine with me on Sunday?" she said coldly, in the doorway. Tom's wife accepted simply. She put her arms about his neck, when he came home a few minutes later and rested her head against him, and said that her head ached, and her face ached, and her skin felt too tight.

"Tom—Tom—Tom—how she hates me!"

"Ah, no, she doesn't, darling. It's just her way—the stiff-necked New England way! For five cents, if it's going to work you up this way," said Tom, looking at his wife solicitously, "I'll pull out of the mills, and we'll go off somewhere else! You don't have to live here—"

"No, no, no, Tom!" Lucia said eagerly, sipping her scalding tea, and eyeing him affectionately from her deep chair, "No, dear, of course we'll stick it out! In the first place, coming right on top of your brother's death, it was hard on your mother—no question of that. Nothing that we could ever say would convince her how innocently we married—that I had no idea of the match I was making, and that the American Mr. Lovell was anything but a very modest and obscure sort of person! And then I am an utter nobody, Tom. I can't manufacture myself a family tree; that's what she wants, of course! Just one grandfather would save me, but I haven't got him!"

"It's a lot of rubbish!" said Tom mildly. "Well, in a way it is. And yet, for the boys' sake, it seems to me worth while to win her," she added thoughtfully. "They'll be rich, you know: we can't stop that. And it is so

much better to give them the rest of their inheritance, too—the environment that has helped to make you Lovells what you are, the God-fearing, sober, industrious family tradition, as it were—you see what I mean? Here with their cousins, studying and skating and going to the Bay—that's their normal life. They will see their relatives' names on public buildings and on monuments, and at Harvard, and it will make them feel responsible, feel as if their country looked to them for decent citizenship. Your mother hates change and strangeness and irregularity—and our marriage stands for all three. But she's fair—she's not hard—she'll come round—"

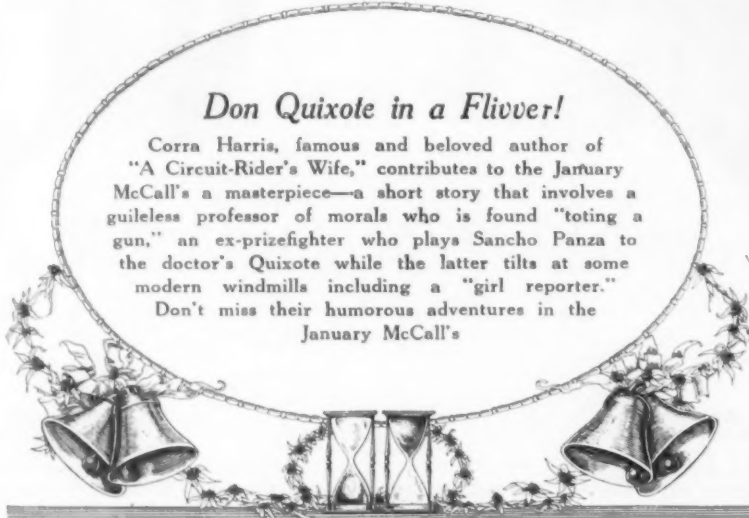
What Thomas answered was of a prejudiced, not to say infatuated, nature. He said it on his knees, with his arms about his wife, and her fine, colorless cheek resting against his.

It has nothing to do with the story.

[Continued on page 20]

Don Quixote in a Flivver!

Corra Harris, famous and beloved author of "A Circuit-Rider's Wife," contributes to the January McCall's a masterpiece—a short story that involves a guileless professor of morals who is found "toting a gun," an ex-prizefighter who plays Sancho Panza to the doctor's Quixote while the latter tilts at some modern windmills including a "girl reporter." Don't miss their humorous adventures in the January McCall's



dine with Sally and Emerson Luning, and Elizabeth and George Ballard, and so on down the list, past first cousins and aunts to second cousins and cousins-in-law, through weeks and weeks of family parties.

Sally could plead the claims of a nursing baby, and her mother made no excuse at all for remaining at home, but Elizabeth and Sally's husband, who was assistant manager at the mills, went to meet the boat upon which the Lovells arrived from London. Sally found her sister-in-law, instantly, among the scattered groups and scattered trunks of the customs house; there was no mistaking big Tom, in his belted Scotch coat, the Brittany nurse with the swathed infant in her arms, and the two rosy, English-looking boys in socks and wide white collars were Lovells from the soles of their broad little boots to the crowns of their blond little heads.

So the dark, slender, plainly-dressed woman with the black cock's-feathers sweeping over her blacker hair, must

The Truth About Hollywood Is Told in This—the Most Fascinating Serial of the Year

Beautiful Lucinda Druce, wife of a wealthy New York clubman, left her luxurious home to seek a career in the movies. Why she did and what happened to her is recounted in this thrilling novel of modern life



"I shall divorce Bel, of course. . . .
"You don't think it would be worth while," suggested Willis, "to forgive Bellamy, give him another chance?"

The Coast of Cockaigne

A Novel of Life in Hollywood Motion Picture Studios

by Louis Joseph Vance

Illustrated by HOWARD · CHANDLER · CHRISTY

PART III

I

THE short drive from the La Salle Street Station, Chicago, to the Hotel Blackstone, failed to register any impression upon Lucinda other than of a labyrinth of back streets a-brawl with traffic such as may be found in any considerable city. The hotel, too, might have been one of her own New York. Only the view from windows many stories above the street, of a public park bleached and frost-bitten, a black railroad-cutting that traversed it, and beyond this a vast expanse of tumbled waters, slaty-gray flecked with white, blending with a grim gray sky, drove home the fact that her first faltering attempts to make a new life were to be staged in a foreign environment.

After breakfasting she went out to do a little necessary shopping, and spent the morning and most of her cash in hand, as well, in department stores; an experience that served to remind her that she had more problems to solve than those of her inner life. Her check-book was valueless here.

She debated telegraphing old Harford Willis, her father's close friend and legal adviser as well as executor of his estate; but on second thought it seemed more sensible to write him, and she spent most of the afternoon composing a formidable manuscript, which she dispatched under a special delivery stamp.

Three days dropped eventlessly out of her history. The dreary weather held; she had all her meals served in her suite and seldom ventured into the streets, even for exercise. But one afternoon she went to see Alma Daley in her latest production (not "The Girl in the Dark," of course; it was too soon for that) at a motion-picture theater near the hotel.

Confirmed in her belief that Miss Daley was an unusually attractive and capable young mistress of pantomime, though the picture-play itself had seemed frightfully dull stuff, she returned to her rooms preoccupied with memories of that afternoon she had spent at the studios of Culp Cinemas, Inc., the last afternoon of her life as Bellamy's wife.

She wondered, not with any great interest, how her tests had turned out, what the others had thought of them; whether anyone had known or guessed the reason for her absence, when they had gathered in the projection-room for the showing; whether anyone had cared.

How long ago it seemed!

II

THE morning of Lucinda's fifth day in Chicago brought a telegram from Willis:

"Letter received inexpressibly shocked arriving Friday call on you ten a m meanwhile Bank of Michigan will provide funds in any amount you may require identify yourself to Mr Spoford there."

In natural sequence the rest of the day was devoted to an orgy of spending, and Lucinda felt much more like herself when she sat down at her lonely dinner.

Harford Willis was punctual to the minute of his appointment. A rectilinear gentleman of the frock-coat school, pledged to a code of manners and morals vinted in 1880, but none the less fond of Lucinda and predisposed to allow that she had acted with strong provocation.

"But, my dear Lucinda," he intoned deliberately, "I must say you seem to be bearing up remarkably well, all things considered, remarkably well."

"Let's not talk about that, please. I don't want to remember; it only makes me vindictive toward Bel. It's bad enough to have to be just."

"Must you?" Willis asked, shaking a commiserative head.

"Yes." Lucinda met his keen and skeptical old eyes with eyes clear and steady. "Absolutely." Willis sighed heavily. "I will confess I had hoped to find you of another mind."

"I'm sorry. But I've had plenty of time to mull things over, and I know I couldn't consider going back to Bel, no matter what he might be ready to promise. Bel can't keep a promise, not that kind, at least."

"I feel sure you wrong him there. Among men he has the reputation of a man of honor."

"Man of honor meaning, I presume, one who won't cheat another man but will cheat a woman, if he thinks he won't get caught at it. The men who know Bel know how he's been treating me—all New York knows it! Women are at least more honest among themselves; if a woman knows another who isn't playing fair with her husband, she either keeps quiet about it or calls her a cat, and lets it go at that—she doesn't call her a woman of honor!"

"You don't think it would be worth while to forgive Bellamy, give him another chance?"

"I don't know I've got anything to forgive him, Mr. Willis. Bel did the best he could. And that's the trouble: he can't do better. Besides, I'm not sure it's good for us to be forgiven our sins; we're all such vain creatures, we're too apt to take forgiveness as a license to misbehave still further."

"I see you are beginning to formulate a philosophy of life. You will need it, my dear, if you mean to fight this out alone. Philosophy is for the lonely ones of this world."

"Bel has been to see you?"

"He did look me up; he thought you might have communicated with me. But how did you know—?"

"That suggestion, the underlying thought that I might not be intending to fight my fight out alone—that originated with Bel, didn't it?"

"Well!" Willis faltered, "I confess—"

"It wasn't enough, of course, that I should have found Bel out for the dozenth time, there had to be a lover in my

background to account for my leaving my husband! What else did he have to say?"

"He seemed determined to find you and beg you for another chance. He spoke of employing detectives."

"It wouldn't do Bel any good to see me; it would only make him more unhappy."

"I understand," Willis agreed. "You seem to know your own mind pretty well, young woman. But would you mind telling me what you have decided to do?"

"I shall divorce Bel, of course."

"It makes me very sad to think of you in relation to divorce proceedings," Lucinda was silent. "Ah, well!" Willis sighed. "If you must, you must; and I will do my best to serve your wishes, my dear. Only tell me how . . ."

"Well, naturally, I want to get it over with as quickly and quietly as possible, with the minimum amount of public scandal."

"Then you won't sue in the State of New York. Its laws recognize only one ground for granting an absolute divorce."

"No," Lucinda concluded thoughtfully; "I'd rather get my freedom, if I can, without making anybody unhappy, more than us two."

"The laws of the State of Nevada are quite liberal. But to bring suit there it will be necessary for you to establish a legal residence by living in Reno for, I believe, six months. I will ascertain the most reputable firm of lawyers there and recommend you to them; if you are in need of other advice you will only have to write or telegraph me. Is there anything else?"

"Only about my personal estate; if it isn't too much to ask you to look after it . . ."

"That's of course. I shall want your power of attorney, and there will be other matters of detail which we can take up later. And now," Willis pursued, "if you don't mind satisfying an old man's curiosity, my dear—I am wondering what you propose to do when you find yourself a free woman."

Lucinda turned away, a quaver of desolation in her exquisite voice.

"Ah, I wish you hadn't asked me! That's what I'm trying all the time to forget, the emptiness to come. What can a woman do to round out her life when she's lost her husband and is fit for nothing but to be a wife?"

"She can find another husband," Willis suggested drily. "Many do."

"Marry again!" A violent movement of Lucinda's hands abolished the thought. "Never that! I'm through with love for good and all."

"No doubt," the student of law and life agreed mildly, "no doubt you believe that now."

III

HARFORD WILLIS left for New York on a late afternoon train, and when Lucinda had driven him to the station she directed the driver of the taxi to stop at the Consolidated ticket office.

But there a set-back threatened. The winter stampede of California tourists was in full westward swing, she learned, and not only was every drawing-room and compartment sold a fortnight ahead on the trains of the Union Pacific system, the direct route to Reno, but she would have to wait at least a week if she couldn't be happy without better sleeping-car accommodation than an upper berth.

Lucinda's appalled expression enlisted the sympathies of the susceptible clerk who had dashed her hopes; and promising to see what he could do, this one busied himself mysteriously with a battery of telephones, to return presently and announce that he could arrange to book Lucinda through, with a whole section all to herself from Chicago to San Francisco, on the California Limited, leaving the following night on the Santa Fé system.

To Lucinda's blank objections he explained that she would actually save time by going out via the Santa Fé and returning eastward from San Francisco to Reno, a comparatively inconsiderable trip of eleven hours. And Lucinda feebly agreed.

When her trunk had been checked and trundled away by a porter Saturday morning, Lucinda had a long afternoon to fill in, and accomplished this, according to the idiosyncrasy of her sex, by doing some superfluous shopping.

Returning to the hotel about five, she was approaching the elevators when, midway in the lobby, she stopped stock-still, even her heart and lungs momentarily refusing their office, and stood stricken with tremblings to see Bellamy at the registry desk, in consultation with one of the room-clerks.

Apparently Bellamy had found out what he wanted to know; Lucinda saw him straighten up to leave the desk. In another instant he would be facing her squarely. Galvanized, she hurled herself toward one of the elevator shafts, the gate to which was even then closing, and by some miracle of luck and agility managed to slip through before the gate clanged and the car shot upward—its passengers eyeing Lucinda in amusement or amazement or both, its operator favoring her with a dark scowl of reproof and fright.

WHEN the elevator had discharged its other passengers on floors below hers, she found a compensating tip for the attendant. "Sorry if I frightened you," she explained. "I didn't realize what a chance I was taking. There was somebody in the lobby I didn't want to see, so I had to act quickly. And will you do something for me, please: tell the management I'd like my bill sent up right away, and that, if anybody asks for me, I'm not in."

"Sure I will, ma'am."

When she entered her room the telephone was trilling. She locked the door, and stood staring at the instrument as if it were a thing of malign intelligence. When at length it gave it up as a bad job, a sudden knock brought her to her feet in a flutter. She forced herself to turn key and knob, more than half expecting to see her husband waiting outside with the bellboy. But the latter was alone. He offered the bill on a small salver. Lucinda took it, and counted out the money with something over. The telephone began to ring again.

"Take these bags, please," she said, indicating a new suitcase and the smaller bag which she had brought from New York, "put them in a taxi at the door, and hold it till I come down. I shan't be long."

She shut the door and answered the telephone. In spite of herself her "Hello?" quavered.

"Hello! that you, Linda? It's I, Bel."

"Y-yes, I—I know."

"Thank God, I've found you! See here: I'm coming up, if you don't mind. All right?"

"Yes, Bellamy—it's all right."

She ran out into the hall, found the stairs, and pelted up two flights. One of the elevators was rising as she rang for it. It stopped two floors below, then came on up. The attendant whom she had tipped was in charge.



"Do you mind my sitting here, Mrs. Druce?" The speaker bowed with a

"Did you let somebody out at my floor?"

"Yes, ma'am, a gempman."

"Then take me down, please, without stopping."

At the bottom of the shaft the gate was thrust back, and she stepped out to realize in consternation the flat futility of her stratagem. In a stride Bel placed himself before her. Her heart checked, raced. She was oddly at once aghast and elated. Subconsciously she had wanted all through to see Bel, just for a minute, with her own eyes to see how her flight had affected him, whether ill or well.

With deep gratitude she saw that he was neither under the influence of nor suffering from recent indulgence in drink. His face seemed thinner, his eyes a trifle more deeply set, and there was new firmness in the set of his mouth.

In this new guise, the old appeal was strong. For a space of several beats her heart misgave her.

"Sorry, Linda, if I disappointed you, but I thought I recognized your hand-bag being carried to the door, and waited for this car to come down on the off-chance . . . Hope you're not angry . . ." Bel smiled as if he read her weakness, smiled with a fatal trace of over-confidence. "Couldn't let you get away without giving me a chance, after all my trouble finding you."

"It's too late, I'm afraid—this isn't the place, either, to discuss such matters. Besides, I'm in a great hurry."

"You can give me a few minutes, surely. If you'll step into the reception-room with me—"

"I'm sorry, Bel, but I tell you it's too late."

BEL caught his underlip between his teeth, struggling to hold his temper.

In a flurry of dismay, Lucinda looked witlessly round the lobby, seeking some promise of escape. Nothing offered. Nobody seemed to be noticing; their quiet voices had thus far attracted no attention, save in one quarter: a young man standing nearby was watching them with a look of keen interest, a rather brilliantly good-looking young man, brilliantly well-dressed. With a hint of a frown she looked back to Bel.

"You can't put me off like this, Linda, when I've come so far—"

"I can because I must, Bel—I will."

"But you must listen, you can't wreck our lives this way!"

"Are you going to make another scene, publicly disgrace me again, even when sober?"

LUCINDA began to walk rapidly toward the street entrance, but had not gone far when Bellamy ranged alongside.

"Linda! you've got to listen to me! There's something I've got to tell you—"

"Then go back to New York and tell it to Harford Willis. If it's anything I want to hear, he will write me."

"Harford Willis! What's he—! You don't mean to say you're going—! You can't be meaning to—!" Bel took a long stride and swung round in front of her again at the head of the marble stairs. "At least, tell me what you mean to do."

"I mean to go to Reno, as soon as you let me pass."

Bellamy's eyes narrowed as if in physical pain. He lifted a hand of inarticulate protest and let it fall in despair. Lucinda turned away and began to descend the stairs at a pace not inconsistent with dignity. At the same time she saw that the young man whose interest had been manifested near the elevators, had followed them across the lobby.

Pushing through the revolving door, she breathed thankfully the stinging winter air. Her bellboy stood shivering by the open door of a taxicab. As she moved toward it she heard the door behind her buffet the air madly, then Bel's voice crying out her name.

Abandoning all pretense, she ran. The bellboy caught her arm to help her into the cab and said with chattering teeth: "W-where t-t-to, ma'am?" She was prevented from answering by Bel, who elbowed the boy aside and caught his wife by the shoulders.

"No!" he cried violently. "No, you shan't—d'you hear?—you shan't go without giving me a hearing!"

By some means, she did not know quite how, Lucinda broke out of his hands. "Let me alone!" she insisted. "Let me—"

Somebody stepped between her and Bel. Startled, she identified the strange young man of the hotel lobby.

"Can I be of service?" he suggested in an amused drawl.



grave, ingratiating smile. The gallant busybody of the night before. . . .

Instinctively she gasped, "No, please—!" At the same time Bel tried to shoulder the young man roughly out of his way, but met with no success; the gratuitous champion stood firm, merely counseling, "Easy, old thing, easy!" Then Bel lost his head. Lucinda heard him damning the other. There was a slight scuffle, in which the two, locked in each other's arms, reeled to one side. The bellboy was shouting, "Now, ma'm—now's your chance!" She found herself stumbling into the taxi. Holding the door, the boy demanded: "Where to, ma'm—where to?" She gasped: "Anywhere—only tell him, hurry!" The door crashed, gears meshed with a grilling clatter, the cab leaped forward with such spirit that Lucinda was thrown heavily against the back of the seat.

When she recovered, the vehicle was turning a corner. Through its window she caught a glimpse of the sidewalk in front of the Blackstone, just a bare glimpse of two figures struggling together with several others running toward them. Then the corner blotted out the scene.

She pressed a handkerchief to her lips to still hysterical sobs.

IV

DARTING and dodging through traffic-choked thoroughfares, the taxicab had traveled a mile and more before Lucinda managed to regain a degree of composure. Though a street clock advised her she had the best part of two hours to wait till train time, she tapped on the window and directed the driver to proceed to the Sante Fé station.

Since she had admitted her intention of going to Reno, Bel would try to waylay her in the Union Pacific terminal if anywhere.

In the station restaurant she dined after a fashion with her nose in a newspaper, none of whose intelligence meant anything to her; and as soon as the train was ready her porter conducted her to her reservation, a section in the last car of the train but one, the observation car, in which Lucinda waited till her berth had been made ready and her ticket collected. Then she went to bed.

One could do nothing, then, but rest, try vainly not to think, watch the swaying of the buttoned curtains that

shut out the aisle, listen to the tireless thrumming of the trucks or the melancholy hoots with which the engine saluted every grade-crossing, and pray for sleep.

Steam-pipes running along the sides of the car beneath the berths heated to suffocation air that soon was sickly stale with the body smells and exhalations of twenty prisoned people. Somewhere up forward a peevish child wailed fitfully for hours on end, somewhere else a man snored as one strangling in his sleep. Till long after midnight heavy feet tramped in straggling parade to and from the observation-car. Whenever there was an interval of comparative quiet, with what seemed fiendish and deliberate calculation the train would slow down to a clanking halt and yowl like a damned thing lost in the nether darkness.

AND once, when Lucinda seemed to be at last on the verge of drifting off, she started suddenly wide-awake, stabbed to the heart by tardy appreciation of the fact that, now Bel knew where she was bound, she could not count on finding even in Reno a refuge from his persistence, his ingenuous importunities.

If Bel, or the detectives whom he had told Willis he might employ, had been cunning enough to trace Lucinda to the Blackstone in Chicago, they would find her no matter where she might seek to hide herself away.

Only perhaps by changing her name . . . But how could she sue for a divorce under an assumed name?

Toward morning she drifted into an uneasy form of semi-slumber, from which she was awakened by the bustle of people fighting with their garments and breaking the trails to the washrooms, and a negro voice intoning musically: "Las' call for brekfus in the dinin' cyar!"

Lucinda squirmed into her underclothing, donned a negligée and made a laborious way forward between two walls of curtains that bulged and billowed with the contortions of inmates dressing behind them, or parted to deliver into the aisle frowzy women in wrappers, unshaven men in shirt-sleeves.

In the washroom Lucinda had to wait fifteen minutes for a turn at one of the metal basins. The publicity of the arrangements was indescribably offensive.

And this was to be only the first of four such mornings.

The dining-car was at the forward end of the train. To gain it Lucinda had to make her way through so many sleeping-cars that she lost count of them, all alike as to atmosphere and aisles obstructed by people dressing, people passing to and fro, porters dismantling tumbled berths. By way of some slight compensation, she was allotted a small table with chairs for two, the other being untenanted, which she considered far preferable to the tables for four opposite. Then, too, the napery was spotless, the silverware lustrous, flowers were brave in a vase at her elbow, the waiter seemed eager to please.

Lucinda scribbled her order on the blank form provided, then rested her cheek on a hand and gazed moodily out at wheeling perspectives of snow-bound countryside. She reminded herself that the train was due in Kansas City some time during the morning, and seriously debated leaving it there and waiting over till accommodations could be had that would insure privacy for the remainder of the journey, even though this might mean a delay of months instead of weeks. A night like the one just past was excuse enough for any folly.

Grapefruit, coffee and toast, all excellent, made her feel a bit better but failed to change her mind. She determined to ask the conductor to arrange a stop-over for her at Kansas City.

As she poured a second cup of coffee, the chair that faced her was drawn out and a pleasant voice inquired: "Do you mind my sitting here, Mrs. Druce?"

Lucinda jumped a little in her consternation. The speaker bowed with a grave, ingratiating smile. The gallant busybody of the night before . . .

SHE gave a jerky inclination of the head, but all she could find to say was a simple though sufficient "Oh!"

The young man laughed quietly and, construing a consent, sat down. "I'm surprised, too," he confessed, "—pleasantly, if you don't mind my saying so. Naturally hadn't the remotest notion . . . And yet the dear public continually kicks about coincidences!"

Lucinda found her tongue incapable of framing any but stilted phrases. "I have a great deal to thank you for—"

"Please don't think of it that way. To the contrary, I owe you all sorts of apologies—"

"Apologies!"

"For butting in where any sane angel would have been scared to death to tread, and particularly for being here—though that was my fault and this isn't. But I'm relieved to think you aren't angry with me. . . ." The waiter had thrust the bill-of-fare under the young man's nose, and he concluded to give it his attention, with an easy: "If you'll excuse me . . ."

The head he bowed over his order blank was uncommonly well-modeled and thatched with a good quantity of hair, light brown in color and amazingly sleek. The skin that covered features at once boldly and subtly fashioned had a patina of faint tan like that of old ivory, with never a perceptible blemish. The mobile face had a trick of lighting up when its owner talked as if with the light of his thought, so that his look was in fact more eloquent than his speech. Lucinda thought she had never seen hands more strong and graceful or better cared for, not even Bel's. Certainly Bel had never dressed in better taste.

The object of her interest waved the waiter away and met her openly intrigued regard without loss of countenance. "I suppose it's time I introduced myself, Mrs. Druce. My name is Summerlad." With a hint of self-consciousness, he amplified: "Lynn Summerlad."

Sensible that he seemed to expect her to think well of the proprietor of that precious name, Lucinda found no echo for it in the chambers of her memory. She bowed and murmured, "Thank you," then discovered that she had reason to be mystified.

"But how do you know my name, Mr. Summerlad?"

"That's easy: your husband told me."

Again Lucinda was reduced to a blank, "Oh!" This time she felt that she was coloring.

"In the police station," Mr. Summerlad added with a broad grin. "But don't be alarmed, we weren't either of us hurt enough to count. Only, you see, Mr. Druce rather lost his head—can't say I blame him, at that—and when the innocent bystanders insisted on separating us, and a cop happened along and took a hand, he wouldn't be happy till he'd had me arrested on a charge of assault. So the officer marched us both off to the nearest station-house, with half Chicago tagging at our heels. By the time we got there your husband had cooled down and remembered that publicity wasn't what he wanted; so he withdrew the charge."

"How dreadful!" Lucinda murmured. "I'm so sorry."

"No reason to be. If you must know, I enjoyed the adventure tremendously. That's what one gets for having been born with a perverted sense of humor."

"But if you had been locked up—!"

"Oh, I'd have got somebody to bail me out in fifteen minutes. But there wasn't any danger of that, really. You see, the sergeant knew me at sight and—well, the sentiment of all hands seemed to be with me. Besides, it wasn't as if I'd never been pinched before."

"You don't mean you're in the habit of that sort of thing?"

"Hardly. I mean, pinched for speeding. You know what the roads are on the Coast, hard and smooth and endless. You can hardly resist them once you get beyond city limits. Guess I'll have to after this, though. The last time they got me, the judge gave me his word the next offense would mean the hoosegow for mine. And between you and me, I haven't any desire to see the inside of the Los Angeles County jail."

"I should think not."

LUCINDA caught the eye of her waiter and handed him a bill to pay for her breakfast. But she couldn't escape just yet with good grace; unless she wished to administer a downright snub she would have to wait for her change.

"I'd like to show you what motoring is around Los Angeles," Mr. Summerlad pursued with breath-taking assurance. "If it isn't an impertinent question, may I ask if that's where you're bound?"

"No," Lucinda replied briefly but not unkindly. All the same, she began to foresee that to discourage this enterprising person would prove far from easy.

"I see: taking in the Grand Canyon, I suppose. You'll find it well worth your while. Gorgeous scenery and everything. If it wasn't for this wretched business I'm in"—again that suspicion of self-consciousness—"I'd drop off there myself for a few days. But there's nothing more uncertain than a job like mine. So it's well to make pay while the sun shines."

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Merry Christmas! Will You Marry Me?

by Anna Steese Richardson

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. BENDA

CHRISTMAS is the true mating season. In spring, so it is said, the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. For women, at least, the fly in the ointment of this pretty phrase is the word "lightly." When the physical and spiritual restlessness of spring passes, the average bachelor relapses into contentment with his lot.

But with Christmas there comes to every detached man a strange, insistent urge to fulfil the promise, to realize the purpose for which he was born, to become the head of a house, a home, a family. He feels a gripping desire to stand first in someone's life.

He may be able to withstand the lure of a lovely face, as close to his as the modern dance demands. He may steel his heart, pulse and purse to a provocative face above a one-piece bathing-suit. But when the corner grocer banks his sidewalk with trees; when the florist ties crimson ribbon on crackling holly; when happy, wide-eyed children overflow toy-shops, even a confirmed bachelor wants a woman of his own, a wife.

And in this hour of weakened defenses lies the marriageable woman's great opportunity.

By the term "marriageable woman" I mean any woman between sixteen and sixty!

If you demand that the limit to marriageability be reduced, it is because you do not know Stella of the Star Button Factory and the loveliest lady. Far removed from each other socially are these two, but by reason of the prevailing short skirt and their common attraction for men, they are first cousins.

In the matrimonial free-for-all they run neck and neck. Stella is sixteen, but she looks twenty. Her father approved of her engagement highly because it has routed an army of callow suitors and given him the right to sit, shirt-sleeved and slippers, in the "front room" on certain nights—those on which Stella goes to the Settlement House to learn how to cook cheap cuts of meat and to bathe a baby. At sixteen, Stella is fitter to be a wife than were some of us who married at twenty-six.

The loveliest lady is fifty-eight, but you would place her in the forties, because below her white hair her eyes are long-lashed, provocative, and her cheeks still softly flushed and kissable. She has had as many proposals in the past year as sixteen-year-old Stella, and said "no" to each, because, though she still looks a Dresden figure in a lace dancing frock and high-heeled slippers, her heart was buried years ago with the man she adored. Knowing this fact, men continue to propose to her hopefully, perhaps because she listens, absorbed, to whatever a man says, then looks up at him, apparently amazed that this wonderful creature has never come into her life before!

So there you are! It's never a matter of years—but the woman! Likewise it is a matter of season.

Just as Easter week and the first fortnight of June bring long hours to license clerks and marrying parsons, so do certain dates represent what we might call the open season for bagging husbands.

Christmas is one of them. Now some women, especially those past thirty, are going to pause right here, in a state of virtuous horror.

No "nice" woman stalks a man, and there can be no happiness in marriage unless the man, and not the woman, has been the pursuer!

Theoretically the above statements are sound. Practically they are relics of the Victorian age. The shame of pursuing a man lies not in the object but in the methods used. For—George Bernard Shaw and his "Man and Superman" to the contrary notwithstanding—man wants to be pursued and landed by painless and invisible methods. He wants to marry. He recognizes that certain privileges and dignities can be acquired through marriage only. These include running a lawn-mower over his own grass, telling some outwardly meek woman that if he ran his business as she runs her house, they'd starve to death, and repeating to his suffering clerks the latest clever saying of "that kid of ours." Oh yes, the average man yearns to marry, and it's a deed of mercy to help him concentrate on the time, the place and the girl, to bring him to a decision and end his misery.

HAVING decided that matrimony is good for a man's body, soul and purse, we will now proceed to consider the most effective traps, bait or ammunition for use during the Christmas season.

If you have met the man you want to marry—"But," cries another of those troublesome bachelor girls in her thirties. "I don't want to marry any man!" Here's another relic of Victorian hypocrisy.

You *should* want to marry. If you don't, you ought to learn why. Marriage is as normal and inevitable an event in life as cutting your teeth and learning to walk. If you really think that you don't want to marry, consult a doctor, a psychoanalyst or a clergyman. There's a screw loose in your body, brain or soul.

Of course, many a self-supporting, self-sufficient woman, slightly intoxicated with her success, insists that she would not marry the best man on earth. True! Who wants to live 365 days a year with a paragon?

What this business or professional woman knows in her heart is that her very success militates against her matrimonial chances. The man she would accept doesn't propose because he's afraid of her cleverness, while the man who does propose to her bores her to extinction.

Admitting that some men pay less than a good job, there's no business triumph to compare with the satisfaction of administering the William S. Hart treatment to a human bucking broncho, and then watching him learn to eat out

of your hand. Lassoing, branding and feeding him sugar at the psychological moment! It's quite as fascinating in real life—as watching it in the movies.

Then too, business puts up its shutters at dusk, and in that hour the most successful detached woman feels a sudden sinking sensation which she lays where it does not belong, at the pit of her stomach. It is not dinner she needs, but some nice, exacting, grumbling man to call her on the phone and say that he's missed the 5:16 or had tire trouble and she's not to broil the steak until he comes home.

A WOMAN of forty, easy to look upon, clever and successful was grieving over the cataclysmic finish of a long-drawn engagement. Her middle-aged fiancé had just naturally folded his tent and disappeared with a baby-vamp who does not know whether relativity is a new metal or a new dance. I had been trying to convince the deserted one that it would have been much worse if the man had decamped after their marriage. And this woman, who runs a department of so-called big business, who issues orders to a dozen men or more, wailed:

"Well, what if he had? Would it have hurt any more than it does now? And I'd have been happy with him for awhile. I'd have had the big experience of marriage. You can talk—you've had it all, home, husband and children. You've lived. I never have!"

And here you have a great truth, biological, social and spiritual. The woman who does not marry misses the greatest of all human experiences. There's an empty corner in her life which the best job will never fill.

Having proved that marriage is good for the individual man or woman, and for society, we can now discuss frankly the approaching open season for bachelors.

Just before Christmas, the average detached man becomes so lonesome, so sick for a home, so ready to endow some woman with his worldly possessions in return for a window at which to hang a wreath, a corner in which to set up a tree, that it is positively cruel to leave him at large.

Did you ever notice that the bachelor uncle who declines week-end invitations because he hates to have sticky, grimy fingers touching his immaculate flannel trousers or his golf clubs, turns positively maudlin about the second week in December? He demands the age of each unregenerate, ear-splitting imp of destruction, and then proceeds to scatter joy and cash among clerks in toy shops. Has he changed his opinion on the lack of discipline in his sister's home? Has he developed the so-called Christmas spirit?

He has not. But right down in his selfish old heart, he wishes he had kiddies of his own. He feels so infernally out of everything Christmasy that almost any real nice girl of his acquaintance who happens to meet him on one of these shopping orgies, and who exhibits sane judgment and

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Episode No. 5

Drowned Valley

by Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by C. E. Chambers

THERE was now, in the mind of the man who called himself Hal Smith, a definite understanding concerning Eve. The thief who stole the Flaming Jewel had in turn been robbed by Mike Clinch. Smith had come there to possess himself of the Flaming Jewel. But if his plan was to destroy Clinch, it meant the destruction of Eve Strayer, too. He must find another way to keep his word to the Grand Duchess of Esthonia. She should have her jewel, but not at the cost of Eve's happiness.

For Eve's sweetness, her scorn of evil, her fine loyalty to Clinch, her courage in the terrifying presence of Quintana himself—had made a deep impression upon Smith.

He was determined to have the Flaming Jewel; he was determined that Eve should not suffer through any act of his.

The obvious way was to follow Jake Kloon, overtake him before he could reach Quintana, play robber in his turn, kill Kloon if necessary, and make his way to New York with the Flaming Jewel as best he might.

But Hal Smith was a very long way behind the men he was after when he left Clinch at the base of Star Peak.

I

THE soft, bluish forest shadows had lengthened, and the barred sun-rays, filtering through, were tinged with a rosy hue before Jake Kloon, the hootch runner, and Earl Leverett, trap thief, came to Drowned Valley.

They were still a mile distant from the most southern edge of that vast desolation, but already tamaracks appeared in the beauty of their burnt gold; little poplars glimmered here and there; patches of amber sphagnum and crimson pitcher-plants became frequent; and once or twice Kloon's big boots broke through the crust of fallen leaves, soaking him to the ankles with black silt.

Leverett, always a coward, had pursued his devious and larcenous way through the world, always in deadly fear of sink holes. His movements and paths were those of a weasel, preferring always solid ground; though he lacked the courage of that sinuous little beast.

Now trotting lightly and tirelessly in the broad and careless spoor of Jake Kloon, his narrow, pointed head alert, and

The man jerked the trap-robber to his feet, stifling the muffled yell in his throat. . . . "I want that packet you picked up on Clinch's veranda."

every fear-sharpened instinct tensely observant, the trap-thief continued to meditate murder. Like all cowards, he had always been inclined to bold and ruthless action; but inclination was all that ever had happened.

Yet, even in his pitiable misdemeanors, he slunk through life in terror of that strength which never hesitates at violence. In his petty pilfering he died a hundred deaths for every trapped mink or otter he filched; he heard the game protector's tread as he slunk from the bagged trout brook or crawled away, belly dragging and pockets full of snared grouse.

Always he had dreamed of the day when, through some sudden bold and savage stroke, he could deliver himself from a life of fear and live in a city, grossly, replete with the pleasures of satiation, never again to see a tree or a lonely lake or the blue peaks which, always, he had hated because they seemed to spy on him from their sky-blue heights.

They were spying on him now as he moved lightly, furtively, at Jake Kloon's heels, meditating once more that swift, bold stroke which forever would free him from all care and fear. He looked at the back of Kloon's massive head. One shot would blow that skull into fragments, he thought, shivering.

One shot from behind—and twenty thousand dollars—or, if it proved a better deal, the contents of the packet. For, if Quintana's bribery had dazzled them, what effect might the contents of that secret packet have if revealed?

Always in his mean and busy brain he was trying to figure to himself what that packet must contain. And, to make the bribe worth while, Leverett had concluded that only a solid packet of thousand dollar bills could account for the twenty thousand offered.

There might easily be half a million in bills pressed together in that heavy, flat packet. Bills were absolutely safe plunder. But Kloon had turned a deaf ear to his suggestions—Kloon, who never entertained ambitions beyond

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If You Don't Know Them—

The characters whose fascinating adventures are being unfolded through the short stories that constitute the "Flaming Jewel" series.

José Quintana, leader of a notorious gang of international thieves, whose theft of *erotic*, the Russian crown jewel, has mystified the world. The "Jewel" has in turn been stolen from Quintana by a second thief,

Mike Clinch, and brought to the heart of the Adirondacks, where Clinch conducts a criminal dump, "Hell's Kitchen," where all the muck of the wilderness gathers. Clinch has one great passion—his unshared love for

Eve Strayer, his stepdaughter, whom he is bringing up to be a "lady," and for whom he has put away the "Flaming Jewel." Because of her wondrous beauty, her courage in the face of danger and crime, and her unwavering loyalty to Clinch, Eve has won the admiration of

Hal Smith, recently come to Clinch in disguise in search of the "Flaming Jewel," and in reality a personal friend of the Princess Theodora of Esthonia, the rightful owner of *erotic*. Hal Smith knows that Quintana and his gang have arrived at "Hell's Kitchen," he puts Clinch wise and has his full confidence.

In the story before, Eve, deputized by Clinch to hide the "Jewel" in a booze-cache in the wilderness, was held-up by Quintana, but escaped. In anxiety over her return, Clinch carelessly kicked the packet containing the "Jewel" under the table—and this was opportunity for **Jake Kloon** and **Earl Leverett**, confederates of Quintana's, to make off with it. They are now on their way through to Quintana's hiding place for the promised reward.



Betsy and her Family Circle

By DOROTHY PHILLIPS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM FISHER

As usual, Betsy was late for supper. The Robbins family were all gathered at the table when she slid in the door and slipped into her seat. But quiet as was her entrance, it did not pass unobserved. All eyes turned upon her, and for a minute the more or less noisy family conversation lapsed. Betsy was eighteen, the youngest daughter, and the prettiest. She was small and slight, with a firm, straight nose, rounded, pink cheeks, and large, deep-set violet eyes. As she sat down, the radiance of her smile encircled the supper-table.

"The late Elizabeth," dryly commented Roger, the eldest son.

"Well, I should think she would be late," put in Margaret, who was home from college for the summer vacation. "Just think how long it takes her to do her hair!"

Betsy continued to smile placidly upon them. Her hair was one of the usual family topics of conversation. In strict accordance with the fashion of the Marystown High School, its light brown masses sloped up and back from her forehead in undulating waves, protruding in huge puffs over her ears. Daily, the family voiced their disapproval of this headdress.

"It's common," said Margaret.

"Rat's nest," was fifteen-year-old Tommy's verdict.

Even Lucy, the engaged daughter, who was always sweet and approving, admitted that "it really isn't becoming, dear."

But in spite of what they said, Betsy did not alter the arrangement of one hair. That was her way. Smilingly she received advice and criticism; then she went ahead and did just what she wished. As she sat calmly eating her supper, she knew perfectly well that when the family had finished condemning her hair, they would enter into a lively discussion of Dave. Dave was Betsy's beau. Since she was fourteen she had had many beaus, adoring escorts ready to take her out automobiling, to dances and to movies. Until Dave had appeared, she had always divided her favors; and the family openly deplored the fact that she had chosen him to be the first beau to whom she devoted herself exclusively.

Even Tommy, who was a loyal follower of Betsy's, could not keep the disgust from his voice when he asked: "Going out with Dave tonight? Can't you let one evening go by without seeing him?"

Betsy laughed. "No. Couldn't possibly," she answered airily. "I don't see why," put in Mrs. Robbins, "when you know so many fine boys, you have to single him out. He hasn't any manners."

Fifty times Betsy had heard that particular criticism; fifty times she had let it pass unnoticed. But tonight something stirred within her. She had played tennis with Dave that afternoon and the picture of his strong, lithe figure rose before her, and the compelling glance of his dark eyes as they sat together cooling off in the shade and talked. The smile faded from her lips.

"He's interesting," she remarked, letting her glance travel up and down the table.

"No, not really?" The sarcastic tone of Roger's voice brought a flush to Betsy's cheek.

"Yes, he is," she retorted, "and a nice boy, too. Just because his family didn't come over in the Mayflower, and his father used to be poor, and his mother did dressmaking, and Dave delivered newspapers, is no reason why you should all be down on him."

There was a sudden silence. Tommy's jaw dropped in astonishment. It was the first time in the annals of the family that Betsy had ever answered back.

"Of course, dear, you know him better than we do," said Lucy, hastily smoothing down the ruffled atmosphere.

But though the conversation turned to more neutral subjects, the effect of Betsy's sudden remark did not die away. Into the minds of all the family, from Mr. Robbins to Tommy, had leapt a lightning thought: if Betsy departed from her usual smiling acquiescence and defended Dave against onslaught, it must mean that she liked him. But how much? Betsy, placidly eating her pie, read their thoughts and their question; and when she appeared later, dressed for the dance, she was not surprised to find the whole family in the sitting-room, waiting to observe Dave.

He was standing by the door—a tall, handsome, well-dressed boy. But in spite of his natural good looks, there was an open hostility in his dark eyes that went against him. His face lightened up as she came into the room, lovely in filmy pink. She smiled upon him, the same casual smile that she had directed upon the supper-table; then she turned to kiss her mother good-night.

"Have a good time," said Mrs. Robbins, "and come home early. Don't go riding afterward."

"You don't like Betsy to go riding with me, do you?" came Dave's quick questioning retort.

For a moment, Mrs. Robbins regarded him quietly, without resentment. "This isn't a personal matter, Dave," she said, in her pleasant voice; "I don't like Betsy to go riding with anybody, after midnight. I want her to get to bed at a reasonable hour."

In the silence that followed, Betsy started out the door, followed by Dave. As they went down the path together she looked into his eyes and laughed, laughed because she was going to ride with him for miles through the moonlit summer evening; laughed because at the end of the ride, she would dance and dance and dance. Yet, underneath her gay laughter still stirred that little irritated feeling which had come over her at the supper-table. She could picture clearly what was taking place in the sitting-room; the angry outburst of criticism. Roger's "Of all the nerve." Margaret's "To speak to mother like that!" Lucy's wail, "I don't see how Betsy can like him."

Betsy could always tell what the family were thinking and saying. Dave was different. She was never quite sure of what lay behind his flashing dark eyes. He was the Unexpected; he was Romance, Adventure. As she sat beside him in the car, she stole a look at his profile, and she smiled, glad that she had risen in his defense against the family.

After the dance, he did not start sleepily for home with yawns and murmured nothings, as her past beaus would have done; instead, without a word, he went speeding off in the opposite direction from Marystown.

"I should say," remarked Betsy casually, after a few minutes of silence, "that we weren't going toward home."

"No," he answered; "we aren't. We're eloping!"

At that, Betsy laughed, a laugh of pure delight in a new situation. "Oh, are we?" She leaned forward quickly, pulled out the car key, and, as the car drifted to a stop: "I shouldn't say we were eloping. I should say we were sitting stock-still by the road side."

"Oh, are we?" She leaned forward quickly, pulled out the car key, and, as the car drifted to a stop: "I shouldn't say we were eloping. I should say we were sitting stock-still by the road side"

"Betsy, you little devil!" He grabbed both her hands and held them tight. "Well, if you won't be eloped with, you've got to be proposed to anyway. . . . Honest-to-goodness, Betsy, I'm crazy about you! You've got every girl in Marystown beat hollow!—every girl in the world! You've got the peachiest nerve—you don't care a whoop for what your family says and the town says. You keep right on going with me. Do you know why? . . . Because you love me!"

HE wrenched the key from her fingers and started the car toward Marystown. All the way he talked, telling her how much he cared for her and how much she cared for him. "We'll have the best times, Betsy," he rattled on. "You know, Pa's made a lot of money, so I've got money, and we'll take the car and go to the Coast—and we won't come back to this little town. I'll get a job in the city, and you'll have fur coats and evening-dresses—and everything you want!"

When they reached the Robbins' house, he followed her in; and in the dim light of the hall, faced her: "Well?"

Betsy's eyes met his. Before their fierce, piercing glance, she looked away, and for the first time in her life she did not know what to say. Already she had had two proposals, which she had handled with ease and mastery. But this was different. A little fear crept into her heart, a fear of the Unknown, the Mysterious, which a few moments before had lured her. She fell back upon stock phrases. "Of course, I like you very much, Dave. I'm awfully fond of you, but I don't see how—I can marry you—just yet!"

"Oh, but you will marry me, Betsy, you will!" He smiled down upon her almost sardonically. "You're afraid of me, aren't you? You've found one fellow you can't twist around your little finger—" His arms closed around her tight; his dark, handsome face came closer and closer; then he kissed her—a long, harsh kiss.

The next minute she was beating him upon the back. When he released her she sprang from him, her eyes blazing, her neat hair matted.

"How dare you, Dave? You get right out of this house and never let me see you again! You understand! I'm not going to the Country Club Dance with you—I'm not going—I—"

He threw back his head, laughing triumphantly. "I've done it at last. I've got you out of that infernal calm of yours, and I bet I'm the only person in the world who's ever done it! Oh, yes, I'm willing to stay away all right, because I know it won't be for long. You won't be able to give me up. I know you won't! And so do you! One word from you—one little word—and I'll come running. But when I do, it's for good and all. You understand that, Betsy Robbins? For good and all!"

"Bang went the front door behind him.

Betsy stood alone in the hall, a shaken, frightened little girl. She waited till the noise of Dave's car died away down the street; then slowly she stole upstairs.

"That you, Betsy?" whispered Tommy, as she passed his open door.

She paused, her heart leaping at the sound of the familiar pet name. Between her and Tommy, there was a strong bond. She was the sister who always found his cap for him and gave him money for the movies; and he was very proud of her, proud of her good looks, proud of her popularity. As

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A
Boy,
A
Dog
and
Xmas



For Love of the Mutt
by John A. Moroso

ILLUSTRATED BY T. D. SKIDMORE

ALL day long he sat in a front window peering out into the street with his murderous little pink eyes, watching for the return of his master and envying every cur that snooped by. He was Champion Noross Diavolo, king of bull terriers at thirty pounds, and the coarser delights of dogdom were not for him.

In the fine city home of the Alstons, just off Fifth Avenue, there was a soft cushion for him and a deep bowl with a rim of gold with "Davvy," his pet name, burned into the porcelain. Crushed dog-biscuit and milk or biscuit with a little gravy made up his diet. As an added hardship he was given a tonic toward the end of winter. James Alston loved him above all the pleasant things of life, and in turn Diavolo worshipped his master. There was, of course, excitement when he was ready for the Westminster Kennel Club show, and lots of strange sights and smells when he went up for judging, but he had never known the love of a small boy, the pat of a little girl's hand, the joy of polishing a bone, the bliss of throwing his finely muscled body against the ground and wriggling a flea from his spine.

Mrs. Alston, who did not like the breed, left the brute to his own devices and the care of a wide and impassive butler. She preferred poms, but was barred from the possession of one in her home because of Diavolo, whose lean jaw and glistening ivories promised anything but quiet and peace for other canines.

Once he witnessed a scrap between a collie and a large black dog of muddled ancestry. As the brutes came together, the warrior in Diavolo rose with a rush and he dashed madly from window to window, yelping to be let out, whimpering, pleading to be given a chance to mix in the fray, upsetting chairs, tables and statuary.

Again there was a red-letter day when a small, very angry dog, with the coating of an old door mat, chased a cat up the street and treed it on a window-sill just opposite.

There was happiness! He would have swapped his ribbons, his big cushion, his gold-rimmed dish and everything he could boast, save the love of his master, for one half-hour outside with that raggedy, excited pup, trying to dislodge the arched feline with its highly swollen black tail.

On another occasion, just after his master had patted him good-by and had betaken himself away in his runabout for the day, a small boy stopped under the window and grinned up at him. It was early summer and the youth was barefooted. One leg of his trousers was much longer than the other and his shirt was torn. There were huge freckles on his nose, one eye was bruised, and, as he smiled upward to Diavolo, a missing tooth showed that he too was of fighting breed. The youth crooked his right index finger, stuck it in his mouth, and the result was a whistle that made Diavolo tremble with delight. It was an invitation to go swimming, to go fishing, to come on out. Diavolo, barking back to him and violently wagging his white, whiplike tail, gave the lad encouragement. He produced a little bottle into which he blew, making a good imitation of a motor-boat's tooting, after which he drew from another pocket a little penny whistle upon which he played "Margie" until his eyes watered. It would have been heaven for Diavolo to have followed the boy's dirty heels wherever he was going, for their kindred souls had exchanged messages of love.

That night he was off his feed and a hurry call was sent for the veterinarian. His boss sat beside his cushion and

talked to him, and held his jaws while the medicine was poured down. Diavolo regurgitated it. It wasn't medicine for the body that he needed. His dog's soul was starving. He looked up with love and entreaty to the eyes of his master, but the master did not understand.

Long after the veterinarian had left, the wide butler entered the study. "Mrs. Alston said I was to retire at eleven, sir, if she were not back at that time."

"Very well, Edward. I shall let her in."

"It won't be necessary for you to sit up, sir. She took the front-door key with her."

ELSTON glanced at the clock over his fireplace. It was eleven-thirty.

"We should worry, Davvy," he said to the dog. "If she wants to dance, she's young and gay and modern and should dance. But you and I are old-timey creatures and like books and pipes and each other." He took a turn up and down the room, from the walls of which looked the portraits of his father and grandfather, dark-complexioned men with aquiline, thoughtful countenances. The family resemblance was very marked in him, not only in lines and color of the face but also in the broad shoulders and well-set neck. Few men of his social sphere and of his own age, thirty-eight, could boast a better physique or better health.

At twelve there sounded from below the click of the night latch. Davvy stirred on his cushion. In another moment or two Mrs. Alston appeared in the study door where she halted with a look of surprise. "I thought you were in bed long ago," she said.

"Have a good time, Frieda?" her husband asked.

"Very pleasant. Arthur Rutledge brought me home and I asked him in for a cigarette."

Mrs. Alston's escort stepped from the shadows of the hall, a man of her husband's own build, but florid and

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"Gosh, a kid!" Alston exclaimed. Where'd you blow in from, sonny?"



The "flapper" who thinks it a mark of sophistication to brandish a pocket flask at a party is now being boycotted by the young man who is thinking of settling down

The REFORM of the FLAPPER

Is the Post-War Young Woman, who has Shocked the Whole Country by Her Easy Manners, Going to be Forced to Mend Her Ways or Go Unwed?

By HELEN BULLITT LOWRY

THE end of the modern flapper's rebellion against Dame Grundy draws near—not because churches have passed resolutions—not because legislators have decreed longer skirts—but simply because the young male of the species has decided that she isn't the kind of girl that he wants to marry. Little rebel maids all over the country can put one disturbing fact in their cork-tipped cigarettes and smoke it—there were less June brides in America in June 1921 than in the June of any of the three preceding years. The modern flapper is doomed to extinction, for we live in a man-made world.

Man created woman in the first place in the image he fancied her. He was probably promoting the cave-woman type that season, one who could do the rough work round the place—just as some hundred centuries later, around 1860, when there wasn't any servant problem, man began recommending vapours and lacing and innocence, through the medium of the mid-Victorian poets. Straightway we poor girls had to practice fainting spells before the family mirror. For the first time in biology women began dying of broken hearts, all because Tennyson had invented that new disease for the obsequies of Elaine the Fair.

Until man grew tired of the woman he'd created—of her fainting spells that lasted past thirty and deep into married life—and decided to create a new type! And whom did he get to design the model? A committee of experienced women? . . . No, indeed! Gibson, another man, of course. He made us the clear-eyed Gibson girl, standing five-foot-nine. And as for the rest of us women—well, mid-Victorian expressions and constitutions passed from us as easily as rubbing the powder from our noses. We understood man—

So we changed the style of our skirts to make us look taller, purchased rats for our heads and pompadour hats, and learned to play tennis, whether or not we liked tennis. We gave man what he wanted, because he wouldn't dance with us or wed with us unless we fitted his model. And, since all male magazine-cover artists were united upon the type, never a dissenting voice arose. For once in the history of civilization the marrying beau and the dancing beau were agreed on a matter of taste.

But give man time and he'll lose his taste for anything. So many small men had to look up at the Gibson Girl—and that was beastly annoying when you were dancing with her. So the dancing beau got busy and

created a brand-new type to dance with—the post-war Freudian flapper. He bobbed her hair and he taught her "petting." He created her because he found great sport in the unchaperoned motor flight by night and in cozily sharing the hip-pocket flask. There even came into vogue a lively new brand of vamping—for the lady to furnish the flask.

As for the young girl, she looked out on this new social world she'd encountered and, like all young chickens or puppies or kittens, held all the world to be the back-yard she'd been born in. Since all the men whom she met at dances seemed to want a girl to be what's called "easy loving," to smoke and to drink, and to speak lightly of marriage—why she honestly believed that all men extant had thrown off the age-old conventions.

Underneath, still beat the heart of the girl who had practiced vapours before the mirror—who some years before that had smiled at a' the laddies when she met them in the rye field—who was loved in a sonnet of Shakespeare with all the passion of the high Renaissance—and who a million years earlier still, in some primeval forest, had pretended to flee from her cave-man lover—because this was the technique man was advocating for belles that season, to give himself the sport of catching her.

And if all men in 1920 (thus the flapper saw it) were admiring "sophisticated little maids," why—it was as simple as buying a new hat—she'd let him think her sophisticated, just as he used to think she fainted. Thus naively began the now famous rebellion against Dame Grundy.

Some philosophical debutante might occasionally ponder on the laws of nature as Newton pondered on the apple. "Yes, I know at the mid-week dances the girls who are playing the game by the new rules have it all their own way—but at week-end dances the old-fashioned type of girl gets her innings."

The New York debutante who made me this confidence had half-gropefully figured out a truth as old as late hours—that the real men are too busy working in office and factory to loose sleep on mid-week festivities. But never have two classes of men been so cleaven as since the close of 1918. In short the nation-wide trouble in the flapper case has been that the real men have been so busy "making good" since their year in France, that the entire business of creating the 1920 type of girl was turned over to the hands of idlers.



Lavinia was probably busy pretending it was her ninety-first kiss, since that is what flappers are pretending this season

Until one of the "real men" recounts a typical instance of blindest disillusionment, when he came out of his labors of "making good," for one of those week ends to woo the girl of his dreams, whom for convenience we'll call Barbara.

"Why you funny old moss back," had drawled this Barbara, nonchalantly backing away, on the second night of the wooing. "Did you really think because I kissed you last night I was in love with you? That was just a little experiment yesterday, old thing."

To give the girl's side of the story, this Barbara was merely playing the age-old game of coyness by the 1921 rules, compiled by the men whom she'd known to date. She was trying not to "scare him off" by seeming to take him too seriously. Her grandmother before her had also modestly waited until she was certain that Grandfather meant it—although, since Grandmother was using man's 1870 rules, she did her breathless waiting blushing, instead of insolently flapping. Both expected to give satisfaction.

For the men who were too selfish to want to win a girl permanently, had made Barbara afraid to appear to take love seriously. "You know we'll never see each other again, so why shouldn't we pet this evening," was the way such men had argued flippantly—instead of begging her sentimentally, as had been good form in the old days. Ten years ago, when the process was called "fussing," even the male butterfly had to keep up the bluff of caring—of caring at least for the summer. Sometimes they called it an engagement. Ten years before that, when the thing was called "spooning" (the decade when the Lover's Leaps at summer resorts were getting labeled) well he had to go through all the causticness of a despairing infatuation.

But instead, that young post-war he-flapper had proceeded lightly, "Now this is a perfectly wonderful night. And I could tell when you were dancing that you were just as hungry for petting as I am." And the trouble was he convinced her beyond even his fondest hopes—as Adam could have convinced Eve of anything, since she too believed him the "only man."

Listen to the conversation of any crowd of school girls and see how they're struggling to meet his specifications—say a bunch of boarding-school misses. Time was when boarding-school sub-debs used to make fudge in the mid-night watches—chocolate fudge in a chafing-dish. That was in the pre-war, pre-Freudian era, when the girls placed confidence in the "bashful" technique.

"Goodness, but Billy does kiss divinely," sighs Gladys of the bobbed head.

Lavinia ducks her head self-consciously. "I haven't ever been kissed."

"Why you poor little kid," breathes Dora pityingly, "haven't you really ever? Well you've got to make the very first boy you dance with at the Commencement Dance kiss you. Goodness, it's easy enough. I'll show you how to start him off. Now you do it, Viny, because I'll tell the world you're missing a lot."

NOW I ask any woman of the pre-Freudian era, when we still believed "they" wanted us to take kisses sacredly did you ever confess to the friend of your "bosom" in what quantity and to whom your kisses were given? Mere man, too, is still bound by the tradition of the centuries that "to kiss and tell" isn't done by an officer and a gentleman. But the flappers are so new to this new business of not concealing the fact that they themselves have been kissed, that no code has grown up to regulate their gossipings. A man might as well be petting before his entire assembled circle of acquaintances, as far as there being any of the old-time romance that once rosy enhanced the performance. And the girls have forgotten, or are too young to yet know, that man is incurably romantic.

When one of them kissed my Lavinia at the graduation dance (one of them did I feel) there was about as much romance on the occasion as when the mail brings in the



The dancing beau may alone be responsible for the business of selfishly creating the flapper

receipted gas bill. Lavinia was probably busy pretending that it was her ninety-first kiss, since that is what flappers are pretending this season. Probably she'd already practiced an amorous glance before the mirror, with the advice and assistance of good-natured Dora. So, once, were startled fawn looks practiced up. And naturally Lavinia wanted to deliver the kind of look that she'd been told man wanted.

But one point she overlooked—as it has been overlooked by this whole season's crop of flappers—that man likes to sow his oats along the conventional farm lines. Which means that one field of his life shall be kept for wheat and one field for oats, and never the twain shall meet. When the morning stars had just finished singing together in the very beginning of time, wasn't there Mother Eve and that Lilita Woman? Throughout the ages man has tilled that wheat field as a protection to what he has called "good women," in memory of his mother. Why he raised his oat field is a subject too complex to be solved by my typewriter. But one thing is certain, whatever maid declared herself of that wheat field has been beyond the reach of men who knew honor.

And now here has come this disconcerting modern flapper, mixing up all the old standards, by insisting on sowing oats with him right in his best wheat field.

And so the young male is turning—even the young male who, in his lighter moments, helped to fashion the modern flapper. For man in the final analysis, wants to preserve the old order. And old orders consist, not in lengths of skirts, but in wanting a wife whom he respects with exactly the same

brand of respect he accords his mother—not the respect he pays the feminist, the worthy chorus girl or another. This is the weapon by which man has controlled women throughout the ages. It is the weapon by which he will fashion her yet.

When Wells gets to 1921 in his Outline of History, the "Reform of the Flapper" will be the outstanding feature. Probably he'll stage the "big scene" in a college-town set, since it is in the college town that the counter-revolution against the flapper rebellion rages most hotly. Consider the last Yale Prom. Were the flappers encouraged to flap as they were a year ago? Heed the words of a genuine "debby" of the 1920 vintage.

"I took out my cigarette case, and he began to stutter and said the chaperones wouldn't like it—as if anybody had to pay any attention to what the chaperones think these days. But I am perfectly positive it was just a plot. The boys had gotten together and decided we couldn't smoke. And it just hacked them to death when you said, 'Let's sit out a dance in your car.' Now do you want to know what I think?" I told her I wanted to know.

"The men always want you to be whooping things up at small parties, but at the big parties they want you to be as sweet and modest as the proverbial violet."

TRUTH is that the pep of the flapper has become so omnipresent that it is becoming inconvenient—just as, forty years ago, man began getting bored by ill-timed fainting spells. As for those "debbies" who are smoking their dozen cigarettes a day specifically because they think the men will think them "good sports," who are glorying in their new jargon on sex, who just naturally can't keep from bragging that they've been kissed—they are as comfortable to the average man to have about the place as was that famous bull in the china shop.

The dancing beau may alone be responsible for the business of selfishly creating the flapper—but he is apparently going to join with the chivalrous, more serious young man in the business of reforming her. A few months ago a furor arose in college circles, when the Brown Weekly ran an editorial censoring the girls at the "Proms" for their 1921 brand of courting—with the dark

prophecy added that there's a fine crop of old maids brewing.

The editor of the Weekly tells how he himself walked his lady out into the romantic moonlight, feeling hushed and holy. To be specific, he had just arrived at the moment when he was going to ask her to marry him. But some other undergraduate, who hadn't any intention of marrying her, had already been teaching the little lady how to make herself popular while sitting out dances. So instead of waiting politely to be invited to marry him, what does this bobbed-haired flapper do but seize his arm and hold up her throbbing lip-sticked mouth. "We are wasting a lot of time," she breathed rapidly.

AND HE DIDN'T ASK HER TO MARRY HIM.

That is the significant, outstanding proof that man still can create a woman to his fancy by refusing to wed with her and refusing to dance with her, unless she'll conform to his regulations. From every college in the land come rumblings of reforms the undergraduates are planning for debutantes. Man has begun moulding the new type.

And when man once begins moulding, the matter is settled. So the girls might just as well begin unchecking their corsets, and blushing again when their legs get mentioned. The open season for pep is over, even as the open season for hooped skirts passed and the open season for Elizabethan buckram. The flapper of 1922 will have dropped the appalling frankness of 1920's Freudian chatter as easily as her foremothers dropped hoop skirt and buckram. Debutantes will simply begin again pretending to know less than they do know, instead of pretending to know more, which latter has been the trump card of the flapper.

We may even have to take up lacing again, should the men begin promoting eighteen-inch waists. For not all the Amazons of the Legion of Death could hold out against the penalty of being an old maid, without having had a chance not to be one. Not Carrie Chapman Catt herself could walk unescorted across the ballroom floor. We live in a man-made world.



He found great sport in the unchaperoned motor flight by night

The Coast of Cockaigne

(Continued from page 9)

"Cindy! 'Cindy Druce!' Lucinda rose, to be instantly enfolded in the arms of Fanny Lontaine

"I'm sure," said Lucinda, gathering up her change, "I am deeply indebted to you, Mr. Summerlad. No, please don't tell me again I must forget it, because I can't and don't want to. I was at my wits' ends last night. But, of course, it isn't a thing one can talk about."

"Well, there are lots of other things we can talk about," Summerlad rejoined cheerfully. "So let's forget the unpleasant ones. That is—hope you don't think I'm impertinent—but it's a lonesome trip, and if you don't mind, I'd be very happy if you'll let me prattle in your company now and then."

Since she was leaving the train at Kansas City nothing could be gained by being rude. Lucinda contented herself with replying, no, she wouldn't mind, and thrust back her chair. Immediately Summerlad was on his feet, napkin in hand, bowing prettily.

"Awfully good of you, Mrs. Druce. Where may I hope to find you, say in an hour or two? In the observation car?"

"I'm in the last car but one," Lucinda told him sweetly. "Section Ten."

There was no more question in her mind as to the wisdom of her decision to stop over in Kansas City. She made her way back to her reservation determined to lose no time about interviewing the conductor. But the porter failed to answer repeated pressures on the call-button, and at length surmising the truth, that he was getting his own breakfast, Lucinda composed herself to wait. . . . There was plenty of time.

Now that she was detached from it, the comic element in her late *rencontre* began to make irresistible appeal. She picked up a book, opened it, bent her head low above it to hide twitching lips and dancing eyes from people passing in the aisle; but had no sooner adopted this pose when she heard a cry—"Cindy! 'Cindy Druce!'"—and rose, dropping the book in her astonishment, to be instantly enfolded in the arms of Fanny Lontaine.

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"I FEEL," Lucinda confessed, "precisely like a weather-vane in a whirlwind, I mean the way it ought to: every few minutes I find my nose pointing in a new direction."

Seated opposite her at the window of the Lontaine drawing-room in one of the forward cars, Fanny leaned over and squeezed Lucinda's hand affectionately. "You dear! I can't tell you how glad I am it's pointed the same way as ours."

"And I, Fanny. It's really a wonderful sensation, you know, after all that worry and uncertainty, to know one's life is plainly mapped ahead for a few days at least. No lost puppy ever felt more friendless than I did when I thought I was going to get off at Kansas City. And my present frame of mind is that same puppy's when it finds itself adopted by a family that likes animals!"

Kansas City was already the idle menace of a fading dream. The awkward but unavoidable explanations, haltingly offered, had been accepted without question: a manifestation of tactful sympathy which, working together with reluctance to proceed to Reno before she could feel sure of being suffered to live there unmolested by Bellamy, had influenced Lucinda to agree to go on with the Lontaines to Los Angeles; whither (she was permitted to infer) his motion-picture interests had called Lontaine from Chicago.

Not that she had receded one inch from her fixed determination to render her separation from Bellamy legally final and irreversible, but that (she saw now, as if new light had somehow been cast upon her problems by this meeting of happy chance) there was no reason why she shouldn't attend to the transaction of that unpleasant business only when, and as suited, her whim and convenience. It wasn't as if she wanted to remarry or was in any way dependent upon Bel and must beg the courts to make him provide for her. If anything, her personal resources, the estate that Harford Willis held in trust, exceeded Bellamy's.

AND then it would be amusing to see Los Angeles under the wing of so well-informed a motion-picture entrepreneur as Lontaine seemed to be. That afternoon at the Culp studios had been fascinating; how much more so would it be to live for a time in a city that was, at least as Lontaine painted it, one vast open-air studio. What a change from the life that had grown to seem so tedious and unprofitable even before Bellamy had made its continuance intolerable, to be associated with people who were actually doing something with their lives!

"But you haven't told me," she complained, "about those tests. Did you go to see them the next day? How did they come out? How did I look?"

"Oh, 'Cindy, what a shame you missed it! You were adorable, everybody simply raved about you!"

"Facts, Mrs. Druce. You acted as if you'd had a camera trained on you ever since your cradle days; you outclassed even Alma Daley in that Palm Room scene. It was you first, Miss Daley second, Fanny a good third, the field nowhere."

"If you're not making fun of me—"

"Spoofing you, Mrs. Druce? Absolutely not!"

"Then Mr. Culp and his camera-man would seem to have been right."

"Oh, I'd almost forgotten!" Fanny cried. "Mr. Culp was terribly put out because you weren't there, and made me promise faithfully to ask you to call him up and make an appointment for another private showing."

"Right about what?" Lontaine earnestly wanted to know.

"Why, he and his camera-man were so sure I would



screen well, as they put it, Mr. Culp made me an offer, before we left that evening, to act with Miss Daley in her next production."

Lontaine's blue eyes widened into a luminous stare; and abruptly, as if to hide his thought, he helped himself to a cigarette from a box on the window-sill, and bent forward, tapping the paper-bound cylinder on a thumb-nail.

"Really, dearest? Priceless! And what did you say to the creature?"

"Oh, I was kind but firm!"

"Ben Culp's a big man in the cinema game," Lontaine commented without looking up. "His advice is worth

Should She Give Him One More Chance?

SHOULD she overlook this latest folly and flirtation—and if she did forgive him, to what end? Lucinda Druce, exquisite, married, mistress of riches, had had her love for her weak-willed husband strained to the breaking-point. For Bellamy Druce, after four years of married life in New York's higher social sphere, was constantly falling in love, constantly flirting in public places—with other women—constantly humiliating Lucinda, who loved him so well—Lucinda to whom no one in all New York could hold a candle for beauty and brilliance.

The afternoon before, Lucinda's chance discovery that Bel's "business date" for luncheon was a meeting with Amelie Severn, with whom he was temporarily infatuated, led to a quarrel and Lucinda's decision that this should be Bel's last chance. Bel, in a huff, embarked on an afternoon of new dissipations, while Lucinda in an effort to get away from what was nearest her heart, let herself be carried by Fanny Lontaine—an old school friend—and her husband, to the Culp Motion Picture Studios, where for the first time she came in contact with the fascinating, mysterious world of the American cinema—an interest that is destined to play an important part in Lucinda's life.

Later, in a desperate effort to distract her mind from Bel she has gone with friends to a Broadway jazz restaurant—only to find her pride and self-respect, and her love, again dragged into the mire by the sight of an intoxicated Bel, holding forth to a jeering crowd on the sidewalk. By a miracle of will-power she managed to get him home.

Then, heart-sickened beyond endurance, without thought of what to do or where to go, while Bel slept the sound sleep of intoxication, Lucinda let herself out into the night. Nor did she hesitate as she turned her back upon the house which had till now held every precious thing in life for her.

Continue the story from this point.

something, Mrs. Druce. If he says you'd make good on the screen, you might do worse than listen to him."

"I'm not dreaming of such a thing."

"I'll wager you wouldn't say so if you once saw yourself on the screen."

"I'm not even curious."

"Then you're the modern miracle, Mrs. Druce—a woman without either vanity or a secret ambition to be a cinema star." Lontaine laughed and lazily got up. "I can only say you've got a chance to make a name for yourself I wouldn't overlook if I stood in your shoes. . . . But if you'll excuse me now, I think I'll totter along and fix things up with the conductor and the porters."

"You're too good to me," Lucinda protested. "I know I'm imposing—"

"Absolutely nothing in that. Only too happy."

The door was behind Lucinda's shoulder. Before closing it, unseen by her, Lontaine contrived to exchange a look of profound significance with his wife. Then he lounged forward to the club car and delayed there, in a mood of deep abstraction, long enough to smoke two cigarettes before proceeding to hunt up the conductor and arrange about Lucinda's change of destination, then her sleeping-car porter to have her luggage shifted to the Lontaine drawing-room and his own effects placed in the section she was deserting.

INTO making this change Lucinda had been talked against her half-hearted demurs. She knew very well it wasn't right, to take advantage of their good nature and separate husband and wife, but they wouldn't listen to her.

"I'm an old hand at traveling under any and all conditions," Lontaine asserted—"hardened to roughing it, you know. You don't imagine Fan and I could rest in comfort a minute, knowing you were unhappy back there? Rather not!"

In point of fact, Lontaine had been at once eager to earn Lucinda's favor and not at all

averse to a move which promised more personal liberty than one could command penned up in a stuffy coop with one's wife. Oh, not that he wasn't fond enough of Fan, but—well, when all was said, one was bound to admit Fan was a bit, you know, American; decidedly American. Nobody's fool, had a head on her shoulders and used it, and a way of looking at one, besides, as if she were actually looking through one, now and then, that made one feel undeniably ratty. Chap could do with a furlough from that sort of thing, now and then.

It wasn't as if they were still lovers, you see. Rough going, the devil's own luck and mutual disappointment had put rather a permanent crimp into the first fine raptures. They got along well enough nowadays, to be sure, but it was no good pretending either couldn't have done just as well on his own.

But then it had hardly been in the first place what one might term a love match. Oh, yes, tremendously taken with each other and all that, but the truth was, Fan had married with an eye to that distant title, while Lontaine had been quite as much influenced by Fan's filial relationship to a fortune of something like eighty millions, more or less.

Rotten form, not to say vicious conduct on the part of the Terror of the Wheat Pit to cut off his only daughter with a shilling, one meant to say its equivalent measured by the vast bulk of his wealth. The legacy Fan had picked up in Chicago would have been barely enough to satisfy their joint and several creditors. Not that one was mad enough to dream of frittering money away like that. But if this Los Angeles venture were to turn out a bloomer like the Swedish films

But why anticipate the worst? Buck up and consider the well-advised silver lining. A bit of luck, falling in with this Druce girl, under the circumstances. No question about the solid establishment of her financial standing: the good old Rock of Gibraltar was a shaky pretender by comparison. Now if only one dared count on Fan's being amenable to reason, grasping the logical possibilities, doing her bit like a sensible little woman . . .

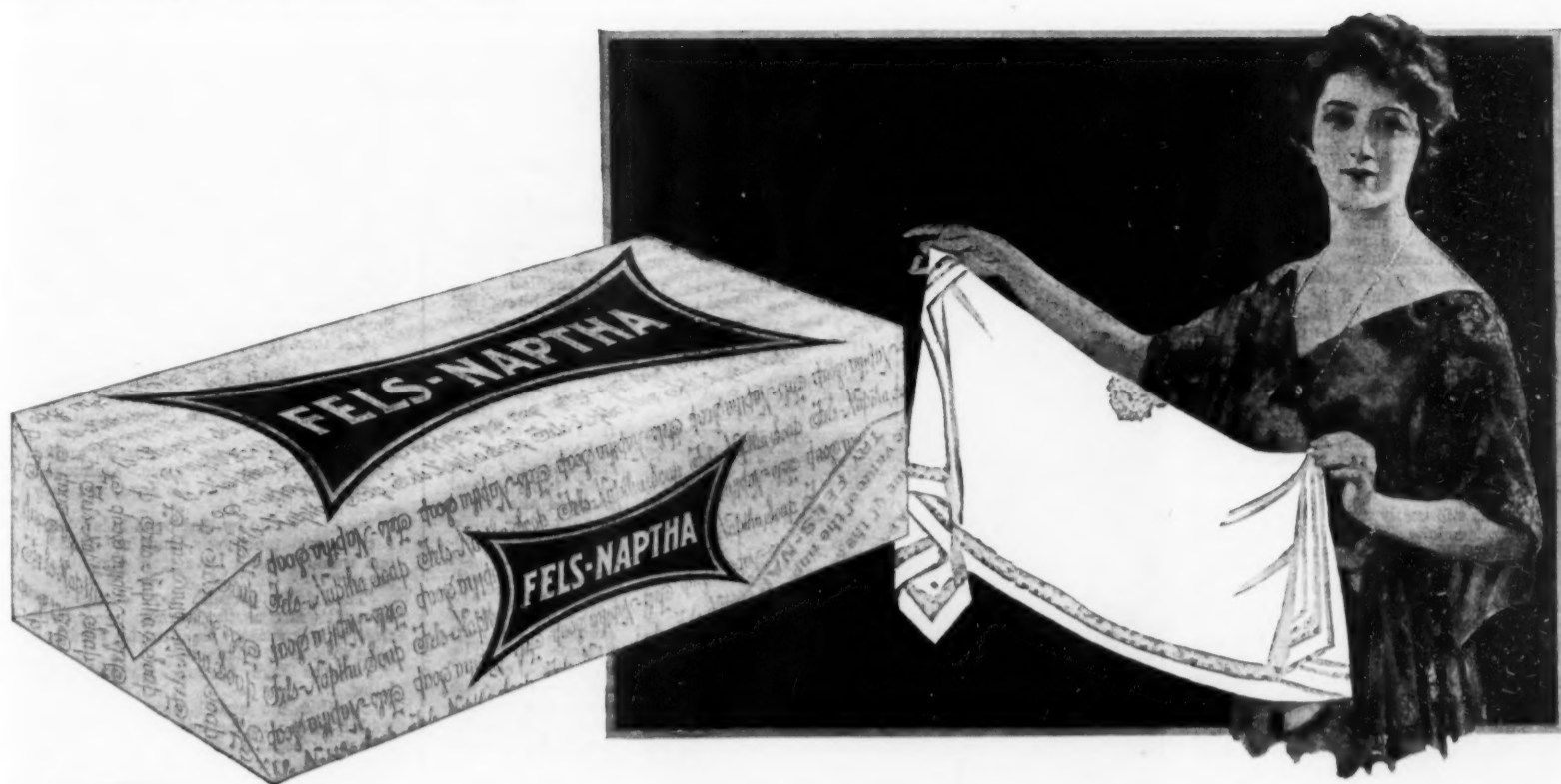
Seated in Section 10, waiting for the porter to bring back his personal impedimenta from a journey to the drawing-room with Lucinda's, Harry Lontaine turned a handsome face to the window, frowning absently, the nervous, wistful frown of a man whose cleverness has never proved equal to the hankering of appetites at once strong and fastidious.

Recalled by consciousness of somebody standing in the aisle and staring impertinently, racial shyness erased all signs of wistfulness in one instant and cloaked sensitiveness in a guise of glacial arrogance; in another, recognition dawned, hauteur was in turn discarded and a more approachable mien set up in its stead. Lontaine was too serious and diligent a student of motion-pictures not to know at sight the features of Lynn Summerlad, by long odds the most popular male star of the American cinema. A personage worth knowing . . .

Misreading his expression, Mr. Summerlad felt called upon to apologize.

"Beg your pardon, but I was expecting to find a lady in this section, I may say a friend, a Mrs. Druce. Do you by any chance—?"

(Continued on page 50)



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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

his hootch rake-off—whose miserable imagination stopped at a wretched percentage, satisfied.

One shot! There was the back of Klooon's bushy head. One shot!—and fear, which had shadowed him from birth, was at an end forever. Ended, too, privation—the bitter rigour of black winters; scorching days; bodily squalor; ills that such as he endured in a wilderness where, like other creatures of the wild, men stricken died or recovered by chance alone.

A single shot would settle all problems for him. . . . But if he missed? At the mere idea he trembled as he trotted on, trying to tell himself that he couldn't miss. No use; always the coward's "if" blocked him; and the coward's rage—fiercest of all fury—ravaged him, almost crazing him with his own impotence.

Tamaracks, sphagnum, crimson pitcher-plants grew thicker; wet woods set with little black pools stretched away on every side.

It was still nearly a mile from Drowned Valley when Jake Klooon halted in his tracks and seated himself on a narrow ridge of hard ground. And Leverett came lightly up and, after nosing the whole vicinity, sat down cautiously where Klooon would have to turn partly around to look at him.

"Where the hell do we meet up with Quintana?" growled Klooon, tearing a mouthful from a gnawed tobacco plug and showing the remainder deep into his trousers pocket.

"We gotta travel a piece, yet. . . . Say, Jake, be you a man or be you a poor dumb critter what ain't got no spunk?"

Klooon, chewing on his cud, turned and glanced at him. Then he spat, as answer.

"If you got the spunk of a chipmunk, you and me'll take a peek at that there packet. I bet you it's thousand dollar bills—more'n a billion million dollars, likely."

Klooon's dogged silence continued. Leverett licked his dry lips. His rifle lay on his knees. Almost imperceptibly he moved it, moved it again, froze stiff as Klooon spat, then, by infinitesimal degrees, continued to edge the muzzle toward Klooon.

"Jake?"

"Aw, shut your head," grumbled Klooon disdainfully. "You allus was a dirty rat—you sneakin' trap robber. Enough's enough. I ain't got no use for no billion million dollar bills. Ten thousand'll buy me all I cal'late to need till I'm planted. But you're like a hawg; you ain't never had enough o' nothin' and you won't never git enough, neither—not if you wuz God A'mighty you wouldn't."

"Ten thousand dollars hain't nothin' to a billion million, Jake."

Klooon squirted a stream of tobacco at a pitcher plant and filled the cup. Diverted and gratified by the accuracy of his aim, he took other shots at intervals.

Leverett moved the muzzle of his rifle a hair's width to the left, shivered, moved it again. Under his soggy, sun-tanned skin a pallor made his visage sickly gray.

"Jake?"

No answer.

"Say, Jake?"

No notice.

"Jake, I wanta take a peek at them bills."

Merely another stream of tobacco soiling the crimson pitcher.

"I'm—I'm desprit. I gotta take a peek. I gotta—gotta—"

Something in Leverett's unsteady voice made Klooon turn his head.

"You got rammed fool," he said, "what you doin' with your—"

The loud detonation of the rifle punctuated Klooon's inquiry with a final period. The big, soft-nosed bullet struck him full in the face.

Leverett, stunned, sat staring, motionless, clutching the rifle from the muzzle of which a delicate stain of vapor floated and disappeared through a rosy bar of sunshine.

In the intense stillness of the place, suddenly the dead man made a sound; and the trap-robber nearly fainted.

BUT it was only air escaping from the slowly collapsing lungs; and Leverett, ashy pale, shaking, got to his feet and leaned heavily against an oak tree, his eyes never stirring from the sprawling thing on the ground.

If it were a minute or a year he stood there he could never have reckoned the space of time. The sun's level rays glimmered ruddy through the woods. A green fly appeared, buzzing about the dead man. Another zig-zagged through the sunshine, lacing it with streaks of greenish fire. Others appeared, whirling, gyrating, filling the silence with their humming. And still Leverett dared not budge, dared not search the dead and take from it that for which the dead had died.

A little breeze came by and stirred the bushy hair on Klooon's head and fluttered the ferns around him where he lay.

Two delicate, pure-white butterflies—rare survivors of a native species driven from civilization into the wilderness by the advent of the foreign white—fluttered in airy play over the dead man, drifting away

Drowned Valley

(Continued from page 11)



The Jewel Aflame!

HE saw her pale face, like a flower in the starlight. "Evel" he murmured. Her breathless little voice thrilled him, "Once you kissed my hands." She knew that she was young, pretty, capable of provocation. And in a sudden, breathless sort of way an overwhelming desire seized her to please, to charm. She gazed into his shadowy face. . . . And then . . . in that same

second, the trap-thief Leverett was upon them, in his stocking feet. One bony hand gripped the girl's mouth—"The packet!" he panted.

This romantic situation constitutes the climax of "The Jewel Aflame," the next episode in "The Flaming Jewel" series—easily the most popular series of short stories being published today.

"The Jewel Aflame!" January McCall's.

into the woodland at times, yet always returning to wage a fairy combat above the heap of soiled clothing which once had been a man.

Then, near in the ferns, the withering fronds twitched, and a red squirrel sprang his startling alarm, squeaking, squealing, chattering his opinion of murder: and Leverett, shaking with the shock, wiped icy sweat from his face, laid aside his rifle, and took his first stiff step toward the dead man.

BUT as he bent over he changed his mind, turned, reeling a little, then crept slowly out among the pitcher-plants, searching about him as though sniffing.

In a few minutes he discovered what he was looking for; took his bearings; carefully picked his way back over a leafy crust that trembled under his cautious tread.

He bent over Klooon and, from the left inside coat pocket, he drew the packet and placed it inside his own flannel shirt.

Then, turning his back to the dead, he squatted down and clutched Klooon's burly ankles, as a man grasps the handles of a wheelbarrow to draw it after him.

Dragging, rolling, bumping over roots, Jake Klooon took his last trail through the wilderness, leaving a redder path than was left by the setting sun through fern and moss and wastes of pitcher-plants.

Always, as Leverett crept on, pulling the dead behind him, the floor of the woods trembled slightly, and a black ooze wet the crust of withered leaves.

At the quaking edge of a little pool of water, Leverett halted. The water was dark but scarcely an inch deep over its black bed of silt.

Beside this sink hole the trap-thief dropped Klooon. Then he drew his

hunting knife and cut a tall, slim swamp maple. The sapling was about twenty feet in height. Leverett thrust the butt of it into the pool. Without any effort he pushed the entire sapling out of sight in the depthless silt.

He had to manoeuvre very gingerly to dump Klooon into the pool and keep out of it himself.

Finally he managed to accomplish it.

To his alarm, Klooon did not sink far. He cut another sapling pushed the body until only the shoes were visible above the silt.

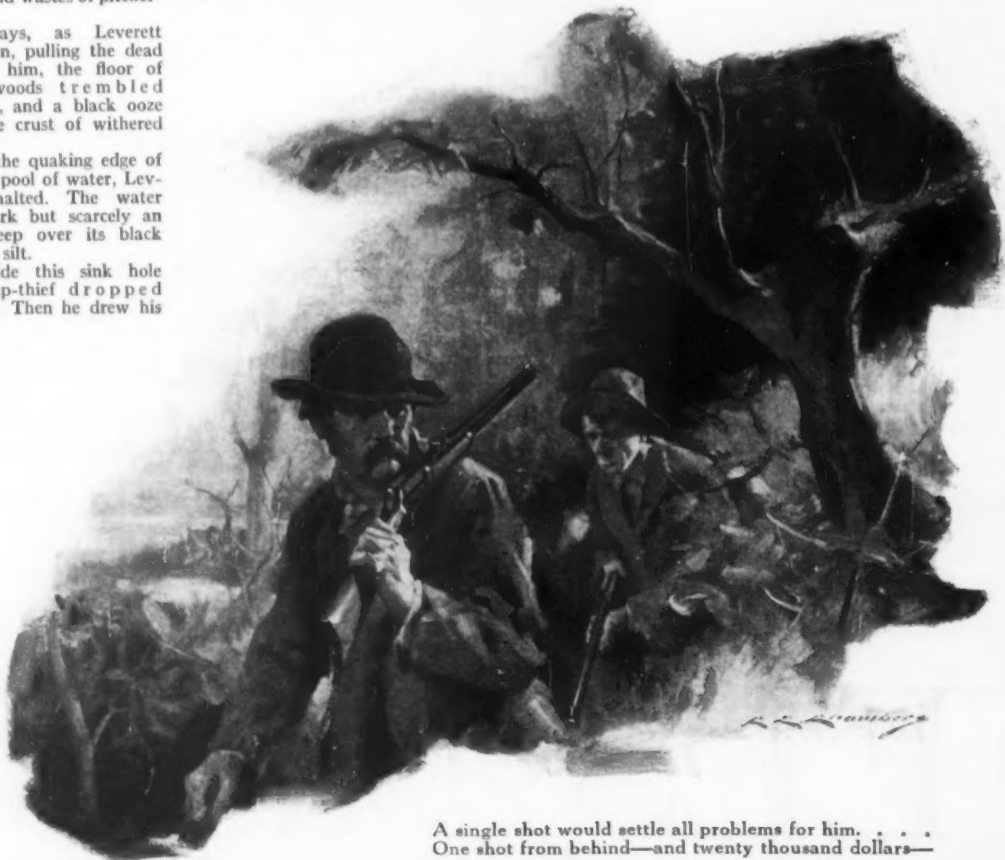
These, however, were very slowly sinking, now. Bubbles rose, dully iridescent, floated, broke. Strings of blood hung suspended in the clouding water.

Leverett went back to the little ridge and covered with dead leaves the spot where Klooon had lain. There were broken ferns, but he could not straighten them. And there lay Klooon's rifle.

For a while he hesitated, his habits of economy being ingrained; but he remembered the packet in his shirt, and he carried the rifle to the little pool and shoved it, muzzle first, driving it downward, out of sight.

As he rose from the pool's edge, somebody laid a hand on his shoulder.

That was the most real death that Leverett ever had died.



A single shot would settle all problems for him. . . . One shot from behind—and twenty thousand dollars—

II

ACOWARD dies many times before Old Man Death really gets him.

The swimming minutes passed; his mind ceased to live for a space. Then, as through the swirling waters of the last dark whirlpool, a dulled roar of returning consciousness filled his being.

Somebody was shaking him, shouting at him. Suddenly instinct resumed its function, and he struggled madly to get away from the edge of the sink-hole—fought his way, blindly, through tangled undergrowth toward the hard ridge. No human power could have blocked the frantic creature thrashing toward solid ground.

But there Quintana held him in his wiry grip.

"Fool! Mule! Craze fellow! What you do, eh? For why you make jumps like rabbits! Eh? You expect Quintana? Yes? Alors!"

Leverett, in a state of collapse, sagged back against an oak tree. Quintana's nervous grasp fell from his arms, and they swung, dangling.

"What you do by that pond-hole? Eh? I come and touch you, and, my God!—one would think I have stab' you. Such an ass!"

The sickly greenish hue changed in Leverett's face as the warmer tide stirred from its stagnation. He lifted his head and tried to look at Quintana.

"Where Jake Klooon?" demanded the latter.

At that the weasel wits of the trap-robber awoke to the instant crisis. Blood and pulse began to jump. He passed one dirty hand over his mouth to mask any twitching.

"Where my packet, eh?" asked Quintana.

"Jake's got it." Leverett's voice was growing stronger. His small eyes switched for an instant toward his rifle, where it stood against a tree behind Quintana.

"Where is he, then, this Jake?" repeated Quintana impatiently.

"He got bogged."

"Bogged? What is that, then?"

"He got into a sink-hole."

"What!"

"That's all I know," said Leverett, sullenly. "Him and me was travellin' hell-bent to meet up with you—Jake, he was for a short cut to Drowned Valley—but 'no,' sez I, 'gimme a good hard ridge an' a long detour when there's sink-holes—"

"What is it the talk you talk to me?" asked Quintana, whose perplexed features began to darken. "Where is it, my packet?"

"I'm tellin' you, ain't I?" retorted the other, raising a voice now shrill with the strain of this new crisis rushing so unexpectedly upon him: "I heard Jake give a holler. 'What the hell's the trouble?' I yells. Then he lets out a beller, 'Save me!' he screeches, 'I'm into a sink-hole! The quicksand's got me,' sez he. So I drop my rifle, I did—there she stands against that birch sapling!—and I run down into them there pitcher-plants."

"Whar be ye! I yells. Then I listens, and don't hear nothin' only a kinda wallerin' noise an' a slobber like he was gulpin' mud."

"Then I foller them there sounds and I come out by that sink-hole. The water

(Continued on page 25)



Brightens the Kitchen

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Economical—Thorough—Sanitary



A Radiant Complexion Aids Popularity ~

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Resinol Soap



The True Believer

[Continued from page 6]

After a ghastly dinner at the Lovell mansion, the young Lovells duly went to other dinners, and it shortly became the fashion to fall in love with Tom's lovely, silent wife. As the autumn waned, Lucia found herself more and more cordially included in all the family affairs.

But Tom's mother held aloof, and while she showed this implacable hostility, it was uncomfortable for them all. The older group sympathized with, even when they did not actively abet, the older Mrs. Lovell, and actual meetings between Tom's wife and his mother were avoided when possible. There was a still nervousness in elderly cousins, a constant apprehension of accidental encounters; Lucia felt no ease about running into Sally's or Elizabeth's nursery for an informal chat, when the very maid who admitted her might betray, even through her decent impassivity, the awful fact that the babies' grandmother was at that very moment upstairs.

And everyone who knew Lizzie Patterson Lovell predicted that she had taken her position once and for all, and that Lucia Lovell would never be at home in the old mansion until Tom inherited it, in the course of time.

Elizabeth always had a large family dinner in the old Ballard mansion on Thanksgiving Day, and everybody went to the Lovell house for Christmas dinner. The senior Lunings, assisted by George and Sally, kept open house on every New Year's Day, so that the holidays always ran a certain course in the Lovell family. Lucia, under ordinary circumstances, should have been asked by her mother-in-law to spend Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, with her children, in the old home, to take her place in trimming the tree, filling the stockings and receiving the dinner guests, as the oldest son's wife. The senior and junior Lunings, the Ballards and George's widowed mother, uncle Timothy Ballard, Cousin Maria Patterson and Cousin Nancy Alcott, all these would be the guests. The old house would be fragrant with pine wreaths, brimming with joy and excitement; children would fill the wide hallways with delicious noise and laughter.

But the widow of Thomas Lovell ninth cast a gloom over these approaching joys by her attitude toward the wife of Thomas Lovell tenth. She told Sally and Elizabeth that Lucia might be attractive and admirable, it was true. But she knew nothing about the young woman, after all, and she could not bring herself to accept her as she certainly would have accepted—well, Hannah Poett or Lucretia Crawford, for example, had Tom had the common sense to select either as his wife.

"Mother, it's all done and settled," Sally said patiently. "Tom never could endure Hannah, and Lucretia is ten years younger than he is. Do be sensible."

"Yes, perhaps I am not sensible," her mother said, bitterly hurt, putting her head back, and shutting her eyes. "I am old-fashioned—I grieve for my dead son, I regret the act that makes my other son a stranger to me! Christmas was always a very wonderful time, when your father was alive. Even afterward, we managed to make it happy for you babies. All that is changed now, I am getting old."

Sally looked compunction at Elizabeth, and Elizabeth looked consternation at Sally, and they both knelt down beside their heart-sick, beloved, unreasonable mother, and kissed her, and told her that she need never like Tom's wife if she did not want to, and nobody should blame her one bit.

Thanksgiving at Elizabeth's was a miserable failure. Everybody felt the older Mrs. Lovell's mood, and everybody suffered with the younger Mrs. Lovell.

Sally and Elizabeth felt themselves a little awkward, with Tom's wife. They could not call her "Lucia dear," or slip an arm about her waist with Mother there looking on, magnificently remote in her barred black silk, and with a slightly unaccustomed color in her face. Conversation became constrained, and this innocent topic and that faltered and fell dead.

Tom glowered, standing tall and handsome beside the fire. The other men found themselves glancing at him apprehensively, as they talked. Tom's splendid second son, three years old, selected his grandmother for his infant confidence, and everyone saw him repulsed.

"Granma, could joo fix dat?" asked little Cyrus, coming up to the silk-barred knee with a tangled rein.

"You had better go to your nurse, my dear," said the clear, crisp tones of the head of the Lovell family. Eyes involuntarily followed the child to his mother; thin, distinguished-looking in her black lace, Lucia welcomed him with a smile. The ribbons were disentangled, she kissed the child before he galloped away. But everyone knew that it was not firelight that flushed the thin, colorless cheek.

"Mother is carrying this altogether too far!" said Elizabeth to her sister, later.

"You know Mother!" Sally shook her head hopelessly. "I wish to goodness that she'd just take Lucia on her own merits, as a nice, clever, charming woman—an ideal wife for Tom! It would serve her right, when she does come round, to have Lucia do a little snubbing!"

"I don't believe Lucia ever will," Sally said, surprising herself with the opinion. "She's—well, she's good."

"Yes," Elizabeth answered, after a moment's thought. "She is good!"

Tom's mother met him in the office, a week before Christmas, and politely invited him and his wife and children to have their Christmas dinner with her. Tom accepted, with an impassive face, but his blood boiled. Formally asked, like outsiders, to the home where he and his wife should have shared the office of host!

"What time do you want us, Mother?"

"Dinner is early," Mrs. Lovell said, affecting a casual manner, but trembling quite visibly, "for the children, you know. About five, I think—"

Tom was staggered, but he gave no sign. "That is a bad time to take the baby out, this weather," he said. "Dark, you know. Perhaps we had better not bring him?"

"Perhaps that would be best," his mother said, with an air of kindly interest.

Tom was so furious that he told his wife that he had three minds not to go at all. But Lucia reasoned that their not going would mean an open break.

"Those things are hard to heal, Tom," argued his wife. "And after all, the more unkind she is, the more everyone thinks that Cousin Lizzie is behaving dreadfully, and Tom and Lucia so patient! There's something really constructive in that. Otherwise, we're simply a family that quarrels—anyone can do that."

"I understand!" Tom said, smiling. Christmas was only three days off now, and he and Lucia were dressing for a Christmas-tree luncheon at the Country Club. Everyone would be there. Lucia, putting on her prettiest gown, felt that there was a pleasant holiday excitement in thus going off to a day-time party with Tom, in mid-week. He told her, as he bundled her in her furs out of the closed car, that he had never seen her looking better.

Holly wreaths looked down at them from the frosted club windows; the Ballards and Lunings were arriving just as they did, and they all went laughing and talking up the scraped steps together.

The older Mrs. Lovell was already there, beside the fire with a group of her contemporaries, and the late arrivals went up to her with greetings. The big room was full of laughing, chilly, rosy-cheeked men and women, the fire roared as it washed up the chimney in a river of pink flame.

It was an hour of unwonted softness and sentiment, and little thawing streaks of the general warmth began to touch even the heart of Lizzie Patterson Lovell. She could not but be proud of her big son, and of the graceful, low-voiced woman beside whom Tom's big blond head was always to be found. After all, however obscure she had been, she was Mrs. Thomas Lovell now, and there were sons, and the old name was safe.

When the Christmas tree had been denuded of its fruit, and as the short winter afternoon closed in, all the young fathers and mothers began to think of getting home. At half-past-four there was a general movement toward wraps and motors, a jumble of holiday wishes and engagements and promises.

Suddenly several voices were heard singing about the piano, men's voices and women's thrown with all heart into the Christmas hymns. Others gathered about the circle, and the swelling chorus made the rafters ring.

"Who is playing?" hummed Mrs. Lovell, through the words of "Noel."

"Mrs. Tom!" sang somebody else, standing beside her. The elder woman made no acknowledgment, but her fine, sharp old eyes filled with tears.

There was a round of applause when the singing was over, and Lucia came flushed and smiling through the clapping hands. Tom held her big coat; a score of them went out onto the porch together. And it was while they were waiting, in the blue winter dusk, for the motor-cars, that Tom's mother walked up to his wife, and said before everybody, with a sort of shamed bravado:

"That music was lovely, Lucia—why don't we have more of it?" And turning to a grey-headed woman beside her, she added: "Kitty, don't you remember our singing at your grandfather Adam's house, round the organ, Sunday nights? Get the children doing it, Lucia!" And Lucia's eyes glowed as she answered: "I will!"

[Continued on page 22]



One Week Ago

those pretty teeth were clouded by a film

We ask you to see, as millions have done, what one week can do for your teeth.

Your teeth are now film-coated—clouded more or less. Combat that film in this new way, and watch results.

Then you will know a way to whiter teeth, to cleaner, safer teeth. And that knowledge may bring life-long benefits to you.

Beauty marred by film

The beauty of countless women is marred by dingy teeth. And that dinginess comes from film.

The film is viscous. You can feel it with your tongue. But it clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush, used in old ways, fails to end it. So the film absorbs stains, and eventually forms a cloudy coat.

That is why teeth discolor. The stain is in the film-coat, not the teeth.

Danger lurks there

But film does more than that. It forms the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. Despite the tooth brush, they have been constantly increasing. Few people have escaped them. So dental science has for years sought ways to fight this great tooth enemy.

Two effective methods have been found. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Today the two are combined in a dentifrice called **Pepsodent**—a scientific tooth paste. And leading dentists everywhere now advise its daily use.

Other protections

Pepsodent also meets other modern requirements. It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. This to digest the starch deposits. With modern diet, rich in starch, these often remain to form acid.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's agent for neutralizing acids which cause tooth decay.

Pepsodent twice daily stimulates the forces in a natural way. Modern research proves this necessary. In all these ways it is bringing about a new era in teeth cleaning.

Five things to fight

The film on teeth.

The germs that breed there.

The dingy coats which film forms on the teeth.

The starch deposits which ferment and form acids.

The acids which attack teeth.

Pepsodent combats them all in new, effective ways. Make this ten-day test and see.

Millions employ it

Millions of people now employ Pepsodent, largely through dental advice. The results are seen everywhere—in glistening teeth. And those clean teeth mean safer teeth—protected as never before.

Every woman owes herself a test. A 10-Day Tube is offered for the purpose. Get it and see what it does.



The night attacks

Film on the teeth or between the teeth may attack them during sleep. So may starch deposits. Acids form in such coats, and the acids soften the enamel.

Countless people who brush teeth nightly fail to remove all the film. And trouble frequently results.

You will not do this when you know the facts. You will use a film combatant. You will fight the acid and the starch. Modern dental science has evolved the ways to do this. Prove them out, for your sake and your children's sake. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube, and a book which tells the reason for each new effect.

Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.
The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, approved by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Each use brings five desired effects. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Quick changes

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Watch the other good effects. This short test will convince you.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

The CLEAN TRAVELER

THE thousand-room hotel today advertises a thousand baths. Of all home comforts which luxurious modern travel provides, simple cleanliness stands easily first.

And this is the reason Fairy Soap, the whitest, simplest soap of all, is to be found in the traveling outfits of a large number of men and women. Cleanly folk, as they travel along, want to be doubly sure of the same refreshing soap-and-water comfort that Fairy gives them at home.

The almost-white floating soaps, which appeared a generation ago, pointed the way. Fairy Soap brought the idea to its ultimate perfection. One need only observe the households and clubs and Turkish baths in which Fairy is standard for baths, toilet and general cleansing uses, to understand why the Fairy fashion is extending in every neighborhood in America and abroad.

Fairy acknowledges no rival.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

FAIRY SOAP

PURE FLOATING WHITE

The White
Spirit of Purity
lives in
FAIRY SOAP



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The True Believer

[Continued from page 20]

There was an almost visible sensation on the porch of the country club.

And then suddenly there was an interruption. One or two of the women gave little gasps of fright. An old and disreputable figure had come about the corner of the club, and up the steps, and was close to them before they saw it. It was the figure of a bent and aged man, his eyes red, his clothing a dirty and discolored miscellany—one dreadful greenish coat, with its bulging torn lining, pinned above another coat, ragged red woolen underwear fringed over his veined, cold hands, and the oily fur of his old cap mingling with his oily hair. His face was almost completely covered with a patriarchal white beard which was tangled and stained.

The waiting women instinctively shrank against their men, and somebody ran for the steward, but it was instantly to be seen that the old fellow was weak and harmless, and quite obviously half-witted.

"I'll talk to him," Tom Lovell said, and a girl's voice added pitifully: "Ah, let's give him something, Tom!" Instantly there was a movement in his favor and money was held out to him.

The rheumy eyes were weeping, as they moved appealing from one face to another, the old beggar was telling the tale of his necessities, but nobody could understand one word he said.

"All right, old fellow, all right!" Tom kept saying, in sympathetic distress.

"Is he speaking French, Sally?" asked her mother.

"Sounds more like German," Sally answered.

"No, it's not German," said young Mary Alden, positively.

Lucia Lovell had been standing between her husband and his mother, her bright eyes fixed upon the old intruder. Now she stepped quietly nearer him, and addressed him quickly in some unfamiliar phrases.

Instant ecstasy irradiated the seeking face, the old man's agitation and joy, at being interpreted at last, were almost painful to see. He caught at Lucia's hand, interrupting the flow of his words to kiss it, his whole body wriggling and fawning like a dog. Lucia held the trembling old hands, her low voice seemed at once to soothe him.

"He has been sick, and in the hospital," she explained presently, still smiling a motherly encouragement upon him, "he says he went for a walk, from his son's house, and he wants his books—We'll take care of you!" she added, in English. "Yes, go with Mr. Hotchkiss, dear," she directed him, as the steward appeared. "You can give him supper, and a warm corner to sleep in, can't you, Hotchkiss?" said young Mrs. Lovell, superbly, "and tonight we'll notify his people. He's evidently not quite in his right mind, poor old fellow—"

"But Lucia," cried young Lucretia Crawford, "however did you happen to know what language he was speaking? I couldn't get one word of it—"

"He's a Russian," Lucia Lovell answered quietly. "He was speaking Hebrew—Yiddish."

"But how did you ever happen to learn Yiddish?" ejaculated Lucretia, in innocent amazement, only vaguely aware of the odd expressions on the circle of faces about her.

Her cousin's wife looked at her pleasantly, almost impersonally. "It is my mother tongue, Lucretia," she said simply. And then, in an astounded silence, she added, turning to Tom, "That's old Cotter honking down there, Tom, we're keeping the whole line waiting! Good-night, everybody!"

And not too quickly the slender, furred figure went down the steps, and they saw Tom help her into the car, and saw it move away across the snow.

The men and women on the porch looked at each other.

"So that was it!" Sally Luning said, finally, in an awed voice. "That was—that is, what makes her look so foreign! You know we said she looked almost oriental, Elizabeth?"

"That was it, and none of us ever guessed it!" Elizabeth echoed, still amazed.

"What do you think of it, Lizzie?" Lucretia Crawford's mother asked of Mrs. Lovell the ninth. They were all waiting for her to give them their cue. It was for the head of the family to speak now.

Lizzie Patterson Lovell's face wore an odd look. Her own motor-car was waiting, and she started down the steps toward it. "I think it was the most—the most Christian thing I ever saw in my life!" she said shortly. They heard her tell her driver to go at once to the young Lovell's house in Back Bay.

LUCIA, still hatted, but with her furs tossed aside, was in the nursery with Tom, her baby in her arms. The old lady went straight up to them.

"Lucia," she said, "I want you to forgive me—I know you will. We all know you now well enough to know that you'll forgive us all. I'm sorry, my dear. I've been hard on you. But you'll forgive me."

Lucia's face twitched, and she put her hand out across the baby's head to Tom's mother, and they kissed each other for the first time.

"And now," said Mrs. Lovell, "you'll come to me tomorrow, for Christmas, won't you, Tom? You know you've got to plan to move in there, Lucia, and let me come here. The old house is your home, of course. It's too big for one old woman. You and I will go all over it tomorrow and you can see what you need done. I've been a long time coming to my senses, but I'll make it up to you, my dear. Early tomorrow, Tom, for we'll have a lot to do!"

"In time to trim the tree, and get the children to bed—" Lucia laughed shakily. "A real Christmas, Tom," his mother said, with her fine strong mouth quivering, even while she smiled. "We'll not have Pat—not Pat!—but all the rest of us, twenty-eight of us, counting the babies. It'll be a happy time, dear!"

"It will be a happy Christmas for me, I know that," Lucia said, soberly. But much later, when they were alone, she told her husband that she supposed there never would be any understanding his mother.

"I've been watching my chance to tell her everything, Tom, about my father and mother, and how poor we were, and what a struggling, hard time it was. But I thought I would wait until she knew me a little better—liked me, perhaps. And now it is all blurted out, before all the people she really cares about—the most unfortunate fashion in which it could possibly have come to light, and she comes here just as fast as she can, and takes me into her heart at last!"

"Oh, Lucia—Lucia, how funny that you shouldn't see it!" Tom said, laughing in sheer lightness of heart, and utter satisfaction with life. "It's perfectly simple, to me. It isn't that Mother really cares a scrap about silver and old names and brick houses—but they're her standard, they're her measure. She judges other things by them, the quality of the old pioneer and colonial people: moral courage, self-respect, sheer, plain goodness. Without them, she couldn't place you, she didn't know where you stood."

"But this afternoon, your befriending that old man was suddenly what she wanted. It placed you—it was a sort of patent of high integrity—don't you see? To speak up, before them all—that was her sort of thing—"

"It was a very simple thing, Tommy!"

"Yes, but it was an unmistakable thing," he answered.

She came over to sit on an arm of the big chair in which he was sitting.

"I couldn't have done anything else!" she said quietly.

"No, and that makes you Lucia, and Mother's sort," said Tom. "And incidentally," he added, "the most wonderful woman in the world!"

"Ah," she said, with mischief in her magnificent eyes, as she fixed them on the fire, "we're a wonderful people!"

For Love of the Mutt

[Continued from page 13]

perhaps five years older, a tiny white and brown mustache and goatee giving him a slightly foreign look.

"How are you, old man?" he asked.

"And how's the dog?"

"Yes, how's 'oos 'little darling pet?" drawled Mrs. Alston, passing the cigarette box to Rutledge and then dropping into an armchair. A cloud of smoke veiled her pretty face and the golden shimmer of her hair. A daring evening dress of yellow silk displayed exquisite neck and arms.

Alston frowned as he brought forth

decanter and glasses. "Go light on the sarcasm, Frieda," he suggested. "The mutt is sick. I'm going to take him out to the country in the morning for a little air."

"If I can be of any service," she retorted, "please command me. I could get in a nurse to relieve you for the rest of the evening." Her voice was purring.

Alston chatted a few moments about stock-market affairs, yawned, patted his four-footed friend and with a mild protest that the evening was young, started to

[Continued on page 34]

How I Earned Over \$500

-at Home in My Spare Time

My Experience in a New, Pleasant Occupation That Provided the Money to Furnish My Home, Buy Pretty Clothes and Give Us a Start in Life.

By Mrs. A. L. Heggen

WE had been married five years when my husband and I sat down, one Sunday afternoon, to "take stock" and see just where we were drifting. We had to admit that we weren't getting along very fast.

No young married couple, I am sure, ever started out with more fine plans, but somehow we hadn't been able to make our dreams come true. At the time of our marriage my husband bought a farm. That meant quite a heavy drain on his small savings. Then, of course, we had to have stock and machinery and everything. And that took more money. By the time we got all those necessities, there was very little cash left to buy furniture and things for the farm house.

We didn't mind that so much, because we knew we couldn't have everything right at the beginning. "We'll buy a few pieces of furniture now and then," my husband said, "when we get a start and things begin to pick up."

But things didn't "pick up." That was just the trouble. Sitting in our poorly-furnished living-room that Sunday afternoon we were face to face with the fact that we were just about holding our own. And the prospect for better days was far from bright. I began to realize that if we were ever going to furnish our home, and get a few of the many things we needed, we would have to have some "extra money" coming in from some place.

"Oh, I wish I could do something to help!" I had said it many times before. But it seemed now as though I simply had to find some way to get us out of our trouble. I decided right then and there to earn some money in my spare time.

But what could I do? By that time I had two little boys aged two and four to care for, and all my housework—washing, ironing, cooking and sewing. Still I had a few spare hours that might be turned into money if I could just find some sort of work that I could do without leaving my home and children.

I soon discovered that it wasn't easy to locate that sort of work. I hadn't any specialty such as some women have, and no particular training. It just looked like there was nothing I could do to earn money.

Then one day, while I was visiting my sister, I picked up a magazine and there was an advertisement that looked as though it had been written just for me. It told of a new plan for making money right at home, knitting wool socks on a special hand knitting machine. The company that made the machines agreed to buy all of the standard socks you turned out, and to furnish replacement yarn for each lot of socks. You could put in as much or as little time as you wished. And, best of all, the work could be done in spare moments without neglecting other duties.

Well, I sat down right away and wrote to the concern—it was the Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

—asking them for full particulars about the Auto-Knitter and their Home Work Plan.

I soon had a letter from them with some printed matter. There were pictures showing just how the machine looked. And letters from people who had tried out the Auto-Knitter and were making money at home, in spare time. They all praised the machine so highly that I was very much impressed.

But the company's Work Contract was the big thing. This specified that they would take all of the standard wool socks knit on the Auto-Knitter and sent in to them. These standard socks were to be paid for at a certain fixed price. Although the company agreed to take all of your output, they didn't force you to work for them. If you wanted to sell the socks right in your own community, you could do so without any trouble. Also, just as they said in their advertisements, there was an agreement to furnish yarn, to replace that used in knitting the socks.

The plan looked so good to me that I decided to send right away for an Auto-Knitter and begin making money in my spare time.



Extra money must come from some place



We had part of our wool clip made into yarn, and this I knitted into socks

I was so excited the day my knitter arrived that I could hardly wait to get it unpacked. I didn't know the first thing about machinery. But everything was so simple, and the Instruction Book so plain that I had no trouble at all in making a start. With a little experience I was able to increase my speed so that it took me only a few minutes to knit a complete sock. And then how happy I was!

When I ordered an Auto-Knitter I intended to take advantage of the Work Contract and knit socks for the Company. But my friends and neighbors just wouldn't let me! It became known that I had a knitting machine, and when people saw what fine socks I turned out with the Auto-Knitter they began giving me orders to fill. Soon I had more than I could do.

About that time my husband bought a flock of sheep. And that gave me an idea. Why not have our own wool spun into yarn, and sell the manufactured product, rather than the wool. We decided to try it. So the following spring we had part of our wool clip made into yarn, and this I knitted into men's socks.

Before we had our yarn made, I called on storekeepers in a nearby village, showed them samples of the socks, and took orders for what I thought I could handle. In this way we realized a much better price for our wool, and I also received a good wage for every pair of socks that I knitted.

Whenever I have a little spare time and no orders to fill, I knit up a few socks for the company. In this way I can make good wages for my spare time. I can always depend on a check by return mail for all the standard socks I send in to them. And a bundle of replacement yarn comes along a day or two later. The Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company has always treated me fine. I have never had a bit of trouble with them.

It has now been two and one-half years since I ordered my Auto-Knitter. In that time I have made 1824 pairs of socks, for which I received \$472.25. Besides this I have made on my Auto-Knitter several caps, two children's sweaters, several pairs of mittens and ladies' stockings. In all, my earnings amount to more than \$500.00. Every penny of this money has been earned in spare time—odd moments now and then between cooking and baking, cleaning house, and caring for the children.

And what have I done with the money? Every woman can well imagine. The Auto-Knitter has paid for many articles of furniture that we have long been needing. And clothing too—pretty, new dresses and hats, and all the things that women love. Then, too, we have been able to buy books and magazines that we could never afford before. And last, but by no means least, I now have plenty of "pin money" that I can spend just as I please.

And we owe it all to the Auto-Knitter. Without this wonderful little machine we would still be worrying along, trying to scrape together enough money to keep up household expenses. As it is, we are now beginning to "get on our feet." And, thanks to the Auto-Knitter, we will soon be firmly established.

—Mrs. A. L. Heggen, Minnesota.

A Practical Way to Make Money at Home

This is Mrs. Heggen's own story. She has told here of the new profitable home work that has meant so much to her. A home furnished with Auto-Knitter earnings! Nor is that all. The Knitter has also provided clothing, books, magazines, as well as many other little luxuries and necessities. And this busy Minnesota housewife earned the money in spare time, without leaving her home and children.

Just as the Auto-Knitter has helped Mrs. Heggen, it has also aided many other women to solve the "extra money" problem. It affords home women everywhere a chance at steady, pleasant well-paid employment, without "going to work." You have all of the advantages of a "regular job"—with no time-clock to regulate every move, and no unpleasant factory associations.

You make standard wool socks for us, on the Auto-Knitter, right in your own home. And we pay you for making



MRS. A. L. HEGGEN

them. That is our proposition. You can put in half time, full time, or perhaps only fifteen minutes a day. It doesn't matter. We pay you a certain guaranteed price for each dozen pairs of standard socks sent in to us. You may send in large shipments or small, and as often as you like. A check will go forward promptly for every standard sock you send in. There is an open market for your output the year round. We will also send replacement yarn for that used in knitting each lot of socks.

But our Work Contract does not bind you to sell your output to us. We are always glad to get shipments of standard socks from our workers. But if you wish to follow Mrs. Heggen's example, and sell all or a part of your socks locally, you are free to do so.

The Auto-Knitter is a thoroughly practical machine. It weighs about 20 pounds, and may be readily clamped to any ordinary table. It knits the sock—top, body, heel and toe—without removing from the machine. And so rapidly does it work that a complete sock may be knitted in just a few minutes.

Previous experience is unnecessary. Mrs. Heggen, you remember, said: "I didn't know the first thing about machinery." Nor is it essential that you know how to knit by hand. Without special talent one can learn to turn out standard wool socks with the aid of the Auto-Knitter.

Find Out About This Home Work Plan

Of course you want to know more about this Home Work Plan, and the remarkable machine that makes it possible. You want to know how other men and women are turning spare hours into dollars and the opportunities that await you in the new, profitable occupation—Auto-Knitting.

The coupon will bring you full particulars—and without obligating you in any way. It is the same sort of a coupon Mrs. Heggen signed and mailed. For her it led the way to furniture, pretty clothes, books, magazines—and independent income. Will you take the first step now to make your dreams come true? The Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc., Dept. 512-K, 630-632 Genesee Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc., Dept. 512-K, 630-632 Genesee Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about making money at home with the Auto-Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

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Betsy and Her Family Circle

[Continued from page 12]

she stood there in the doorway, she knew he was peering at her admiringly from the darkness, at the slim outlines of her figure, at her hair lighted by the dim hall lamp. For a moment, the impulse overwhelmed her to go in, sit upon his bed and tell him of this strange situation into which Dave had pulled her; ask his advice and help. She needed help to live down that scarring kiss and to face the decision which Dave had thrust upon her. But, before she could speak, light footsteps sounded down the hall.

"Oh, Betsy, I thought you would never come," came Mrs. Robbins' voice; and Margaret's sleepy, irritated whisper, "I think Dave might at least try to keep his car quiet." Betsy's desire to confide in her family vanished.

The next day at luncheon, she informed the family, in answer to inquiries, that she had had a wonderful time, and that Dave was as nice as ever. When Tommy, coming home from a baseball game, noted with surprise that she had spent the afternoon alone with a book upon the piazza, she retorted gaily that she was turning high-brow. At the supper-table, she did not flick an eyelid when the family exclaimed over the fact that she was not going out that night.

"Have to have my beauty sleep once in a while," she said.

It was the first evening in months which she had not spent with Dave. The family were startled, interested, curious. But she did not enlighten them. During the next few days, she played tennis with Tommy, she went calling with her mother, she hummed around the house, apparently unconcerned and happy. But in reality, she was neither. The memory of that scene with Dave made her tremble, and the days seemed dull and empty without his smile and familiar, harsh voice. And on top of the dreary loneliness came the disturbing thought that, with a word, she could wipe away the monotony and bring back the gay, thrilling days of tennis, of dancing—of Dave. He was ready, waiting to come. But, as yet, she made no move.

THEN, one afternoon when she was down-town with Margaret, she saw him with May Simpson. Betsy was the only girl in Marystown who had ever "gone" with Dave. Because of the reputation for wildness which he had gained from his open scorn of public opinion, the other girls had always been afraid of him. Yet here he was helping May Simpson into his car, his handsome face lighted with laughter.

As she walked home, Betsy wondered how May liked that front seat, and if Dave flashed quick smiles at her: if he turned off into side-roads through the woods, and stopped the car in the shade of low-hanging branches, because he wanted to talk to her.

"No, no!" she protested to herself, her pride stung. "I could have him if I wanted to. But I don't want to!"

"Don't you?" whispered a mocking voice from her heart.

Silently she and Margaret turned up the path into the house. It was very cool and quiet and peaceful within. Her mother was rocking rhythmically in an armchair in the sitting-room, a pile of mending in her lap. The clock on the mantelpiece methodically chimed four. Two hours till supper-time, thought Betsy—what could she do to pass those two hours?

"Betsy," came her mother's voice. "I wish you wouldn't wear your skirts quite so short. Fashion may be all right but—"

Betsy did not answer. She stood, staring straight before her. Into her mind flashed the picture of Dave, sitting beside May in the cool of the woods and smiling into her eyes. A sudden new pain seized her heart; and the ache was not lessened by the thought that she could have been in May's place, instead of standing alone in the deserted hallway, listening to her mother's criticism.

The crisis came the night of the Country Club dance.

"I've pressed your evening dress, Betsy," announced Mrs. Robbins casually at the supper-table.

"Oh, mother, it's—I'm not going to the dance tonight," came Betsy's quick answer. "You aren't going?" The exclamation leapt from six mouths.

"No," She spoke calmly. "I'm not."

"But I thought Dave had asked you—"

"Yes, he did, and I was going with him. But the other night I decided that after all I wouldn't." There was something very final and decisive in Betsy's tone. She did not intend to be plied with questions.

A silence fell upon the family. The fact of Dave's desertion was hard enough to grasp, but the idea of Betsy's not going to a dance, of there possibly being a dance without Betsy—

"Oh, but you can go just the same," said Mrs. Robbins quickly. "Margaret and

[Continued on page 30]



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A most delightful and fashionable gift this season is a subscription to McCall's Magazine. Give McCall's to a friend you want to remember in a particularly pleasant way. She will really receive twelve gifts instead of one—a gift every month in the year that will bring a reminder of you and your friendship. McCall's wants to share in the gift and makes you this special offer—

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Drowned Valley

[Continued from page 18]

was a-shakin' all over it; but Jake he had went down plum out o' sight. T'want no use. I cut a sapling an' I poked down. I was sick and scared like, so when you come up over the moss, not makin' no noise, an' grabbed me—God!—I guess you'd jump, too."

Quintana's dark, tense face was expressionless when Leverett ventured to look at him. Like most liars he realized the advisability of looking his victim straight in the eyes. This he managed to accomplish, sustaining the cold intensity of Quintana's gaze. Then he started toward his rifle. Quintana blocked his way.

"Where my packet?"

"Gol ram it! Ain't I told you? Jake had it in his pocket."

"My packet, it is in thee sink 'ole?"

"You think I'm lyin'?" blustered Leverett, trying to move around Quintana's extended arm. The arm swerved and clutched him by the collar of his flannel shirt.

"Wait, my frien'," said Quintana in a soft voice. "You shall explain to me some things before you go." He continued with a terrifying smile, "I mus' ask you what it was, that gun-shot, which I hear while I await at Drown' Valley. Eh?"

"I ain't heard no gun," replied Leverett.

"Ah! Someone lies. It is not me, my frien'.

No. Let us examine your rifle—"

Leverett made a rush for the gun; Quintana slung him back against the oak tree and thrust an automatic pistol in his face.

"Han's up, my frien'," he said gently, "—up! high up!—or someone will fire another shot you shall never hear."

So! . . . Now I search the other pocket. . . . So. . . . Still no packet. Bah! Not in the pants, either? Ah, bah! But wait! Tien! What is this you hide inside your shirt?"

"I was jokin'," gasped Leverett; "—I was just a-goin' to give it to you—"

"Is that my packet?"

"Yes. I wasn't a-going to steal it—"

Quintana unbuttoned the gray wool shirt and drew forth the packet for which Jake Klooon had died within the hour.

Suddenly Leverett's knees gave way and he dropped to the ground, grovelling at Quintana's feet in an agony of fright.

"Don't hurt me," he screamed, "—I didn't mean no harm! Jake, he wanted me to steal it. I told him I was honest. I fired a shot to scare him, an' he tuk an' run off! I wasn't a-goin' to steal it off you, so help me God!"

Quintana kicked him aside.

"Swine," he said, calmly inspecting the whimpering creature who had started to crawl toward him.

He hesitated, lifted his automatic, then, as though annoyed by Leverett's deafening shriek, shrugged, hesitated, pocketed both pistol and packet, and turned on his heel.

By the birch sapling he paused and picked up Leverett's rifle. Something left a red smear on his palm as he worked the ejector. It was blood.

Quintana gazed curiously at his soiled hand. Then he stooped and picked up the empty cartridge case which had been ejected. And, as he stooped, he noticed more blood on a fallen leaf.

With one foot, daintily as a game-cock scratches, he brushed away the fallen leaves, revealing the mess underneath.

After he had contemplated the crimson traces of murder for a few moments, he turned and looked at Leverett.

"So," he said in his leisurely, emotionless way, "you have fight with my frien' Jake for thee packet. Yes? Ver' amusing."

He shrugged his indifference, tossed the rifle to his shoulder and, without another glance at the cowering creature on the ground, walked away toward Drowned Valley.

III

WHEN Quintana disappeared among the tamaracks, Leverett ventured to rise to his knees. As he crouched there, peering after Quintana, a man came swiftly out of the forest behind him and nearly stumbled over him.

Recognition was instant and mutual as the man jerked the trap-robber to his feet, stifling the muffled yell in his throat.

"I want that packet you picked up on Clinch's veranda," said Hal Smith.

"M-my God," stammered Leverett, "Quintana just took it off me. He ain't been gone a minute—"

"You lie!"

"I ain't lyin'. Look at his foot-marks there in the mud!"

"Quintana!"

"Yaas, Quintana! He tuk my gun—"

"Which way?" whispered Smith fiercely, shaking Leverett till his jaws wagged.

"Drowned Valley. . . . Lemme loose!"

"—I'm chokin'—!" Smith pushed him aside.

"You rat," he said. "If you're lying to me I'll come back and settle your affair. And Klooon's too!"

"Quintana shot Jake and stuck him into a sink-hole!" snivelled Leverett, breaking down and sobbing; "—Oh, Gawd—Gawd—"

he's down under all that black mud with his brains spillin' out—"

But Smith was already gone, running lightly along the string of footprints which led straight away across slime and sphagnum toward the head of Drowned Valley.

In the first clump of hard-wood trees Smith saw Quintana. He had halted, fumbling at a flat, paper-wrapped packet.

He did not start when Smith's sharp warning struck his ear: "Don't move! I've got you over my rifle, Quintana!"

Quintana's fingers had instantly ceased operations. Then, warily, he lifted his head and looked into the muzzle of Smith's rifle. "Ah, bah!" he said tranquilly. "There were three of you, then."

"Lay that packet on the ground."

"My frien'—"

"Drop it or I'll drop you!"

Quintana carefully placed the packet on a bed of vivid moss.

"Now your gun!" continued Smith.

Quintana shrugged and laid Leverett's rifle beside the packet.

"Kneel down with your hands up and your back toward me!" said Smith.

Quintana dropped gracefully into the humiliating attitude. Smith walked slowly up behind him, relieved him of two automatics and a dirk.

"Stay put," he said sharply, as Quintana started to turn his head. Then he picked up the packet, slipped it into his pocket, gathered together the arsenal which had decorated Quintana, and so, loaded with weapons, walked away a few paces and seated himself on a fallen log.

Here he pocketed both automatics, shoved the sheathed dirk into his belt, placed the captured rifle handy, and laid his own weapon across his knees.

"You may turn around now, Quintana," he said amiably. Quintana seated himself on the moss, facing Smith.

"Now, my gay and nimble thimble-rigger," said Smith genially, "while I take ten minutes' rest, let me assemble for you the interesting history of the jewels which so sparkingly repose in my pocket."

"In the first place, as you know, Monsieur Quintana, the famous Flaming Jewel and the other gems contained in this pocket of mine, belonged to Her Highness the Grand Duchess Theodorica of Esthonia."

"Very interesting. More interesting still—along comes Don José Quintana and his celebrated gang of international thieves, and steals from the Grand Duchess of Esthonia the Flaming Jewel and all her rubies, emeralds and diamonds. Yes?"

"Certainly," said Quintana, politely.

"Bon! Well, then, still more interesting to relate, a gentleman named Clinch helps himself to these famous jewels. How very careless of you, Mr. Quintana."

"Careless, certainly," assented Quintana.

"Well," said Smith, laughing, "Clinch was more careless still. The robber baron, Sir Jacobus Klooon, swiped the Esthonian gems, and, under agreement to deliver them to you, thought better of it and attempted to abscond. Get me, Herr Quintana?"

"Gewis."

"Yes, and you got Jake Klooon, I hear."

"No."

"Didn't you kill Klooon?"

"No."

"Oh, pardon. The mistake was natural. You merely robbed Klooon and Leverett. You should have killed them."

"Yes," said Quintana slowly, "I should have. It was my mistake."

"Signor Quintana, it is human for the human crook to err. Sooner or later he always does it. And then the Piper comes around holding out two itching palms."

"Mr. Smith," said Quintana pleasantly, "you are an unusually agreeable gentleman for a thief. I regret that you do not see your way to an amalgamation of interests with myself."

"As you say, Quintana mea, I am somewhat unusual. For example, what do you suppose I am going to do with this packet?"

"Live," replied Quintana tersely.

"Live, certainly," laughed Smith, "but not on the proceeds of this coup-de-main. Non pas! I am going to return this packet to its rightful owner, the Grand Duchess Theodorica of Esthonia."

Quintana smiled.

"You do not believe me?" exclaimed Smith, rising. "It's the unusual that happens in life, my dear Quintana. And now we'll take a little inventory of these marvelous gems before we part. . . . Sit still, Quintana—unless you want to lie stiller still. . . . I'll let you take a modest peep at the Flaming Jewel—busily unwrapping the packet—just one little peep—"

He unwrapped the paper. Two cakes of sugar-milk chocolate lay within.

Quintana turned white, then deeply red. Then he smiled in ghastly fashion. "Yes," he said hoarsely, "as you have just said, sir, it is usually the unusual which happens in the world."

["The Jewel Aflame," will appear in the January McCall's]

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They use it as a garnish on ice cream—also on other desserts. They mix it in the fruit dish.

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The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers



THE M'CALL FOOD BUREAU



FOR the Christmas dinner, chickens will probably be used more than any other fowl this year. Much that applies to the selection of chickens holds true also of the other kinds of poultry. To tell a chicken good for roasting from the fowl to be used for fricasseeing, look first at that end of the breast-bone, which is near the tail. If this is flexible you may know that it is a young bird. Do not let the butcher deceive you by breaking the bone so that it will move back and forth; you can easily tell the difference if you make your test well up on the bone. A young bird has smooth flexible feet; the older one has scales on the feet and the claws are blunted by much scratching, while in the younger one they are sharp. The old bird has long hairs and the young one pin-feathers. If the pin-feathers are hard to remove, a strawberry huller will take hold of them.

In preparing poultry, the first thing to do is to singe it over a low flame or tightly rolled burning paper to remove the hairs. Be careful not to cook the skin. Then remove the tendons in the legs by pulling them out. Be sure the butcher leaves the feet on the bird, or you cannot do this; besides, the feet should be cooked as well as the other parts of the bird. To pull the tendons cut just below the drumstick joint, insert a skewer or the tine of a fork and you will easily find the tendon. Put the skewer under it; pull; the tendon will break at the place where it is fastened to the second joint, and come out. There are nine tendons in each leg and when they have been removed, the drumstick is as delicate a piece of meat as any other. There are two tendons in the front of the leg and seven in the back. You must be very careful when you make the cut not to sever the tendons but to cut just through the skin.

After the tendons are pulled, cut off the leg and holding it by the tendons put it in water that has stopped boiling for just about two minutes. Then plunge it into cold water; the outer skin of the legs will pull off now; even the outer coating of the nail will be removed easily. The feet are then ready to cook; they make delicious broth and the liquid in which they are cooked can be used, also, in making the gravy.

TO TAKE OUT THE CROP

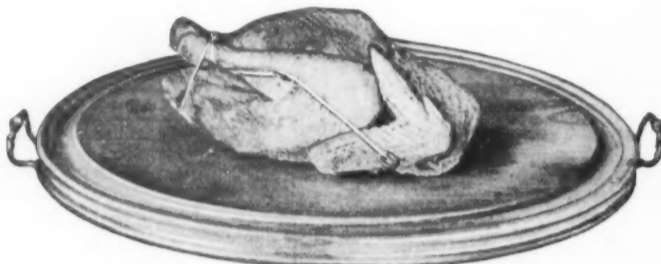
Cut off the head of the fowl, and following the windpipe until you reach the crop, remove it. Put a little salt on your fingers, when doing this, to give you a firmer grasp. The crop should be empty, though some farmers feed the bird corn just before killing to make it weigh more.

At the left side, as you hold the bird with the legs toward you, make an incision just under the ribs and above the second joint where there are no bones. You can feel the right place with the fingers. Make the incision just long enough to get your hand in, then work your fingers up to the neck of the bird, loosening all the parts; when you draw your hand back carefully

The Gala Christmas Feast

By Lilian M. Gunn

Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University



Poultry, the main dish of the Christmas dinner, correctly trussed for the oven

pull out the entrails. All will come, except perhaps some of the lungs and the kidneys. The large intestine, too, will be still in the bird. You must cut around the vent on the outside and then the intestine will be easy to pull out through the incision you have made. By this method nothing which could soil the inside of the fowl is broken.

Separate the heart, gizzard and liver from the rest and throw the other entrails away. Be careful in cutting the

liver out not to break the gall-bag which lies close to it, and if the liver is slightly green cut that part off and do not use it. Take off the outer skin of the heart and press the heart at the point to remove any blood it may contain. Cut through one of the large sides of the gizzard to the inner bag and pull that away from the rest. The heart, liver and gizzard are called the giblets and are, of course, real delicacies.

The kidneys lie near the back of the bird and must be taken out or they will give a strong taste. Then examine the bird to see if you have taken out all the lungs; be sure the windpipe is removed. Next, with a little three-cornered cut take off the oil-bag from the tail. The fowl may now be washed by letting the cold water run through it. Never soak it in

water. Dry it out carefully and it will be ready for stuffing.

JUST HOW TO TRUSS THE BIRD

When stuffed, cross the drumsticks to close the incision you made to clean the fowl; put the legs close to the body and run a skewer through the thighs from one side to the other. In the same way fasten the wings to the body by another skewer. Pull the skin of the neck over the end of the neck and fasten it with a

skewer on the back of the fowl. Starting with the center of a piece of white string about a yard long, wind it around the tail of the chicken, bringing each end up and around the crossed drumsticks. Next, bring each end of the string around the skewer which passes through the thighs, then around the

skewer which is through the wings, pulling it firmly each time; turn the fowl over and tie the string on the back near the neck. Trussed this way, the fowl is cooked. After cooking remove the skewers and untwist the string from the tail and all the string will drop off with no trouble. This is much better than trying to sew the openings.

Poultry should be roasted in a hot oven at the start until the bird is browned slightly all over; then reduce the tempera-

ture and cook slowly, basting often with the fat from the bottom of the pan. Boiling water may be added to this fat after the bird is browned. Butter or other fat may be added to the basting water. If one can afford it, cream, put in the pan for basting, makes a turkey delicious. A bird should be basted at least every fifteen minutes.

CURRIED CHICKEN

1 chicken 1 tablespoon curry powder
1/2 cup fat 2 teaspoons salt
1 onion 1 tablespoon lemon juice

Clean and cut the chicken into convenient pieces for serving, melt the fat in a frying-pan, put in the chicken and cook 20 minutes. Slice the onion very thin and add it to the chicken. Mix the salt and the curry powder and sprinkle over the chicken. Barely cover the chicken with boiling water and simmer until the chicken is tender. Remove the meat and strain the liquid. To each cup use 3 tablespoons flour; mix flour with cold water enough to pour easily and add it to the chicken liquid. Cook until it thickens, adding a little pepper and more salt if necessary. Pour this sauce over the chicken and serve it on a hot platter with a border of boiled rice round it.

BOILED SQUABS

With a sharp knife split the squabs through the back and breast; brush over with melted fat and put a thin slice of salt pork or bacon on the breast of each. Set in a hot oven for ten minutes, then brown under the fire for just a few minutes longer; or if a coal stove is used broil for the last few minutes over the hot coals. Serve on pieces of hot toast.

CHICKEN LIVERS WITH BACON

Cut the livers into about six pieces and dip in seasoned flour. Around each piece wrap a thin slice of bacon and fasten with a wooden toothpick. Place on a rack in a dripping-pan and broil under the fire until the bacon is brown, or bake in a hot oven. Turn once during the cooking.

CREAMED FOWL

2 cups left-over turkey or chicken 1 cup white sauce
Yolks of two eggs 1 tablespoon finely minced parsley

Cut the meat into dice and add to the white sauce. Just before serving beat the egg yolks slightly and add to the mixture and cook about two minutes. Serve on toast and sprinkle with the parsley.

FRIED LIVERS

Rub the uncooked liver through a strainer; add 1 egg slightly beaten, salt and pepper, then enough fine crumbs that the mixture can be made into balls. Egg and crumb these and fry in deep fat. They may also be sautéed.

MARYLAND CHICKEN

Clean and cut up a chicken. Sprinkle the meat with salt and pepper and then dip
(Continued on page 27)



With roses set among Christmas greens, with tall silver candlesticks, with flat silver correctly laid, the holiday table awaits its guests

Courtesy of the Gorham Co.

Mrs. Knox's Corner

DESSERT and CANDY for CHRISTMAS

IN planning your Christmas dinner this year why not try the ever welcome Plum Pudding made in the new, up-to-date way? It is so delicious and dainty and makes such a perfect ending to the usual hearty Christmas dinner. It may be made the day before and no more attention given to it until serving time. I am giving the recipe here and if you try it I am sure every member of your family will feel like extending me a vote of thanks for telling you about it.

Then, too, it would not be a real Christmas unless you had some good, pure, wholesome, inexpensive, home-made candy—the kind you can make with Knox Sparkling Gelatine. This may be served with your dinner or put up attractively in boxes for gifts. I can give only one recipe here, but others will be found in my booklets and special candy recipe slip.



KNOX PLUM PUDDING

- 1 Envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup sliced citron
- 1/2 teaspoonful vanilla
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 cup seeded raisins
- 1/2 cup figs
- 1 cup milk
- Pinch of salt
- 1 cup coffee

Soften gelatine in cold water ten minutes. Cover raisins and other fruit with 1 1/2 cups water and cook until thick, then add the lemon juice. Put milk in double boiler, add melted chocolate and when scalding point is reached add softened gelatine and sugar and stir until dissolved. Add coffee and salt, remove from fire and when mixture thickens add vanilla, cooked fruit and nut meats. Turn into large or individual molds first dipped in cold water, and chill. Serve with whipped cream or any plum pudding sauce, and decorate with holly.

ST. NICHOLAS CANDY

- 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 - 4 cups granulated sugar
 - 1 1/2 cups boiling water
 - 1 cup cold water
- Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Add boiling water. When dissolved add sugar and boil slowly for 15 minutes. Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part one teaspoonful extract of cinnamon. To the other part add one-half teaspoonful extract of cloves. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand overnight; turn out and cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors such as lemon, orange, peppermint, wintergreen, etc., and different colors, adding chopped nuts, dates or figs.

Other Christmas Recipes

My booklets contain other Christmas Desserts, Salads, Candies, etc. Sent for 4 cents in stamps and grocer's name, together with my special candy recipe slip.

MRS. CHAS. B. KNOX

KNOX GELATINE
108 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.

"Wherever a recipe calls for Gelatine, think of KNOX"

The Gala Christmas Feast

[Continued from page 26]

in flour. Beat an egg slightly and add one tablespoon of cold water to each egg; dip the chicken in this. Allow chicken to drain and then dip in sifted crumbs. Place in a well-greased pan and bake in a hot oven for about one-half hour. Baste often with melted fat. Serve with a cream sauce.

ROAST TURKEY

For a ten-pound turkey allow three hours.

Clean, stuff and truss the turkey. Rub together 1/4 cup fat and 1-3 cup flour and spread it on the breast and legs of the turkey; or, if there is turkey-fat, spread bird with the raw fat from the breast and legs. Sprinkle with flour. Place on a rack in a dripping-pan. Put into a hot oven until the fowl commences to brown, then reduce the heat at once and roast slowly. Baste with hot water and melted fat and keep enough water in the pan to prevent the fat from burning. Add about two cups of water when you reduce the heat.

If the turkey browns too rapidly, a small dripping-pan may be placed over it until the last three-quarters of an hour; then uncover and let it brown.

The gravy is made just as chicken gravy is prepared. The giblets of the turkey may be saved and cooked as a dish by themselves or they may be cooked and chopped for the gravy.

Serve the turkey with cranberry sauce or jellied cranberries.

ROAST GOOSE

Scrub the goose with hot soap suds, rinse quickly with warm and then with cold water. Clean, stuff and truss. Lay thin slices of fat salt pork over the breast and legs. Dredge with flour. Place on a rack in a dripping-pan and roast 2 hours, basting often with the fat in the pan. Serve with apple sauce.

CHESTNUT STUFFING

- 2 1/2 cups shelled chestnuts
- 2 teaspoons poultry seasoning
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 4 tablespoons fat
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 2 cups bread crumbs
- Milk or water to moisten

Blanch and boil the chestnuts and put them through a ricer or chopper. Add the seasonings to the crumbs and melt the fat. Stir the crumbs into the fat and then add the chestnuts. Moisten to packing consistency with the liquid. If desired, more fat may be used and no liquid.

OYSTER STUFFING

- 4 cups bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup fat
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 1 pint oysters
- 1 tablespoon poultry seasoning
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper

Mix the seasonings with the crumbs, melt the fat and stir in the crumbs. If very large, the oysters may be cut in two. Add them to the other ingredients and moisten if necessary with some of the oyster liquor. Half cracker crumbs may be used.

PEANUT STUFFING FOR DUCKS

- 1 cup cracker crumbs
- 1/2 cup peanuts chopped fine
- 1/2 cup top milk or cream
- Tiny bit cayenne
- 3 tablespoons fat
- 1/4 teaspoon onion juice
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon paprika

Add the seasonings to the crumbs, melt the fat, add the nuts and then the milk. If more moisture is needed, use extra milk.

APPLE STUFFING FOR DUCK OR GOOSE

- 2 cups boiled onions
- 2 cups chopped apples
- 1/2 cup melted fat
- Milk to moisten
- 2 cups bread or cracker crumbs
- 1 tablespoon poultry seasoning
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1/2 teaspoon paprika

Mix the seasonings with the crumbs, add the fat and the other ingredients. This may be cut in half for a small duck.

POTATO STUFFING

- 4 cups hot mashed potato
- 2 tablespoons onion juice
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 2 tablespoons butter
- Yolks 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup cream
- 1 tablespoon parsley

Mix the onion juice, pepper, salt and butter with the potato. Add the cream to the beaten yolks and mix them with the potato. Add the parsley.

ARE you planning a Christmas party—a New Year's party? "Entertaining All the Year Round" will give you valuable suggestions for decoration, entertainment and refreshments. The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y., will be glad to send it to you upon receipt of ten cents in stamps.



The Iron Food for Vitality

Free

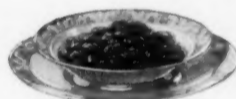
We'll send a free book of 100 luscious raisin recipes to any one who mails coupon below.

The Ever-ready Dessert for Busy Days or when you forget to make one



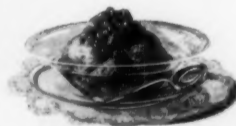
At Christmas, of Course

Delicious cluster raisins are a part of real Christmas dinner—a healthful and delightful custom that should be extended throughout the year.



The "Iron Dish" for Breakfast

One may get his or her iron daily also in stewed raisins—served as a breakfast dish. Serve plain, with cream or with oatmeal or with dry cereals and cream. Try this delicious breakfast fruit and you'll have it every day.



Use left over stewed raisins for sauce for baked apples, ice cream, rice-and-raisins, cold meats, etc.

KEEP cluster raisins always in the house, ready to serve on a moment's notice. As a luscious dessert when you haven't time to prepare one, or when you simply forget dessert.

You never hear "What, no dessert?" when you are so protected. There's never that embarrassment.

The fact is, you'll serve these clusters more often on request than in emergencies. For the taste for these delicious fruit-meats was developed back in girl-and-boyhood days.

And everybody likes them. Try and see. Put a bowl on your table and see how soon they go. Let that be proof.

Raisins are also a health food, the result of their rich iron content. The system needs but a small bit of iron daily, yet that need is vital.

Men need iron for vitality and that lasting energy which enables them to forge ahead in business. Your helpmate burns up energy each day. You can replace it through the food you choose for him. He'll welcome it in luscious cluster raisins.

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100 Recipes Sent Free

We've prepared a valuable book of raisin recipes, which we will send to any woman free on request. All are tested so they're sure to work.

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Raisins are 30% cheaper than formerly—see that you get plenty in your foods.

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FINDINGS *from* THE FOOD WORKSHOP Of Teacher's College, Columbia University



THE granulated sugar which we use every day is a fascinating substance! Do we often analyze the relation between the sugar which sweetens our coffee and the basket of flowers made from spun sugar? They are the same thing—pure sugar, and yet utterly different because one happens to have been heated, shaped and colored. But "happens" is not the right word for sugar cookery, because everyone knows that to really produce the best results it is essential to use a thermometer so that there will be no guesswork.

When we put a little sugar and water on to boil, if we have a thermometer in the pan we see that the mercury keeps going up and up. Yet we notice that while the sugar keeps boiling at different temperatures there is little appreciable difference in its appearance. But if we take out some sirup at one temperature and some at another and allow them to cool and then heat them into masses called "fondant," we find that these fondants differ. Some are soft—almost fluid; some are stiff and hard to mold, while those taken off last, cooked to the highest temperature, cannot be molded at all they are so granular and crumbly. There is one temperature, 238 degrees Fahrenheit, to which the sirup should be cooked in order to make a fondant which will be soft and creamy. Likewise, there is a certain definite temperature to which every kind of candy should be cooked depending upon its particular ingredients.

USE A THERMOMETER!

At holiday time there is more candy purchased and more candy made at home than at any other season of the year. We like to feel that our home-made candy ranks with that which we buy, but to insure this we must use a thermometer in order to obtain exact temperatures. And we must confine our efforts to the making of the more simple types such as taffies, caramels, fondants and fudges, leaving the more elaborate ones to the expert candy-makers.

Fudge is one of the easiest home-made candies to make, yet probably more crimes are committed in the name of fudge than in the name of any other candy. Think over the different fudges which your friends make—some thick, some thin, some dark, some light, some soft, some hard. And if the fudge isn't very good we always hear the same complaint, "I don't know what is the matter to-day. I had better luck last time."

Sweets for the Holidays

By May B. Van Arsdale

Head of Department of Foods and Cookery, Teacher's College, Columbia University

MISS VAN ARSDALE and her assistants have taken the guess out of candy-making.

In the food workshop at Teacher's College, Columbia University, whose wonderful work is being described to you in McCall's, these scientists have carried on remarkable experiments in sugar cookery. From painstaking tests, patiently repeated, they found the exact combinations of ingredients, and the exact temperatures to which various candies should be cooked and cooled.

You cannot have any failures with your home-made Christmas candies if you follow, precisely, the instructions given to you, on this page, by Miss Van Arsdale and her assistants, Day Monroe, Mary Barber and Anne Colman.

Why have unlucky days when it is possible to have lucky ones every time if you follow certain general rules? For convenience we are giving, here, our recipe.

FUDGE RECIPE

Sugar, 2 cups
Milk, 2-3 cup
Light corn sirup, 2 tablespoons
Chocolate, 2 ounces (2 squares)
Butter, 2 tablespoons
Vanilla, 1 tea-spoon

Pour into greased pans, making them full enough to have creamy squares of from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 inch in thickness.

We use corn sirup in this recipe for two

reasons; first to insure a smoother texture, and second to improve the keeping qualities.

The most important points in the making of good fudge are the temperature to which it is cooled before the final beating. We have given 234 degrees Fahrenheit

There is a popular tradition that fudge should not be stirred while boiling. But this is relatively unimportant. Some stirring is necessary to prevent burning. The thing of prime importance is to allow the fudge to become cool before it is eaten. It is not wise to follow the general custom of beating the minute it comes from the stove. The reason it is better to wait until the fudge is cool before beating is that smaller finer sugar crystals are formed when a cool mass is stirred than when a hot mass is stirred. The smoothness of the fudge depends upon the fineness of the crystals.

TO INSURE PERFECT FUDGE

A stronger arm and more patience are needed when corn sirup is used and the fudge is beaten when lukewarm, but it is worth a little more time and energy to make a candy which is always smooth and which will keep. If you have never used corn sirup in fudge, don't be discouraged at the length of time it takes for beating. Do not turn the candy into pans as soon as it thickens but keep on beating until it holds its shape—fifteen minutes—if necessary. You may even have to knead it to get it into the pans and have the top smooth.

If you want to use cocoa instead of chocolate you can follow this general rule for substitution:

Use 3 tablespoons of cocoa and $\frac{3}{4}$ tablespoon of butter for each ounce of chocolate. The half-pound cakes of chocolate are usually divided into squares of one ounce each.

Time and again you have made fudge and cut it into squares, but have you ever tried making it into fancy shapes? Have you made striped fudge rolls, or Christmas logs, nut balls or fudge sandwiches? These do not require a great amount of skill and they will give an original touch to your boxes of Christmas candies. But you must have a special type of fudge which will remain soft and can be molded easily.

FUDGE DE LUXE

Use the fudge recipe which we have given, but double the amount of chocolate; 4 squares instead of two. Cook to 236 degrees Fahrenheit, add the butter, cool until lukewarm, 110 degrees Fahrenheit, add the vanilla and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup fondant and

beat until creamy and thick. Knead and shape. (The recipe for the fondant is given at a point farther on in this article.)

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Cut the chocolate into several pieces so that it will melt more easily. Add the sugar, milk and corn sirup. Cook, stirring until the chocolate and sugar are melted. Boil, stirring occasionally to keep the candy from burning, until the temperature of 234 degrees Fahrenheit is reached. At this stage the fudge will form a soft ball if some is dropped into cold water.

Remove the candy from the flame and add the butter, without stirring. Set aside and allow to cool until it is lukewarm, 110 degrees Fahrenheit. Add the vanilla and stir until the fudge loses its shiny look and until a small amount dropped from the spoon will hold its shape.

beat as the temperature which gives the best keeping qualities, but if you are giving a fudge party and the candy is to be eaten immediately you can cook it to 236 degrees Fahrenheit and make it firmer.



Fudge and fondants and caramels in all manner of melting combinations! They are home-made yet rival the confectionery that comes from the best shops



How I Lost 40 Pounds

through new discovery

and how scores of others are taking off weight—five, ten and as high as thirteen pounds a week—without medicines, special baths, starving or discomfort.

"BEFORE I heard of this great discovery, my weight was 168 pounds, my blood was in poor condition, my heart was weak and I suffered constantly from sick headaches. I tried starving myself, took medicines and drugs, and exercised but could not reduce.

"Imagine my surprise when I found that with the help of this new discovery, I no longer had to deprive myself, yet my excess flesh disappeared like magic. Almost before I realized it my weight was down to normal and I am now in what you can call perfect health. I sleep peacefully, my blood test is 100% pure, my complexion is clear and smooth, and my weight is only 128 pounds—just what it should be."

The above is an extract from a letter written by Mrs. Hazel Vermilya, wife of Dr. J. C. Vermilya of Bloomington, Indiana, whose photographs are shown above. The one on the left was taken a few months ago—the one on the right is as Mrs. Vermilya looks today.

Mrs. Vermilya's remarkable experience is but one of many similar ones. Another woman reduced 13 pounds in 8 days, a man lost 22 pounds in 14 days, many have quickly reduced 30, 40 and even 60 pounds! Within the few months since this great discovery has been announced, OVER 300,000 MEN AND WOMEN all over the country have used this method to reduce. Their enthusiastic letters not only report such amazing decreases in weight as these, but tell of great improvements in their health and how it has helped wonderfully to beautify their complexions.

The Secret

It is all based upon a very simple natural law—yet it works like magic! Food causes fat—everyone admits that. But Eugene Christian the famous Food specialist, after years of study and experimenting discovered that certain foods when eaten together are converted only into blood, muscle and tissue and meanwhile your excess flesh is consumed and lost, often at the rate of a pound a day or more!

But the most welcome fact about this discovery is that these correct combinations of our everyday food which reduce weight are regarded as even more appetizing than the wrong combinations. So reducing weight this way isn't a hardship requiring painful self-denials. Today thousands and thousands of men and women who understand these simple secrets about food are enjoying their meals more thoroughly than ever, are much more healthy and are rapidly approaching their normal weight.

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Send no money! Merely fill out and mail the attached coupon and we will send you the complete 12 lesson course, "Weight Control, the Basis of Health." As soon as it arrives weigh yourself so that after you have followed the little rules outlined in these books, you will be able to check up the amount you lose accurately.

Under this Free Proof offer, you risk nothing. You merely pay the postman \$1.97 (plus postage) when he delivers the complete course, and if you are in any way dissatisfied with the lessons after using them, you have the privilege of returning them within 5 days and having your money refunded.

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Sweets for the Holidays

[Continued from page 28]

FUDGE BALLS

Shape the fudge into balls, the size of marbles, roll in chopped nuts, grated cocoanut or cocoa. A hazelnut or a small round piece of other candy may be used as the center of the fudge ball.

Make a roll of fondant about 3 inches long and 1 inch in diameter. Press out fudge into a sheet about 1/4-inch thick, 3 inches long and 2 inches wide. Wrap this around the fondant, and roll, using both hands until you have a cylinder six inches long. Cut into one-inch pieces, slanting the knife as it goes down into the candy.

STRIPED FUDGE ROLLS

Press the fudge into a rectangle, about 4 by 7 by 1-3 inches. On top of this place a sheet of fondant the same size. Roll as you would a jelly-roll. Then with both hands continue rolling, using a light pressure until the roll is ten inches long. Cut in slices.

FUDGE SANDWICHES

Put a layer of fudge 3/4 of an inch thick into a greased pan. On this place a 3/4-inch layer of fondant. Turn out of the pan, cover the fondant with melted dipping chocolate, sprinkle with nuts before the chocolate has time to harden and cut into squares.

FONDANT

It is almost as easy to make good fondant as to make good fudge, once you have acquired the thermometer habit. As in fudge-making, the temperature to which the fondant is cooked and the temperature to which it is cooled are of the utmost importance.

FONDANT RECIPE

Sugar, 2 cups Light Corn Sirup, 2
Water, 1 1/4 cups tablespoons
Flavoring

Put the sugar, water and corn sirup into a saucepan and cook, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. When the mixture begins to boil, cover and cook for three minutes, in order that the steam may wash down any sugar crystals which collect on the sides of the saucepan. Uncover and continue boiling, without stirring, until 238 degrees Fahrenheit is reached. At this stage a soft ball is formed when a small amount of the sirup is dropped into cold water. During this cooking, if any crystals form on the sides of the saucepan, wash them away with a small piece of wet cloth. When the candy is done, pour at once on a cold wet platter. Cool to 100 degrees Fahrenheit, or until the candy is lukewarm. Beat with a fondant paddle, spatula, or any flat utensil. As soon as the fondant becomes white and creamy, knead until there are no lumps and the whole mass is smooth.

Fondant can be made sometime before you are going to use it. In fact it is better if you can allow it to "ripen" in a tightly closed jar.

CARAMELS

Caramels are as dependent upon exact temperature as other candies. Good homemade caramels are very rare, most of them being too hard, or else turning to sugar. Caramels require a long slow cooking, with constant stirring to prevent burning and expensive ingredients, as cream and butter.

VANILLA CARAMELS

Sugar, 2 cups Milk, 1 cup
Condensed milk, 1 cup Cream, 1/2 cup
Light corn sirup, 1 cup Butter, 3/4 cup
Vanilla, 2 teaspoons

Put all the ingredients except the vanilla into a saucepan and cook over a low fire, stirring constantly until a temperature of 244 degrees Fahrenheit is reached. At this stage quite a firm ball is formed when a little of the candy is dropped into cold water. Add the vanilla, and turn at once into a greased pan. When cold turn out of the pan and cut into squares with a sharp knife. Wrap each square in waxed paper.

This makes a soft, chewy caramel. If a firmer one is desired the temperature may be carried to 246 degrees Fahrenheit.

MAPLE CARAMELS

For maple caramels use this same recipe, adding one cup of maple sirup, and using 1/2 cup of milk, instead of 1 cup. Because the maple sirup is stickier, it is better to cook these caramels to 246 degrees Fahrenheit.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS

For chocolate caramels use the vanilla caramel recipe, adding 6 squares of chocolate.

COCOANUT BISCUIT

Dessicated cocoanut, Sugar, 3/4 cup
chopped, 2 cups Flour, 3/4 cup
Light corn sirup, 1/4 cup Egg white, 1

Beat the egg white until stiff. Gradually fold in the sugar, flour, corn sirup and cocoanut. Drop on a baking sheet, forming biscuits about 1 3/4 inches in diameter. Bake in a moderately hot oven for fifteen minutes.



What did Cleopatra eat?

THE two most powerful Emperors of the age lost their hearts to her.

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What did Cleopatra eat?

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An Arab will eat five or six pounds in a day, and travel for miles under the hot desert sun; some Americans have eaten hardly that many dates in a year.

But travellers returning from the Orient have introduced the date to society. On tea-tables, on luncheon tables and on the side-boards today, you will find a dish heaped full of Dromedary Dates.

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Dromedary Dates



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For a limited time only the makers of the well known OARAS APRON DRESSES will make this delightfully comfortable and pretty garment to your own individual measurements—without one cent additional cost. This unusual, temporary offer is made especially to women who insist on being fitted by a dressmaker—to women who are unable to secure a perfect fitting in ready-made garments—and to women who do their own sewing. *You must write at once.*



America's First Great Tailored Apron Dress

Trim, pretty and practical—delightfully comfortable and perfect fitting—made of extra heavy Cambric Percale—and guaranteed for at least one year of everyday wear. See other guaranteed features.

Apron Oaras Dresses

14 Patented Features

Prettiest Practical Apron Dress

Oaras are the first one style Apron Dresses with patented features. The wide, deep hem, the tailored seams, the wide fitted belt, the large non-bulging pockets and especially the Oaras one-piece collar which is cut close, medium or extra low, are a few of the Oaras exclusive features.

Oaras afford complete freedom without binding or tearing—you can reach, kneel or stoop with perfect ease.

The splendid Cambric Percale gives body and trimness. Their pretty stripes and patterns are strikingly dainty and attractive.

The Only Aprons Guaranteed

—for one year of everyday wear —to have fast colors —not to shrink —not to rip or tear in collar corners, under arms or in slit —to give perfect satisfaction or money back.

First to Make This Unusual Offer

Now we startle the "ready-made" world by offering Oaras Apron Dresses cut and tailored to measure—in a few days' time and guaranteed to fit perfectly each individual figure.

No Extra Cost for Fitting

The regular low price of the ready-made garment is \$2.50 apiece or \$7.25 for three. By taking advantage of this extraordinary offer you may enjoy all the extra advantages of the hand fitted Oaras Apron Dress without extra expense. Remember this offer may be withdrawn without notice—write before it expires.

Fill in the Coupon NOW

Give your type—stout, blonde, etc.—and measurements as requested—(1) bust, (2) waist and (3) length from shoulder to hem of skirt. Then Mrs. Greenwich, the designer of Oaras, will select the pattern and cut most becoming to you. She will also write you a letter containing something of interest.

Women Receive Tidy Incomes

With your first Apron Dress we will explain our unusual and liberal plan whereby hundreds of women are receiving good-sized checks every month. Let us show you this easy and pleasant way of enjoying an income of your own. Special offer to dressmakers and those who sew for others.

OARAS APRON MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. C, 2232 Milwaukee Avenue Chicago, Illinois

SPECIAL TEMPORARY OFFER COUPON

Mrs. A. J. Greenwich, Oaras Apron Manufacturing Co.
Dept. C, 2232 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago

Dear Mrs. Greenwich: Please send me at once, prepaid, _____ Oaras Apron Dresses for which I enclose \$_____, this amount to be returned if I am not thoroughly satisfied. I shall be glad to receive full information concerning your liberal cash plan.

Bust Size	Color
Inches	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>
	Pink <input type="checkbox"/>
Waist Size	Green <input type="checkbox"/>
Inches	White <input type="checkbox"/>
	Lavender <input type="checkbox"/>
Length from shoulder to skirt hem (inches)	

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ P. O. Box _____
Give description of yourself in margin below

Betsy and Her Family Circle

[Continued from page 24]

Roger are going with some of their friends, and they'll take you along—"

A frown crossed Roger's forehead. "But, mother, we're just an even number—"

Betsy smiled. "Don't worry, Roger, I won't butt in on your party. I haven't a man, and I'm not going."

For the moment, the family dropped the subject. But as Betsy started to climb the stairs after supper, she overheard a whispered conversation in the hall above.

"He's rushing May Simpson now," Margaret was saying.

"I wouldn't trust that boy around the corner." This from Roger. "I bet he just got mad and ditched her."

"Huh!" was Tommy's contribution.

Betsy leaned back against the wall, white and quivering. When the whispers had died away, she stole upstairs and down the hall toward her room. A sob caught her throat; she closed the door behind her and flung herself upon the bed.

So that was what the family thought: that she had been thrown down. All the criticisms which for months the family had directed upon her—all the half-teasing, half-serious digs which they had dealt her hair, her dresses, her beau, came surging back into her mind. It seemed as if they were standing around her in a menacing circle: her mother, Roger, Margaret, Tommy, all eyeing her with disapproval. As she lay there upon her bed in the gathering dusk, she felt lonely, friendless and forsaken.

Desperately she wanted to go to the dance, to be surrounded by laughter, lights, music, admiring faces; to float around the room in her filmy pink dress, with Dave's arm around her, and between dances to stroll down the road, in the soft moonlight.

"I do want him! I do!" she cried.

"One word and I'll come running," he had said. How easy it would be! All she had to do would be to go to the telephone: "Dave, this is Betsy." And five minutes later, in spite of twenty May Simpsons, he would come dashing up the steps into the house, would peer into her face—

But, "You understand," he had said, "when I come it will be for good and all!"

And why not for good and all? Why not marry Dave, Dave who understood and who didn't jump upon her every other minute? If she married Dave, she could leave the family and Marystown behind.

SOMEBODY knocked at her door.

She sat up quickly. "Who is it?"

"It's me," came Tommy's voice.

"Please don't come in! What is it?"

She did not want Tommy to see that she had been crying—Tommy, who cherished the illusion of a pretty, placid, happy Betsy.

"Thought you might lend me a quarter for the movies."

Betsy laughed in spite of herself. It was so like Tommy. She got up, rummaged through her purse and poked the money out to him through a crack in the door. Then she bathed her eyes, reinstated her hair and went downstairs to see the girls off for the dance. From the piazza, she waved them good-night, calling gaily after them, "Have a good time!"

She was alone in the house. This was her chance to call up Dave. She could easily reach him at the Country Club. She put her hand upon the receiver to slip it off the hook. Suddenly a thought struck her. When he came hurrying up the path and she met him at the door, would his arms close around her as they had the other night, and would his lips press hers, unpleasant and harsh?

And at that moment there came to her ear the noise of hurried footsteps on the piazza. Her heart jumped in sudden, overwhelming fear. Suppose it were Dave? Terror-stricken, she stood rooted to the spot. In her mind's eye, she could see him bearing down upon her, could feel him seize her in a close embrace—

"Hi, Betsy!" came Tommy's voice.

She gave a long sigh of relief. "Oh, is that you, Tommy?"

"Sure; did you think it was a burglar?" She laughed.

"Say, Betsy, want to go to the dance—with me?"

For a moment she was too surprised to speak. She knew perfectly well that though Tommy could safely navigate a dance-floor, he did not care for dancing—that his "crowd" would not be at this dance, and that furthermore it would mean the ordeal of a stiff collar. From him, this invitation was not just a plain invitation—it was an act of allegiance, of devotion, of faith.

"Why, I'd love to," she answered, smiling, a grateful smile from her heart.

Half an hour later, Tommy, very correct in white trousers, black pumps, and a stiff collar, escorted her down the steps. His invitation had driven away some of the clouds obscuring Betsy's world; yet, as they walked up the street toward the Country Club, she was very silent.

[Continued on page 33]



Girlhood

When your complexion after years is determined.

That critical period of youth between childhood and young womanhood marks the beauty of many a complexion. The skin eruptions of adolescence may leave permanent blemishes. Cosmetics can but hide these annoying marks—pimples, liver-spots, sallowness. Perfect physical health will prevent their forming. Wise mothers will instruct their daughters in the use of a good aperient to keep the skin fair and the blood clear.

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets), a vegetable aperient, is a real aid to a beautiful complexion. It acts naturally to improve the general health and prevent headaches and biliousness. It does more than a laxative.

All Druggists sell the dainty 25c. Box of NR Tablets.



Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS—Little NRs One-third of regular dose. Made of the same ingredients, then candy-coated.

For children and adults. Have you tried them? Send a 2c. stamp for postage on liberal sample in the attractive BLUE and YELLOW box. A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. M, St. Louis, Mo.

Superfluous HAIR can be DESTROYED when ZIP is used

ZIP

"ZIP is indeed the only actual hair destroyer."

Faithfully, Margaret Irving

Rapid, harmless, painless, fragrant. Praised as the only effectual remedy for permanently destroying hair and roots.

AT YOUR DEALER or direct by mail. Write for FREE Illustrated Book: "A Talk on Superfluous Hair." Or call at my office to have FREE DEMONSTRATION. Avoid imitations.



LABLACHE FACE POWDER

When Grandmother was a girl, she powdered her nose and the dimple in her chin with Lablache. Through all these years, it has remained steadfastly the same pure powder for the complexion. Sold today in the same old-fashioned box.

Refuse Substitutes—they may be dangerous. Fleish, White Pink or Cream 75c. a box—druggist or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c for a sample box.

REN LEVY CO.

French Perfumeries, Dept. B, 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



Cuticura Talcum is Fragrant and Very Healthful

Sample free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass. 25c. everywhere.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That I make myself hear after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address: GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.) 13 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

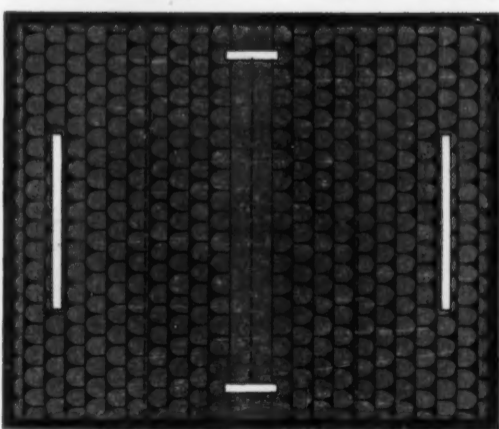


ANOTHER CORNER OF TEENY TOWN

By Mel Cummin



Other buildings of
Teeny Town will
appear next month



"I Can Make My Own Clothes and They Look Right!"



"How does it come that I'm making clothes for myself? I'll tell you, Grace," says Mrs. Harley. "I've found a wonderful new kind of pattern."

"Here it is—the New McCall Pattern, with all the directions printed right on the pattern itself."

"I can use this pattern, because I can understand it. And I'm proud to wear the clothes I make, because they are just as smart as though they came from the most fashionable shop in town."

Thousands of women, the country over, are putting spare time to profitable use by making their own clothes, and are having a more complete and beautiful wardrobe for much less money—by the use of the new McCall Pattern—"it's printed"—which is rapidly replacing the old kind of pattern and its confusing array of punched holes.

No "home-made" look to clothes made with the New McCall Pattern, because every cutting-line is exactly true and correct, and is *printed* right on the pattern.

These new printed patterns are to be had in leading department stores everywhere. Get one, use it, and see how easy, satisfactory and profitable home-dress-making will become for you.

The illustration below shows the remarkable simplicity of the New McCall "Printed" Pattern. All directions right before your eyes as you work. The newest fashions are to be had in McCall "Printed" Patterns as soon as they are produced by the leading designers of New York and Paris.

THE McCALL COMPANY

236 West 37th Street

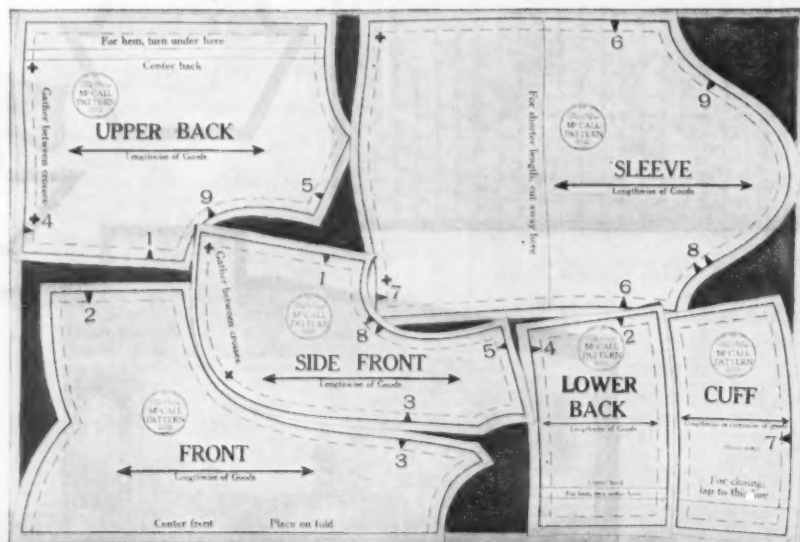
New York City

How to Obtain New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated hereunder in stamps or money order. Branch Offices, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.
2290	30	2334	45	2377	30	2420	40
2291	45	2335	40	2378	25	2421	25
2292	45	2336	45	2379	20	2422	20
2293	45	2337	45	2380	20	2423	20
2294	40	2338	30	2381	20	2424	20
2295	30	2339	25	2382	30	2425	40
2296	30	2340	30	2383	45	2426	25
2297	35	2341	40	2384	30	2427	40
2298	25	2342	25	2385	30	2428	45
2299	25	2343	30	2386	45	2429	40
2300	25	2344	45	2387	45	2430	25
2301	30	2345	30	2388	25	2431	25
2302	35	2346	25	2389	25	2432	30
2303	30	2347	40	2390	30	2433	25
2304	30	2348	40	2391	25	2434	25
2305	45	2349	25	2392	25	2435	30
2306	40	2350	40	2393	30	2436	30
2307	35	2351	35	2394	45	2437	45
2308	45	2352	30	2395	45	2438	40
2309	45	2353	45	2396	45	2439	40
2310	45	2354	30	2397	45	2440	30
2311	25	2355	40	2398	45	2441	40
2312	45	2356	45	2399	30	2442	25
2313	45	2357	25	2400	45	2443	30
2314	25	2358	25	2401	45	2444	25
2315	45	2359	30	2402	30	2445	30
2316	40	2360	30	2403	45	2446	45
2317	40	2361	45	2404	40	2447	45
2318	40	2362	30	2405	40	2448	30
2319	35	2363	45	2406	45	2449	45
2320	35	2364	30	2407	45	2450	30
2321	45	2365	45	2408	25	2451	45
2322	45	2366	30	2409	30	2452	25
2323	25	2367	25	2410	40	2453	30
2324	25	2368	25	2411	30	2454	45
2325	25	2369	30	2412	35	2455	25
2326	30	2370	40	2413	35	2456	45
2327	30	2371	40	2414	30	2457	30
2328	30	2372	30	2415	40	2458	40
2329	30	2373	25	2416	25	2459	45
2330	30	2374	45	2417	45	2460	45
2331	30	2375	45	2418	30	2461	35
2332	35	2376	45	2419	45	2465	30
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The New McCALL PATTERN "it's printed"





Easy Feet Make Cheerfulness

Not nearly so hard to keep cheery at the day's thousand and one home duties, if your feet are contented. Many a reputation for a happy disposition rests on the

Dr. Edison CUSHION SHOE

"The Easiest Shoe for Women"

To women who are on their feet a great deal, the soft cushion insoles of these shoes are a blessing. The foot rests on the velvety wool felt in perfect ease. Free blood circulation is promoted and pressure on sensitive foot nerves entirely relieved.

And the Dr. Edison Cushion Shoe is very attractive; the graceful arch gives it style. For outdoor or indoor wear it is equally desirable.

Write us today for the new Book of Styles and name of nearest dealer where you can try on a pair of Dr. Edison's.

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ARTEMIS PLAYER-PIANO

Happy is the home with a superb ARTEMIS Player-Piano of beautiful tone. To young and old alike, this beautiful instrument offers constant pleasure, because it is always ready to entertain with dance music, songs, operatic airs or other favorite melodies. The ARTEMIS can be used as a Player-Piano or played by hand.

Artemis Universal Prices
Popular Model \$495 Musician Model \$590
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Steger & Sons Piano Mfg. Co.,
Makers
Steger Building, Chicago, Ill.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Betsy and Her Family Circle

[Continued from page 30]

Tommy broke into her thoughts. "Say, you know, Bets, I think the family had Dave all doped out wrong."

In spite of herself, Betsy started. He went on, oblivious:

"He's a good sort, all right, though he is different from the rest of the fellows in town. I was just wondering—I don't suppose a fellow could be awfully poor and then have his father make money and go to college and have a car and have the people look down on him because his family wasn't much, and because he was sort of wild—and not be sort of different. And that big new house that his father built—"

Betsy stood still in the path. "Tommy Robbins, what have you been doing at Dave's house?"

Tommy grinned sheepishly. "Gee! I have spilled the beans, haven't I?"

"Come and tell me!"

"Well, it was this way," he began rather stumbingly, "I didn't like much your going with Dave, but then, that's your business,—and then well, I just couldn't stand the way the town said that Dave had thrown you over and that May Simpson—"

The disgust in his voice was great. "And then, well—when I went up to your room to get some money for the movies, why I—I—" He paused, embarrassed. "And I—well, I wasn't going to let any boy, I don't care who—make my sister cry—"

"You went to see Dave?"

He continued. "He was awfully decent about it. Told me the whole thing straight, how you'd turned him down, and how the other girls, May Simpson and her bunch, were beginning to treat him nice and run after him. As if May or any other girl in Marystown could hold a candle—to—" He broke off quickly. "Well, anyway, Dave's all right, and I don't know as I blame you for running around with him."

Betsy laughed—a little, light laugh in joy at the dearth of Tommy. No longer did her family stand in an unbroken, condemning circle. She had an ally, an ally who vowed that her beaus were her own business, yet who at the same time wasn't going to let any fellow make his sister cry, and who, as final proof of affection, was escorting her in black pumps and a stiff collar, to a dance!

THEY turned into the Country Club. Betsy's heart leapt at the sound of the music. Hurriedly, she poked up her hair before the mirror of the dressing-room, and then slipped out into the big hallway.

"Why, here's Betsy!"

"Hullo, Betsy! We were afraid you weren't coming!"

Immediately she was surrounded by half a dozen boys, demanding dances and smiling admiringly upon her. She smiled back. In the distance, coming out of the dance-room, straight toward her, was Dave. The sight of him hardly brought a flutter to her heart. For she was no longer afraid, no longer alone with him, facing an antagonistic world. Tommy was beside her, Tommy, and his strong right arm and his approving grin—and his fifteen years.

Placidly, as Dave came nearer, she let her eyes meet his; and in his glance, she read the truth: that he still liked her, but that he would never draw back from the ultimatum he had given her. If she did not summon him, he would never come to her; and whatever happened, he was meeting the world with head thrown back, showing that he did not care and would not care, defying anybody to hurt him!

He passed on with May Simpson—out into the moonlight; and with him passed the worries, the fear and the strange, unreal atmosphere in which for days Betsy had been living. She knew now that she did not want to marry Dave, that she had never wanted to. She had only been driven into it, because he had stood out as her friend, in contrast to her condemning family.

But all that was past now. How foolish she had been to think that Tommy and her family really condemned her! Somehow Tommy's allegiance had shown her that their criticism was just their way of showing their affection. Deep down in their hearts, they would not for all the world have had a Betsy whose hair, dress, skirts and beaus were above reproach.

Dave was past too. Before her stood a group of boys, hanging on her smile, waiting for her words. She was free from Dave's spell, free to laugh, to dance, to flirt, to live—once more mistress of herself and her world!

"Say, Bets, you got to dance one with me," said Tommy.

"All right. This one."

Together they went into the dance room. The catchy music vibrated through Betsy down to the tips of her toes. She smiled radiantly as Tommy's arm went around her.

"Golly!" he exclaimed, looking down upon her hair, "What a rat's nest! Think you might at least have fixed it decent for tonight!"

How Mary Explained Her Beautiful Wardrobe



"To begin with, I must tell you girls that the year I worked as a dress model at Champeau's paid me much more than my wages of \$20.00 a week. This modest salary, as you realize, did not leave much over my living expenses—certainly not enough to buy any but the simplest slow sellers on which I got a discount of 25%. Until I made my great discovery my heart ached with longing for the beautiful things I could wear for a few moments only, and which transformed me from a poor and passably good-looking sales-girl into a personage of beauty and fashion; but like Cinderella, the end of each day would find me back in my plain street-dress."

"One day, after I had been working about six months, I overheard a young woman friend of a regular customer say to her: 'Ask her to put on that lovely brown tricotine marked \$45.00. I am sure I can make that for not more than \$15.00, as I have just finished the lesson in my mail dressmaking course that covers that very style.'"

"The customer did not buy the dress, but kept me posing several minutes while her friend took in every line and proportion. That gave me an idea. Before I left the showroom I told the young woman I had overheard her remark, and hoped she would not be angry if I asked her the address of the school that taught dressmaking at home. She flushed up at being caught, but we both laughed and she wrote the address for me."

"That very night, I wrote for full particulars."

"In a few days, I received a most interesting and convincing booklet. After reading it I was sure I could learn to make my own dresses, and was delighted to find that the prices were low and the terms easily within my slender means."

"I found the lessons easy. It was not like studying at all, but great fun, and profitable, too, because every lesson saved money for me, in the under-things and house dresses they taught me to make. Soon I was able to duplicate that very \$45.00 tricotine. The material cost me just \$14.50 and I did it in three evenings without a mistake. You have all seen that dress, and I leave it to you, if it does not look as good as if Champeau made it."

"You can imagine my delight when I saw my way clear to having three times as many dresses as before—all pretty and stylish, and showing me at my best. I am sure it was my improved dressing that got me my new position at Delcarte's at \$30.00 a week."

"That, girls, is the only secret of my wardrobe. I felt I ought to tell you, otherwise you might begin to wonder how I was able to wear such clothes on my modest income."

"Every one of you can do the same by following the simple and absorbingly interesting instructions of the dressmaking course in spare time at home. It does much more than teach you how to cut, fit and sew. It includes the most wonderful instructions in harmony of color and line to bring out one's best points and hide any imperfections. Then, too, the very modern subject of dress psychology gives you that feeling for propriety of dress in relation to personality that we all look for in the creations of the artistic dressmakers who charge such frightful prices."

"The courses of the Women's College are sold on the

Pay-as-you-study Plan

you pay in full or on the monthly basis for only a portion of the complete course as you proceed with your studies."

"The course really costs less than nothing, because you soon save its cost in the money you now pay for makers' and sellers' expenses and profits, which I know from experience are very high."

"Why don't you all write for the booklet, 'You and Your Clothes!'"

For full information fill in, cut out and mail the coupon marking X before the subject that interests you.

Women's College of Arts and Sciences, Dept. 48
1504 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me full information regarding the subject marked X.

<input type="checkbox"/>	Home Sewing
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Hanes Guarantee

We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

Boys' Sizes

Two to 16 years. Two to 4 year sizes have drop seat.



Hanes Big Features

- 1 Staunch, Elastic Shoulders made with service-doubling lap seam.
- 2 Hanes Tailored Collarets won't gap or roll.
- 3 Hanes Closed Crotch is cut to stay closed.

All Hanes Union Suits made with reinforced buttonholes.

Give Your Boy the Comfort He'll Find in Hanes Union Suits

YOU can rest assured that your son has all the protection and comfort that good underwear can give, by fitting him with the warm snug-fitting Hanes Union Suits for Boys. Think of being able to buy the finest popular-priced boy's union suit in the world at the lowest price in years.

You won't find another garment of such comfort—with so many extra-wear features at anywhere near so low a price. Buy Hanes Union Suits for your boy—now! If your dealer can't supply you write us immediately. Made in two weights, medium and extra heavy—also knee length and short sleeves.

Hanes for Men—Heavyweight union suits, and shirts and drawers, and a silk-trimmed mediumweight union suit make up the men's winter line.

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Next summer you'll want him to wear Hanes Mainsack Union Suits!

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of bleeding gums



MEDICAL science proves that unhealthy gums cause serious ailments. People suffering from Pyorrhea (a disease of the gums) often suffer from other ills, such as rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders or weakened vital organs. These ills have been traced in many cases to the Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about the teeth.

Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea. It begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs.

Guard your health and your teeth. Keep Pyorrhea away. Visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection, and make daily use of Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean. 35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Can.

Formula of J. J. Forhan, D.D.S., FORHAN CO., New York. Forhan's, Ltd., Montreal.

for swellings

Swellings usually mean inflamed tissue. Absorbine, Jr. gently rubbed on the swollen part will quickly reduce the inflammation, and the swelling with it.

Though powerful, Absorbine, Jr. is absolutely harmless and can be used with safety and comfort. It is a dependable antiseptic and germicide. Keep it handy.

\$1.25 a bottle at most druggists. A Liberal Trial Bottle sent for 10c.

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

DR. PRICE'S VANILLA



The pure extract from choicest vanilla beans aged in wood to bring out all its mellow, rich, delicate flavor—and just-right strength. That—and that alone—is Price's Vanilla.

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"Experts in Flavor"
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Our Scientific Method will stop that
STAMMER
Send for free 200 page book. It tells how to permanently stop stammering or stuttering in a few weeks' time. A natural guaranteed method.
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100 Lewis Bldg., 71-77 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

Before Planning A New Frock
Consult McCall's Winter Quarterly
Price 25c, By Mail 35c.

For Love of the Mutt

[Continued from page 22]

escort his wife's companion of the evening to the front door. Rutledge dropped one of his gloves and was leaning over to recover it when Diavolo sprang from his cushion, picked it up and held it toward his master.

"How clever, really," Rutledge exclaimed. "Does he know many tricks of the sort?"

"Very few," Alston replied. "In fact I didn't know that he would pick up the glove. Thought he'd only pick up mine. Rather flattered myself on that."

"But could he tell the difference between your glove and mine?" asked Rutledge.

"O, yes. By the scent and also by the color. Yours are bright yellow chamomile gloves. I generally wear dark tans the year round."

As the men left the study and started downstairs, Mrs. Alston, on her way to her bedroom, called to her husband: "Will you be gone all day tomorrow, Jimmy?"

"Yes. You won't need the runabout with you?" he called back.

"No, dear."

II

FROM her bed, Mrs. Alston heard Diavolo's wild whoopings of delight the next morning as the sight of his leash assured him that he was to go forth with his master. From the street she heard the roar of the runabout's engine, and then came quiet. They were gone, and the day was hers. She picked up the telephone beside her bed and asked for a number.

Alston drove downtown to his broker's office for a brief conference before crossing lower Manhattan to the Chambers Street ferry and thence to the New Jersey highway and the lovely rolling country to the west. In the crystal air of a June day, Diavolo, seated beside his beloved boss, had a joyful bark for all the world. And appreciating youths at the crossings cried: "Hay, lookit the mutt!" He yelped back to all of them and wagged himself clear from the center of his spine to the tip of his tail.

They went back to the broker's office, and when the last quotation for the day was made Alston determined to put off the holiday until the following Sunday. They journeyed back uptown, left the car in the garage a few blocks away from home and walked to the house. The place seemed unusually quiet as Alston entered with his latch-key. He rang for the butler. There was no response. He tried the pantry and the kitchen and called down into the basement. All the servants seemed to be out. Returning to the hall, he was just in time to greet his wife coming down the stairs. She wore an elaborate peignoir, and the tiniest of gilded slippers covered her feet.

"I've been having the house all to myself," she explained. "It is so restful to be entirely alone at times."

"How about dinner, Frieda?" he asked. "I'm going out to dinner tonight. I thought you would not be back from the country until late."

"I'll go to the club, then. But I've had a busy day and a nap on the lounge in the study will just about fit me." As he started upstairs she turned and ran ahead of him.

Alston looked over his memoranda of the day's transactions, laid them under a weight on his study table and stretched out on a wide divan, his hands back of his pillowed head. The stillness of the house was broken by the touch of Diavolo's nails on the hardwood stairs leading to the third floor. He called. The brute came running to him and laid something on his body. He sat up and looked. It was a yellow chamomile glove.

"The most careful of them overlook a bet," he muttered with a grim smile. His face was sallow but determined as he got to his feet and drew from his desk his pistol. He stood in deep thought, staring down at the weapon in his hand for several moments, and then replaced it. The yellow glove lay on the floor.

"You stay right here, Davvy," he instructed the dog. "I'll have to shut you in for a few minutes." His mind fully made up to his course of action, Alston closed the door and called to his wife.

"Yes, dear," came from above.

"Send your friend Rutledge down," he ordered abruptly. He could hear her smothered cry of dismay. There was no other answer. "If he doesn't come quickly I'll come after him." He gave a sharp and bitter little laugh. "Tell him I'm not going to shoot him. That sort of thing is out of fashion."

"I'll join you in a second," Rutledge's voice announced. "Just a second, Alston."

"In the study," called back the master of the house. "It would be useless to try to sneak out now. Bring Frieda with you."

The triangle was broken in a few minutes. "You love him, Frieda?" the husband asked.

"Yes."

"You will marry her?" to Rutledge. Alston took the pistol again from the desk drawer. "One or the other," he said.

"Why, certainly we'll be married," protested Rutledge. Anger possessed him over his plight. "But I've been tricked," he added. "I've been tricked."

Alston pointed to Diavolo who lay on the rug near the divan, the yellow glove between his front paws. "Good afternoon, I'll attend to the legal matters."

Frieda Alston sat like a woman cut of ice, as they listened to the retreating steps of Rutledge and heard the front door close after him.

"I'll go around to the club and get Arnold," her husband told her finally. "He's a good careful lawyer and we can settle this thing tonight. I'll be back in an hour."

When he, too, had left the house, Mrs. Alston broke into violent sobs of rage. The dog and the yellow glove caught her attention when she had managed to control herself. She could blame the brute. He had done this thing. Her first thought was to take the pistol and kill him. But the recollection of the nasty glint in her husband's eyes when he had a few minutes before given Rutledge his choice, stayed her hand. Alston had tossed the leather leash to a chair. She snapped it to the dog's collar and half coaxing, half dragging him, got him down the stairs to the front door where she unlocked the snaffle.

"Get out!" she whispered, pushing him through the door and slamming it shut.

The scent of his master's heels was still fresh on the brown-stone steps of the stoop. Diavolo took it up, his tail wagging joyfully. He was free. All the pleasures that he had yearned for during the endless window hours were his, but he found that above all of them he wanted his boss. He followed the trail to the sidewalk where it was all but obliterated by the scents of hundreds of other people. But he worked at it faithfully, getting farther and farther away from home. The twilight came and then the lights of the city. Several people tried to take hold of his collar, but he easily dodged them.

He had wandered from the fashionable neighborhood, in the direction of the East River. Suddenly a shrill whistle struck his ears. It was familiar and he lost no time in answering it.

"Holy Gee!" The freckled-face boy, seated on the curb, leaning against a metal garbage can, his bare and dirty feet in the gutter, put an arm about the white neck of the bull terrier who promptly began licking at his face. "Some mutt. You should know. You tell it. I gotta dog—a reglar. Somebody wake me up." His first ecstasies over, he fished a strong piece of twine from his pocket and made his possession fast.

III

THE Foley family was out of luck—all of that and carry eight, as Mickey, the musically inclined member (he of the tin whistle) constantly assured his acquaintances. The mother was dead, the father gone somewhere. Agnes, fifteen, earned ten a week as a filing clerk, barely enough to pay the rent of their two rooms and supply her with the necessary nose powder and transparent stockings. Veronica, four years old, had to be fed and kept off the fire-escape, and Patrick, two years old, also required nourishment and attention. Mickey, who was thirteen, made many a dollar when the neighbors could watch the smaller children, for he was handy and bright, if somewhat independent and given to harsh language. An orphan asylum for Veronica and Patrick would have given him a fair chance in the world, but having become the father of a family, Mickey couldn't see it.

Diavolo joined the tribe, another mouth to feed, but added joy. "Goodness!" exclaimed Agnes, when she awoke the morning after Davvy's advent and beheld the brute coiled up happily against her brother's stomach on a pallet made up on the floor. "How you gonna feed um?"

Mickey sat up and so did Diavolo, both very sleepy, both stretching luxuriously. "Gotta job promised in the hash foundry around on Third Avenor," replied Mickey. "We'll get all the eats we want."

"How about the kids?"

"I got that fixed. Mrs. Hogan will keep 'em if I provide the kindling wood."

"Where'll yah get the wood?"

"There's a building coming down on Second Avenor." He found his tin whistle and played "Margie," as Agnes boiled some coffee and carefully sliced from a half loaf of bread. "The mutt" sat on his haunches enraptured. The tune brought in Veronica and Patrick who shrieked their delight at the new possession. The burst of childish voices, their fondling with tiny, if dirty, hands assured the champion that there would be no long, lonesome hours in this place. It was dark and dirty, squalid, but love was in it. It was a home.

[Continued on page 35]



Seven-year-old Albert Albin's Club Foot was so straight that he surprised everybody when he came home from McLain Sanitarium. His parents write: Albert's foot is in good shape. He is walking on two good feet. We are certainly proud of him and also the McLain Sanitarium. You certainly do great work. Everybody says it is more than they expected to see.

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SOFT to your skin is Garda Face Powder. Delicate in texture—perfect in blending quality—delightful in its clinging ability. Its rare woodland odor captivates you—its inherent goodness creates an unending fondness for

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DAVID WHITE, Dept. 59 419 E. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

For Love of the Mutt

[Continued from page 34]

Diavolo, now answering to the name of "Buddy," had come into his own—bones to polish, kids to love, fleas to scratch, cats to pursue. It was heaven, and as he got deeper and deeper into the bliss of it his beautiful white coat lost its lustre through grime, his wonderfully pink nose became a network of scratches, and a most elegant fight against three mongrels decorated him with scars from stem to stern. At the end of summer the champion was "just dog."

With the first chill of advancing winter, Agnes went down with a bad cold and was taken to Bellevue with pneumonia. Mickey asked for a raise and got two dollars more a week. But ten just barely paid the rent, the coal and wood for the kitchen stove, milk and bread for the kids and allowed nothing for shoes and stockings. It was tight going. He put the little ones to sleep in the kitchen as the nights grew colder, and Buddy kept him warm in Agnes' bed.

When December started, he had managed to get shoes and stockings for himself but was shy five dollars on the rent. The shops took on the bright colors of Christmas, red and green. Salvation Army men in the guise of Santa Claus stood on the corners, jingling little hand bells. Behind every Third Avenue window were bright lights, tinsel and toys, dolls, tool chests, trains of cars, swords and pistols, bob sleds, boxing gloves and fascinating games of every description. Mickey wanted to buy something for Agnes, who was back home but unable to work. He thought if he could afford a small "can of face paint," as he put it, and some nose powder, it would brighten her up some. And a doll for Veronica. He would just have to get that! Moreover there was a remarkable jumping jack and a red and green striped rubber ball that would do for Patrick. As for Buddy, he was all set. In spare time he had made him a new collar from an old belt he had found on the streets. It was handsomely studded with tobacco tags he had been saving for years.

BOY and dog shivered before one of the windows on Christmas Eve night, drawing closer to the glass-protected treasures as the snow came in heavier gusts. If he could raise five dollars, there would sure be something doing in his home, Mickey told himself.

He thought of trying to borrow it from the boss and paying back a dollar a week, but that would only put him farther back in the rent money, and if he didn't come across with the first day of the New Year, it would be a dispossession—and then the orphan asylum for the kids. Not that.

He turned away from the window, fighting down a hard lump in his throat. "Santa Claus is a piece of cheese," he said aloud, and Buddy, feeling his young master's distress, barked as if to add, "You said it." Some of the windows in the poor section of the cross-street had wreaths and lights showing. Most of them offered no tribute to the commemoration of the birth of the Savior other than the darkness of poverty, a thing the Nazarene knew well. But at Lexington Avenue the soft flare of Christmas tree candles began to glow behind curtains.

There was one house, a fine city mansion, however, where no wreath showed in silent exchange of greetings to the passers-by. In a deep window stood a finely groomed man staring out into the night, watching the home-going shoppers hurrying past with their gifts. His heart was as empty as his house.

Mickey had paused on the opposite side of the street to gaze at a gaily decorated tree, flashing with tinsel and toys, when Buddy suddenly cocked his ears, turned and darted away. The man left the window and threw open his front door.

Mickey, with a yell, rushed after the dog, but slipped and fell headlong. By the time he recovered himself and mounted the brown-stone steps, the door had been closed. From within he could hear the shouts of joy of the man and the responsive barks of his pet. Something in the lad seemed to break. He fell against the door sobbing bitterly.

He was still sobbing against the door when the barks of the brute within sounded nearer to him. Buddy, leaping at the glass panels, was yelping his head off to be let out.

Mickey took heart and crooked his finger in his mouth, emitting a deafening invitation to come out. The dog paid no heed to the cries of his old master within.

The door flew open. Mickey's arms were outstretched to seize his pet. His upturned hands were eloquent with appeal. Alston had never had a child petition him. He was startled as he was touched.

"Gosh, a kid!" he exclaimed. "Where'd you blow in from, sonny?"

[Continued on page 39]

Rubens
(Look for this trade-mark)



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Rubens Infant Shirts are knitted and so constructed as to be double-thick across the chest and stomach. Thus double protection of these delicate organs is assured, and danger of coughs and colds avoided.

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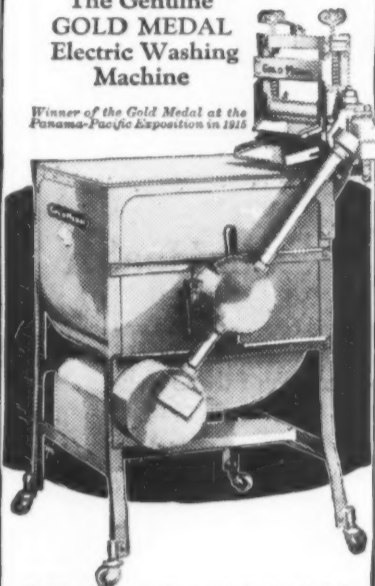
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The Maidless Home

A House for the Woman Who Does Her Own Work

Designed by J. Floyd Yewell

THIS house is so compact and simple, so attractive and neat and cosy that it well deserves to be known as the "maidless home." It is really a big-little house, for it has six rooms of generous size, including a large, comfortable living room that is 13 x 19 feet, and in addition it has two small rooms that are certain to be appreciated—a sewing room and a dressing room.

Though these rooms are too small to be used regularly for any purposes other than those implied by their names, it would be possible, in case guests arrive unexpectedly for an over-night stay, to push the baby's bassinette or crib into one of them. Each has a window opening upon the street that would provide ample ventilation, while the door between the room and the main bed-chamber might be left ajar so that if the little one awakens during the night its cries will be heard.

When one remembers that the entire house is only 24 x 28 feet, one begins to understand how well planned this home is and what care has gone into its design. There is hardly a foot of waste space; hallways, alcoves, blind corners have either been eliminated or reduced to the barest minimum. This means less space to be kept clean, an easier, more compact home to manage, and fewer corners to dust.

Though the house is comparatively inexpensive it will look anything except "cheap." It might be built of white pine or cedar clapboards with weathered green shutters and a roof stained a sienna brown. The two chimneys are to be of common bricks painted white, while the top of the chimneys will be black to form a contrast.

On entering the house you come into a small square foyer with a closet directly ahead for hats and coats. To the right is the large living-room with one window facing the front and two looking out at the side. In the middle of the side wall of the living room is a big fireplace.

Directly behind the living-room is the porch, placed in the rear to give the family additional privacy when using it. In winter the porch may be enclosed and thus transformed at small cost into a sun parlor.

To the left of the foyer and in the front of the house is the kitchen. This arrangement would once have been considered rather unusual, but now it is being tried by a number of architects. Mark Twain was called eccentric because in his home in Hartford he too had his kitchen placed in the front of the house; he explained that he preferred this arrangement because the servants could watch the circus parades. However, this is a maidless home, and that reason does not apply here. But it is even more important that the housewife should not be interned in the rear of her home



storage for winter clothing, blankets, etc.

At a slight additional cost it will be possible to have a porch on the second floor, in case more outdoor space is desired. The roof of the porch has been made slanting in order to render its construction as economical as possible, but it would be a simple matter to build this straight and provide the upstairs porch thus formed with a railing.

This is a house that will be comparatively

easy to heat in winter, as it is extremely compact. On the other hand, it should be cool and comfortable in summer (depending, of course, upon its location) as there is an air space between the second floor and the roof. This acts as so much insulation and prevents the rays of the sun from beating down directly upon the sleeping-chambers. It will also be possible to make use of this space for storing various articles; in more ways than one it will perform the functions of an attic.

The house has been designed to face South, but it will provide an attractive and satisfactory dwelling place no matter in which direction your lot faces. The size of the house, 24 x 28 feet, also adapts it for practically any plot of ground. Even if this is no wider than 40 feet there still will be plenty of room for a driveway to a garage, in case you need a place to keep a car.

Across this short passage is the dining room, 13½ x 12 feet. It has windows looking out on the back lawn and at the side and also has a doorway leading directly to the living-room. Many persons have argued that the dining-room, used only a few hours a day, should be dispensed with in the interest of economy, but I have followed the old American idea that there should be one room set aside exclusively for meal-times. In this I think I will be supported by many people who have experienced with the cramped living quarters of present day apartments and who have suffered the inconveniences that often arise when a dining-room must also be employed as a living-room.

The stairs to the second floor are situated directly back of the foyer. The main bedroom, 13 x 14 feet, is at the right of the landing. It has two windows that face the rear and another at the side. Opening from it is the small sewing room, 5 x 6 feet, and the dressing room which contains two closets and a cedar chest.

On the other side of the stairs is a short passage connecting two smaller bedrooms, 8½ x 11 feet and 8 x 10 feet respectively. Each has two windows and a closet. The bathroom is located directly between these two chambers.

It will readily be seen that an important feature of this second floor is the closet space. In addition to the closet provided for each of the smaller bedrooms and to the two that are situated in the dressing room off the main bed-chamber, there is a linen closet that faces the landing and an additional closet in the bathroom for towels and other articles. The cedar chest of the dressing room will provide safe

storage for winter clothing, blankets, etc. At a slight additional cost it will be possible to have a porch on the second floor, in case more outdoor space is desired. The roof of the porch has been made slanting in order to render its construction as economical as possible, but it would be a simple matter to build this straight and provide the upstairs porch thus formed with a railing.

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A REAL HOME
Another advantage that home owners of the "maidless home" enjoy is the possession of a lawn and garden. This holds tremendous possibilities for them, possibilities that are big because they open an almost unexplored world to city-dwellers and bring them into touch, as their forefathers were before them, with living, growing things. Possession of a garden to city folks can even be compared in some respects to the presence of a youngster in a home that has hitherto been childless.

There is a practical side to this matter as well. A small vegetable garden, carefully tended, will produce enough to make your bill with your vegetable dealer merely nominal for several months a year. A few packages of flower seeds will be enough to enable you to supply your home throughout the summer with the most delightful of decorations.

Best of all, this is your own home and everything you do to beautify it adds to your home and not to your landlord's. So for this reason you may not stop short with vegetables and flowers; you may even plant a few saplings, content to watch these grow and develop into generous shade trees, protecting and glorifying the house that is to be, for many years, your home and your children's.

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Merry Christmas! Will You Marry Me?

[Continued from page 10]

true zest in selecting toys might find in her Christmas stocking a platinum circle encrusted with diamonds, to be exchanged after the Christmas rush for the more potent band of 18-karat gold.

Listen to this tale from every-day life.

She is a widow, and with the loveliest crop of red hair grown since Helen of Troy and Cleopatra put real henna on the map.

"Yes," she said, "I almost married a second time, but I'm glad now that I didn't. I might always have felt that I had taken an unfair advantage of the man.

"He was a friend my husband had made on the road, and he happened to be in town over Christmas. Called me up Christmas Eve, and I just couldn't withstand the loneliness in his voice. I asked him if he wouldn't like to trim our tree.

"He must have run every step of the way from the hotel. And when he got to the house, he ran the whole show.

"After the children had gone to bed, I built up the living-room fire and brought out some fruit-cake and nuts. That was fatal."

She smiled reminiscently.

"It was a beautiful proposal, too, with the tree shimmering behind us and the fire-light dancing in front of us. Sometimes I've wondered if I made a mistake in saying 'no.' Perhaps he really did want me, and not just a place to hang his hat every Christmas. But if ever I feel the life of single-blessedness palling, and the need of a man to bring me home from church, to wind the clock and put out the cat, I'll go gunning for a lonely eligible, just about a week before Christmas."

If there is one time when a detached man will not be hypocritical or wonder if you'll be as stout as your mother at her age, it is on Christmas evening when there's holly at the windows and plum pudding under his belt.

SUPPOSE she is a girl without a home, stranded in some un-homey boarding-house. Is her case hopeless?

Not if she is resourceful and tactful.

By a little scrimping and contriving, she can placate her landlady and entertain him at a Christmas dinner of deceptively home-like atmosphere. It will not be a dinner for two. That would defeat her purpose by embarrassing the man. No, she will make it a foursome, two men and two girls. For this, she must have, first, an individual table, set as far as possible from prying eyes and curious ears.

Let her approach Madame Landlady, bearing holiday favors for four, a few artistic table decorations and small red candles.

The crustiest landlady will melt before those Christmasy decorations. They suggest a festive social event of which she can boast to her neighbors. If the young hostess entertains doubts about the landlady's mince pie, she can even purchase a tiny plum pudding, tipping the cook to heat it, and making creamy hard sauce in her hall-room. The very touch to break down the last defense to a man's heart, you say! But no, that will be the hostess herself, the way in which she presides over this near-home dinner, so charming, so housewifely in every move, that along about demi-tasse time, the man-to-be-trapped will reach for her hand under the tablecloth, and murmur: "Gee, this is the life, eh?" He means life at a table for two, and a woman to spread it.

Two years ago there was a girl who could not go home on Christmas and in her homesickness, she went shopping for toys to give little children in a hospital.

One day a man from another department paused at her desk during the noon hour, and found her sorting her bargains. When he learned about the hospital kiddies, he asked if she would buy a few toys for him to give to the small sufferers. He was so pleased with her selections that he asked next if he might help her distribute them at the hospital. It ended in his calling at her apartment on Christmas Eve.

"Isn't it strange," he remarked, as they sat together in the candlelight, "that I've worked in the same office with you for two years and never realized what a lovely thing you are until I saw you among those children?"

Here is a trap which no woman can set deliberately. Love for little children and the true maternal instinct are so deeply hidden in a woman's very being that they are glimpsed only at rare intervals, and usually by accident. But this incident illustrates one of the mental and sentimental processes of a man just before Christmas. Study them all before you choose your bait, and incidentally be sure that you want to hold your captive once he's caught. Don't mistake your own pre-holiday loneliness for the real desire to love, honor and wash dishes.

Bagging bachelors is a mere trick. Holding them in mutual contentment and happiness is an art which involves self-sacrifice.



Maternity

THE period preceding the birth of her child finds the prospective mother half joyful, half afraid. She anticipates the happiness to come, yet doubts her courage and strength as the time draws near. These doubts and fears are Nature's warning that the great gift she is to bestow must be prepared for.

Scientific authorities have long realized the grave consequences to both mother and infant of constipation during pregnancy.

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Motherhood brings Gray Hair

MANY a charming young mother finds herself aging long before her time. The cares of the family and household worries often gray the hair prematurely.

Children, as well as many elders, do not discriminate. To them gray hair means age. The devoted mother who would stay young with her children, or any woman who takes pride in her personal appearance, should make her toilette a matter of concern. At the first sign of gray she should call to her aid that magic of modern days—

BROWNATONE

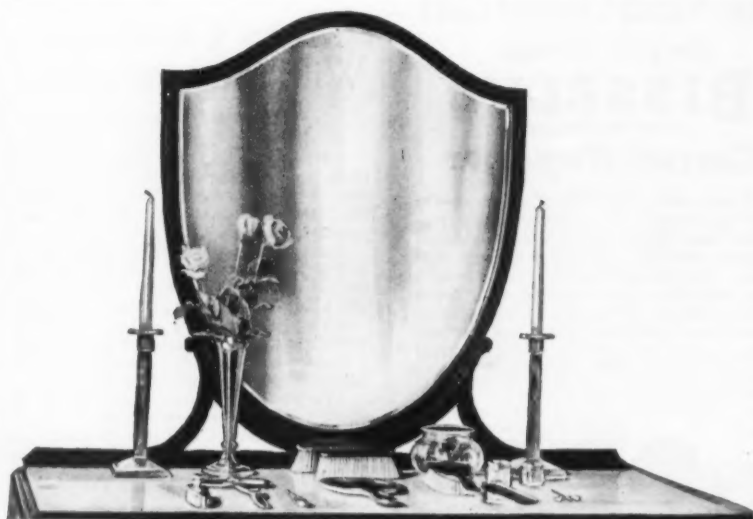
With this clean, odorless and guaranteed harmless liquid she can tint either gray, faded or bleached hair to its exact girlish color—any shade of brown or black.

"Brownatone" is durable and lasting and easily applied at home.

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Cosmetics for Christmas

By Suzanne Sheldon

THE ideal gift! Every Christmas shopper goes wistfully seeking it. It must combine beauty with usefulness. It must not be too costly. It must be easily prepared for delivery or mailing. It must not require long searches of the shops yet it must have the personal touch that brings a warm glow to the heart of the recipient.

It's not out of the question. It is quite possible to walk into a shop at ten o'clock with a Christmas list that embraces everyone from tea-dancing Sue all the way up the line to grandma, and to come out of the shop at twelve enjoying the peaceful sensation that comes only when every name is checked off. Money enough left for luncheon and a matinee, too, and plenty of time after dinner to write the little greetings, tie the ribbons and do the addressing before bedtime.

The shop to select is the one with the widest and choicest selection of toilet and beauty preparations. What all the world's a-seeking, these days, is to look its best. You can't go wrong in answering this universal and very human desire.

Of course it is clear sailing when the gifts are for feminine consumption. There's all the powder family, coming now in boxes and jars that enhance the beauty of the dressing-table. You can choose always one that harmonizes with its surroundings. And it's a question, also, of which powder suits the skin best. Be thoughtful both of the color and texture of the powder. Remember that sometimes even the blonde requires a brunette powder.

Buy, too one of the dainty gauze bags and fill it with pieces of cotton cut just the right size to use once and throw away. They're cleaner and more efficient than a puff. And for a small gift don't forget that most girls like a tiny box of compact powder to carry in the vanity bag.

SOAPS OF FLOWER-FRAGRANCE

There are boxes of bath requisites for the girl or woman who covets delicate luxuries but does not indulge in them, often, for herself. And there are those smooth unscented cakes of bath soap and the delicately scented face-soaps having the odor of fresh garden flowers. One soap has the effect of a slice of fresh lemon which as every woman knows is a magical whitener of the skin. A jar of bath salts will add fragrance and stimulation to the daily tub; and a special powder, dusted over tired feet, that have been refreshed by the bath, will keep them rested, if used just before the stockings are slipped on. All the cold creams are welcome guests, single or en famille, in their good-looking jars. Here again the individual skin must be considered, but every dressing-table needs an assortment of creams. There's the cream for cleansing the skin and the cream for feeding it; some creams that are wiped off speedily and others to stay on over night and those that form a base for powder. Lotions, too, in the smartest of bottles, to repair the ravages of sun and wind and of dry, nipping cold.

A bottle of liquid shampoo or a good shampoo soap, with half a dozen hair-nets and an assortment of the right kind of hair-pins is a gift any woman would prize.

Perfumes seem especially adapted to gift-giving. Have you seen the quaint little figures that sit on the dressing-table with the smoke of perfumed tapers pouring out their open mouths? Or the lovely hand-painted perfume burners that, placed above a light, send their delicate vapors through the room? Lovely flower-fragrances come in marvelous containers of all shapes and sizes. Fastidious women often love, particularly, the wee, wee bottles that hold the

concentrated essence, one drop of which is so tantalizingly like their favorite flower, one would swear it came, actually, from real flowers in the room. They love, too, to drop into boxes, trunks and drawers the delicate packets of sachet of the same odor. Don't forget either, the many, many kinds of toilet waters whose names are a lovely legion.

Speaking of perfumes, there's grandma. Whether she be the old-fashioned, knitting grandma, or the modern, golfing grandma she loves the scents that recall the old, never-forgotten days. Sweet lavender for grandma, generous quantities of it, in silken pads. And quaint, long-necked bottles where garden flowers blend like the essence of dreams, wafting her back to the old garden, to the full, round moon and to him!

SOME FOR THE MEN, TOO

It's the women of the family who are supposed to take most kindly to these vanities—but just watch Dad's relieved and joyous expression when the long, thick box which he is afraid means neckties opens to show a big tube of his favorite shaving cream, with a package of razor blades tucked in for good measure. If it's granddad he may prefer shaving soap to the cream, and a package of court-plaster will be a good-natured reminder that he hasn't learned to use a safety.

Really, the men-folks might be on the list for almost anything that would please their wives and sisters and mothers and sweethearts. But since they haven't learned to admit their weaknesses so frankly—we have yet to see a man powder his nose in public!—they will be pleased best with one of those bottles of talcum whose immense size and faint, wholesome odor of wild flowers seems somehow to put the masculine stamp on them. Large cakes of bath-soap the man likes, too, and if you add some of the hard little bars that scrub away the stains left by gardening or ink-slinging, his gratitude will last as long as the soap does—and that's quite a while. Men like shampoo mixtures, too, and then there are cool, healing lotions to be used after the long drive or the outdoor game.

The young brother is more of a problem, if he hasn't yet seen the dainty little girl he likes. But since he must brush his hair, a pair of military brushes, just like Dad's, will help a lot. Try him with nail and tooth brushes in boxes striped with his school colors. You can do it in five minutes with a couple of tubes of water color. He will prize the tooth paste and soap, too, that accompany these offerings.

Sonny-boy will shriek with delight when he sees your flock of ducks or school of fish floating in his bath tub. Made of the purest soap they are, in attractive colors. And for use after the bath there is talc so finely sifted that it might be used on a butterfly's wing, especially when there are lovely, feathery puffs to pat it on with. All children are delighted with a "different" note in their toilet requisites. Give wee Tommy a toothbrush and tube of paste tied with bright ribbons and he won't have to be reminded to use them.

There are the daintiest manicuring outfits—small bottles and tubes and jars of bleaches, pastes and cuticle remover, orange wood stick and emery—packed in a Christmasy pasteboard box, to delight the heart of little sister and bring a resolve never to bite her nails again!

When mother scrubs the children she sometimes does it with a vigorous brush. Even the very dainty person who has no such accumulations of dirt to scour away as that which comes off little sister's knees, uses brushes for various purposes.



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For Love of the Mutt

[Continued from page 35]

"He's my dog, mister. He's my dog." The tears were flowing fast.

"Come in." Mickey tried to drag his pet back to the snow-filled street, but Alston caught him gently by the arm. "Come on in, kid. If the mutt loves you, I love you. And if you love him, then, by gum, you love me." He got the lad into the hall and closed the door.

"Did you ever hear the saying, 'Love me love my dog?' Well, that's me and it works both ways."

Mickey kept up his tearful claim to the ownership of Diavolo. "Now see here, son," Alston took the boy's grimy and work-scarred hands in his. "I'm not robbing any kid of his mutt, not on Christmas Eve am I doing it. But I have a reward of a thousand dollars for the return of this pup and the money is yours. He looks like a bum but his heart hasn't changed any. The money is yours for bringing him back—a thousand dollars."

"A thousand dollars!" Mickey whispered. Why, a thousand dollars would pay his rent for two years and leave his earnings to pile up or be spent on Agnes, that she might get well and hop back to the job. It would mean buckets and tubs of war paint, crates of red and green striped rubber balls for Paddy and regiments of dolls for Veronica.

But it would mean good-bye to Buddy. He fished out his twine leash. "I gotta go, mister," he said. "I got sickness in the family. Come on, Bud."

"Come here, Davvy," ordered Alston, but the dog hung to the heels of the boy. Again he called to him, but Diavolo merely whined and looked up to Mickey, devotion in his little eyes and in the eloquent wagging of his tail.

Alston studied the boy carefully and realized his poverty. His trousers had many patches, his stockings were torn, and through the cracks in the old cast-off shoes he could glimpse naked toes. "Don't go yet," he said.

THERE was something new and wonderful being brought into the heart of the man, compassion for a child, which would in time breed love. Perhaps both dog and boy were hungry. He summoned the wide butler and bade him make ready a feast.

"Suppose I go home with you and ask your mother and father if they would let me take you and give you a chance in life," he suggested to Mickey while the supper was being served. "Then I could have the dog and you could have him also. We'd go fifty-fifty. Besides, son, I never had a boy in my house."

"I ain't got any father and mother," replied Mickey—"only Agnes and the kids, and Agnes is sick in bed. I gotta go back to her right now."

With a word or two of careful guidance, Alston soon had all of Mickey's story, which included the adventures of the once pampered champion. "It would break up the family if I didn't bring the mutt home, mister," he concluded.

"Will Agnes and the kids have any Santa Claus this year?" asked Alston.

"I was passin' here to see if I couldn't borrow two dollars from Skelly—you know, the janitor of the swell flat-house on the corner—to get the presents—" began Mickey.

"What were you going to buy for them, son?"

"A ball for Paddy and a baby for Veronica and some face paint for Agnes. God knows she needs it."

"Well, son, we've got to hang together for the love of the mutt. Let's go and ask Agnes and take her the face paint and the kids their presents." Alston, as Mickey finished the drumstick of a cold turkey and dropped the bone to the eager jaws of Diavolo, alias Buddy, opened his wallet and saw that it was well filled.

"Are there any shops open over your way?" he asked.

"They're all open, mister."

"And can we get a tree?"

"Sure."

"And a present for the dog?"

"I got this for him." Mickey drew forth the Christmas collar studded with tobacco tags. "Ain't it swell?" he asked. "Two dollars will fix up the rest of the family."

The butler stalked ahead of them to open the front door and the door of the waiting car. Mickey, a little timidly, took the proffered hand of his dog's real owner. Halfway down the snow-covered steps Alston paused and, still clasping the boy's hand, began to whistle a cheery tune.

The last of the shadows that had crowded his heart was gone. Diavolo jumped into the car, barking joyously. To his master had come the glory of service to children and love for them. "Hop in, kid!" he cried gaily. "This is going to be some merry Christmas!"

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A better way is to aid the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew and not into corpulent tissue. This method of reducing allows you to eat the same kind of food which others eat, and it does not necessitate strenuous exercise. It brings about the desired result normally—by correcting faulty assimilation and nutrition and by preventing the development of superfluous flesh.

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Marmola Company, 226 Garfield Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

The Girl Who Stayed Home

By Eileen Sherwood

Illustration by Alice Seipp

"CORINNA, what are you going to study at college next year?" It was Irene, the "sensible twin," talking. Rather hard on Corinna, that adjective. Yet a few said it was because she happened to be contrasted, twin-like, with Irene.

"Oh, just the regular course," absently. "Madame's going to put those new lace rosettes on my dress."

"But students don't take regular courses nowadays," persisted wise Irene. "They specialize. I'm going to be a private secretary. Miss Crane said to study business law and economics—would you like that?"

"Of course, if I could have clothes like hers. Didn't she wear the stunningest suit Sunday? But she looked too tired to really enjoy it. No wonder—it's taken her ten years to climb to her present position."

"I don't suppose you'd like teaching?" doubtfully.

"Awfully low salaries, considering the years of preparation. And you get old and frumpy so soon. But Miss LeGrange sends home to Paris for clothes."

Irene shrugged exasperatedly.

"You might try trained nursing. The uniform is universally becoming. Or newspaper work—Kate Boyd of the 'Star' has a good looking coat."

Corinna only laughed. On a day a dream comes true, one is not easily disturbed by trifles like careers and caustic young sisters.

There it was, spread out on her bed! Her heart's desire, a lovely graduating dress—her first really nice frock.

Irene, of course, had chosen an inexpensive ready-made one, the surplus to be applied on next winter's coat.

But even Irene exclaimed in admiration as the cloudy mass, descending over Corinna's white shoulders, fell into lines of youth and beauty.

"And did I tell you?" Corinna's eyes shone. "Madame liked my ideas of the lace rosettes and all! She said I have 'ze eye of ze arteest'—I should study. But when I asked her where and how, she just waved her hands. Said it took her years—she began as a little midinette in Paris. She told the most entrancing tales, all about Worth and Paquin and the rest!"

"I believe you'd like to go right into her workrooms."

"I would," admitted Corinna. "But you know how dressmakers guard their secrets. They make apprentices pull bastings for months."

"Speaking of careers—!" began Irene.

"If you don't look out," admonished Corinna, "you'll turn into a career—a prim stiff-collared one, with typewriter keys for fingers and a filing cabinet for brain."

"Corinna, I should think you'd be serious! You know it was surprising in Uncle Jonas to offer to send us at all, after mother offended him by marrying a poor minister, right after he'd sent her through normal! She's had a hard time—!" Irene's voice trembled.

Corinna became suddenly grave. "Honestly, I don't know what to do. It's worrying me more than you think."

"That vocational expert said the things we did in our leisure hours furnished a clue. What do you like to talk about and see? What magazines do you like best?"

"Those with a good fashion department."

"Well, I give it up, unless you could be a buyer, like Mrs. Hildebrand."

"It would be lovely, buying pretty things for stores. But Mrs. Hildebrand says it's frightful scrambling for bargains. And it took her ten years to become a buyer."

"Molly Kane makes loads of money in her little Kandy Kraft Shop," suggested Irene.

"Oh,—a business!" Corinna's first signs of animation. "That's surely the quickest way to get a good income—Molly started that shop less than two years ago. And she's so independent. But—I've neither training nor capital," she sighed.

That evening Corinna mailed a letter. "To Uncle Jonas. Said I couldn't decide on a career, asked for advice."

"You didn't!" Irene was horrified. "He'll think you incapable—impracticable!"

The answer came with alarming promptness.

"My dear Niece:
I have always hoped some of the Brewster practicability would manifest itself in Nelly's family. I suggest that you stay at home a year in order to make up your mind.
Very truly,
Jonas Brewster."

Irene forbore to say "I told you so." She left, lonesomely, in September. In November, Corinna's letters suddenly brightened; at Christmas vacation she appeared almost happy. Her gift to Irene was a Georgette blouse, beautifully embroidered. And in the spring came a white linen middie suit, perfectly tailored.

Irene elected to stay for summer session, whereupon Corinna invited herself down for Commencement Week.



Corinna's visit was a whirl of engagements.

"Afraid you won't have a good time," wrote Irene, but she met the train eagerly.

Laughing students crowded the station, meeting the happy well-dressed folks arriving.

"Corinna won't be fashionable, but she's prettier than most of them," thought Irene, loyally.

A girl was descending, one of those girls at whom every one looks twice. It was partly the sheen of honey-colored waves and puffs beneath the smart little traveling hat, partly the "chic" of her softly blousing top coat of black silk Jersey—but not a little the grace and poise which held one's eyes—that poise which comes from the consciousness of being perfectly dressed.

The girl turned—"Corinna!"

As they started toward Irene's boarding house, her eager questions yet unanswered, came a voice—

"Good morning, Miss Irene." Tommy Sullivan, popular fraternity man, calmly insinuated himself between the serene Corinna and the astonished Irene.

Hastening footsteps overtook them. Young Professor Bell, of all people! Glumly Tommy gave him faculty precedence with Corinna, but managed to whisper in her ear before they left the girls at Irene's door.

"Tell me—wherever did you get—!" began Irene in her room, staring at Corinna's pretty taffeta frock.

"No time now. Mr. Sullivan is going to show me the campus. And the dance tonight, with a faculty escort! You're going, too!" Corinna hugged her ecstatically.

"Thanks! But my new ball costumes haven't come from Paris."

From her bag Corinna took a rosy armful. "With your dark skin you need vivid shades. Aren't these organdy roses sweet?"

Corinna, at the dance, in pale pink and silver, her cheeks flushing as softly as the chiffon of her gown, was a picture that set more than one masculine heart racing, and she was the center of attention.

Even quiet Irene sparkled in her rose-tinted organdy.

The remainder of Corinna's visit was a whirl of engagements. From the wonder bag came the most fetching afternoon toilette that ever wrought havoc on a campus. White chiffon paneled in white thread lace, over black taffeta and cashed with black maline, which ended in a huge heart-smashing bow, and a big white lace hat, too, wreathed with black maline poppies.

One for Irene, too. Black Georgette, banded in blue and lovely with embroidery of pomegranate red.

"Where—!" besought Irene, but the telephone summoned her sister. At last the train whisked her, smiling sphinx-like, away.

In August Irene came home. Alighting from the car, she glanced down the suburban business street.

"A new shop! What a pretty window!"

Others evidently shared Irene's enthusiasm, for few passers-by failed to stop before it.

The proprietor evidently understood the effectiveness of the one-color scheme. And this must be Sunshine Week!

Yellow blooms in a brass bowl against the gray silk curtains. A primrose organdy flaunting its multitudinous ruffles next a sports dress of orange linen. And a wee yellow chambray hobnobbing cheerfully with Patsy rompers of yellow and black checked gingham.

Two smiling girls came out, each carrying a box. "We'll have the prettiest dresses of all," said one happily.

A door was flung open, a dear familiar voice—

"Been watching for you!"

After a while, comfortably settled in an armchair by the gleaming little show case, Irene listened.

"I was so discouraged last fall," Corinna began, "I didn't know if Uncle would ever send me—I didn't know what to do. We all needed new things—clothing was still high. But materials were cheaper. If only I could sew!"

"Then I learned of a school—the Woman's Institute—which teaches women and girls right in their homes everything I wanted to know about dressmaking. It was so reasonable and I was wild to learn, so I began."

"And, do you know, in a month I was able to make that Georgette blouse for you! Several girls wanted one like it. Then I could soon make cunning things for children, and those bring such good prices. Then came Sally Jones' wedding in the spring, and not a dressmaker could she find. She begged me to try, and I wrote to the Institute for help."

"They gave me just the advice I needed and helped me plan the dresses. I copied Sally's wedding gown from the Fashion Service, an exclusive service issued by the Institute only to its students. It's simply full of lovely clothes and you learn just how to make them! I can remodel or design new things, and my dresses fit, because I create special patterns for each customer."

"Finally I started my shop. The Institute told me just how, you see. I'm doing well—cleared \$40 last week and have an assistant engaged. I'm going to carry my own materials in stock. (Imagine little me with a credit rating! But the Institute told me how to get it.) And only last week a broker said he could get me \$1000 for this shop any day. In a year it will double in value."

"Are you coming to college?" demanded Irene, finding voice at last. "Every man who met you wants to know."

"It's not practical enough for me. See, I've got a bank account and I keep books and everything! And I'm going to New York for the fashion shows next year."

"Does Uncle Jonas know?"

Corinna laughed. "He came for a visit—you should have seen his astonishment. Offered to lend me money—said it looked like a good investment to him—but I told him I didn't need it. He seemed dazed and kept repeating something about the Brewster blood."

What Corinna did, you can do.

More than 125,000 women and girls, in city, town and country, have proved that you can easily and quickly learn, through the Woman's Institute, in your own home, during spare time, to make stylish, becoming clothes and hats for yourself, your family, and others, at less than half their usual cost.

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The Institute's courses are practical, fascinating and complete. They begin with the very simplest stitches and seams, taking nothing for granted, and proceed by logical steps until you can design and completely make even the most elaborate coats and suits.

It costs you nothing to find out all about the Woman's Institute and what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card, or the convenient coupon below and you will receive—without obligation—the full story of this great school that has brought to women and girls all over the world the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE Dept. 3-Z, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below:

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|---|------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Home Dressmaking | <input type="checkbox"/> Millinery |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Professional Dressmaking | <input type="checkbox"/> Cooking |

Name
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Street
Address

City State

Advertisement



No. 2461, LADIES' COSTUME BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1 7/8 yards of 54-inch material. Transfer Design No. 1142 is used.

No. 2240, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26, 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch. Width, 1 3/4 yards.

No. 2456, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 1 5/8 yards of 40-inch for front and back, and 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch for skirt side, vest and sleeve. Width, 1 5/8 yards. Transfer Design No. 1148.

No. 2439, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 2 3/4 yards of 48-inch material, and 1 yard of 24-inch for trimming band. Width, 1 1/4 yards.

THE OUTLOOK

By
ANNE RITTENHOUSE

THERE is a truce in the rivalry between opposing factions of fashion. No longer does the short skirt fight the long one; the bathing suit sleeve does not flaunt itself as a victor over the long, wide sleeve; the tight waistline, shadowed by several gowns in the summer has disappeared. But fashion is not quiescent. Far from it. Several centuries of continuous battle have preceded this century and as long as we remain human, continue the arts of coquetry, are desirous of attaining loveliness, are eager to maintain an avoidance of what is old and ugly in clothes, just so long will battles continue.

Mind you, the designers do not have to cajole the public into liking what is new and stimulating in body coverings. It is the other road round. Whoever has a mind beyond a savage demands that dressmakers and fabric weavers continue the pursuit of novelty in order to please, not to persuade.

SLIGHT persuasion, however, would be needed to make Americans accept change. It is their racial conception of life. Passivity is their abhorrence. In their philosophy, routine is permitted to the sun and stars, but this admirable example would, if followed, bore an American to a belief in suicide. As a nation we believe, fanatically, that each of our changes is for the better and we often assume that conviction as a plausible basis for another experiment.

It is claimed by the French—with amusement or derision according to the temperamental manner in which their morning has developed—that American women are so slow to accept a Paris change in fashion that a new one has come about before the last one is seen in New York. There is truth in this statement, sometimes, and its reason is too obscure to find, unless it really lies on the surface, in the fact that the mass of our women rarely see Paris or a genuine French gown and they follow a fashion quickly only when it becomes common property in the leading centers of America. There are few so brave as to wear clothes that are

diametrically opposed to those of their surroundings; but in this entire argument America is a big word which the French do not understand. The American, on the other hand, does not understand that supreme changes in French fashions are often the result of a mental change, something psychological, arising from a national development, not entirely from a financial necessity.

IN Paris, for example, there has been much talk, especially by the men of social power and position of a new born desire to see women better and more fully clothed. They are weary of scantily draped figures. Such have no attraction for them. If one hears the men of the great European world talk, one readily grasps the fact that they think women are cheating them out of one of the privileges civilization has bestowed. They frankly say that clothing is coquetry.

Great designers of clothes think after the same fashion. They insist that the unclothed condition of women is vanishing. Corsetières in France maintain that women are demanding more bones in their stays. Lanvin and Poiret, Molyneux and Cheruit, even Callot, the audacious, are dropping skirts to the toes and lifting bodices to the collarbone, choosing opaque fabrics for frocks and covering the arms to the knuckles of the hand. When transparent fabrics are used, they are dropped over linings of silk that do not stop at the knees. What if Cheruit does use silk trousers under her transparent evening gowns and Callot places pantalettes of lace below her Second Empire skirts? These garments are long enough to reach the ankles and the square trousers of dark-colored silk appear more modest than the abbreviated lining of chiffon or crepe which has served as an undergarment, sometimes the sole one, for two years.

What is important in the clothes of the hour is the united effort of men and dressmakers to cover women from head to heels. It is more far-reaching than mere details of cut and color, of ornamentation or fabric. It is a powerful movement, gaining momentum.

KEEP that fact in your mind when you are debating the choice of a new gown, or cloak, or petticoat. The stiff severity of the Sixteenth Century is not accepted yet, but the sedateness of the Middle Ages is known to be correct as opposed to the revealing Babylonian of the last half decade. Not since the days following the French Revolution have women out of the Orient worn so little clothing. What a Frenchman has described as "a regret of a skirt and a souvenir of a bodice" has been the rule, not the exception. Not only was the fashion for a scarcity of clothes adopted by women of the world in alliance with women of the chorus and the stage, but along the conservative rural free delivery route it had ceased to provoke protest. Last summer this fashion reached its zenith when young women danced in almost transparent frocks worn over one garment. After that extreme, came the reaction.

What will this reversal to modesty bring about? What are the fashions it provokes?

This much we know. Skirts will not change back to shortness, nor bodices to mere strips of material about the waist; sleeves will not expose all of the arm in the day hours and little of it at night, except as a caprice. Much of the anatomy will be completely hidden. "Little feet may peep slyly in and out of the folds of the frock" before the New Year is out of its cradle, which, you must acknowledge, is a drastic change from legs covered with 44 count silk stockings swinging free and unembarrassed from the hems of skirts which end at the knees.

Instead of the so-called harness bodice consisting of a set of jeweled chains and a satin belt, the tops of frocks will run up to the collarbone, even though there is much trickery and allurements in this manipulation. Sleeves are not only long; they are more important than the bodice. The sleeve of the Doges which Poiret likes; the immense sleeve of Titian in his portraits of great Italians, revived by Jenny before the fashion for bathing suit sleeves had run their hour; the broad flat sleeve of Lanvin with its wide edges of contrasting color and fabric at the edges, caught at the outer opening, from shoulder to wrist with ornamental link buttons; the bracelet sleeve of Callot fashioned like the leg ornaments of savage warriors, are palpable evidence of the determination to focus attention on the arm covering.

If such sleeves continue under the pressure of the dressmakers, toward modesty, the long wrinkled glove will have slight chance for many public appearances.

No doubt that the madness for stockings which resemble bare legs may pass into limbo of forgotten things and along with them will go the dozen garter bracelets worn on one wrist. Petticoats may reappear. Corsets may grow into something respectable, although Worth of Paris says they won't and Poiret says they will. Lace berths may be revived, sending us all into haircloth trunks in musty attics.

Everyone knows how the acceptance of the long skirt and the extra long waistline gave rise to an amazing, bewildering confusion of hip belts, and how the industry caught all possible floating particles of fabric and metals to turn them into such ornaments. If one change in the silhouette, therefore, could do that much, imagine, if you will, what a whole new movement in dress is apt to do.

We may soon say: "Good morning, Delia. Good bye, Delilah."



No. 1145, TRANSFER DESIGN FOR TWO-PIECE HAT. The hat requires 1/2 yard of 36-inch material.

No. 2443, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36, 1 1/2 yards of 45-inch, and 1/2 yard of 40-inch. Transfer No. 1130.

No. 2440, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch or 2 yards of 45-inch material. Transfer Design No. 981 is used.

The Advance Styles for Early Winter are all Arranged on New Lines



2265 Shirtwaist
7 sizes, 34-46
2353 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

2438 Wrap Coat
6 sizes, 34-44

2365 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1147

2376 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

2356 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50



2361 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44

2461 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44
2240 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

No. 2265, LADIES' SHIRTWAIST. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material for the shirtwaist. Developed in handkerchief linen.

No. 2353, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch tricotine for the dress. The width at the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 2438, LADIES' WRAP COAT; convertible collar; with wide sleeves; 47-inch length. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 50-inch, and 4 yards of 36-inch to line coat. The collar and cuffs are trimmed with fur.

No. 2365, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. The width at the lower edge is $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 1147.

No. 2361, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; four-piece skirt; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material and 9 yards of fur banding. Width, 3 yards.

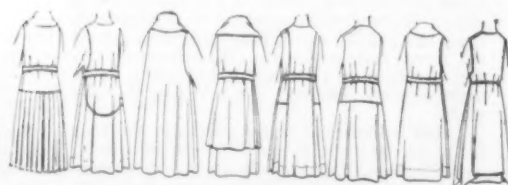
Costume Nos. 2461, 2240. The medium size requires $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. No. 2461, LADIES' COSTUME BLOUSE. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material for the blouse.

No. 2376, LADIES' DRESS; three-piece pleated skirt; 35-inch length from waistline. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch for collar and shield. Width, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 2356, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline, 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material and $15\frac{1}{4}$ yards of silk braid for trimming. Width, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

Costume Nos. 2427, 2240. The medium size requires $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. No. 2427, LADIES' SUIT-COAT; 40-inch length. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 2240, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 26 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material for the skirt. The width at the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.



2376 2365 2438 2427 2356 2361 2265 2461
2240 2353 2240



2427 Suit-Coat
7 sizes, 34-46
2240 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

Decidedly Chic Are These Parisian Models

2459 Dress
9 sizes, 34-502447 Dress
6 sizes, 34-442454 Dress
7 sizes, 34-462428 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer Design
No. 11492456 Dress
9 sizes, 34-502446 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

No. 2459, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material. The width at lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. This dress may be attractively developed in navy or brown serge.

No. 2447, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from waistline. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 45-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 14-inch for vest. The width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 2454, LADIES' DRESS; front and back apron tunics; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from waistline. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 45-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 14-inch for vest. The width at lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

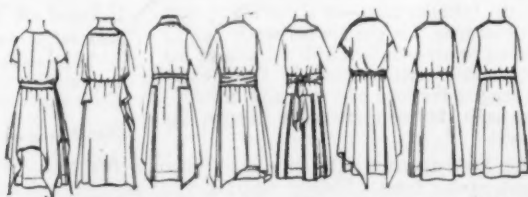
No. 2428, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from waistline. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 1149.

No. 2456, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 14-inch for vest and $8\frac{3}{4}$ yards of braid. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 2446, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 45- or 50-inch material, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch contrasting material. The width at lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 2449, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from waistline. Size 36 requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 1148.

No. 2429, LADIES' ONE-PIECE DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch for front inset. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



2449 2446 2456 2454 2447 2428 2459 2429

2449 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design
No. 11482429 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50

How Plain Jane Found a Way to be Pretty—

and a way to have pretty clothes, too!

IT was really quite a shame, you know, that Jane couldn't have the right kind of clothes to wear. She was just a simple little miss, thrilled with the thousand longings of youth, dreaming of laughter and beauty—and of love. But somehow she was just plain. You didn't notice her wistful blue eyes or her curly brown hair, because the unbecoming tightness of her faded gingham dress so mercilessly revealed the awkwardness of her figure. She was the type of girl who needed pretty, frilly, dainty things to wear—a blue frock with tiny ruffles to do justice to the blue in her eyes, or a gay little dress of pink or red to harmonize with her hair.

But it wasn't her fault that she never had anything to wear except horrid gingham and calicoes. Folks called her "Plain Jane"—but they didn't know of the golden dreams that surged unceasingly within that curly brown head. Nor did they know of the heartache when these dreams were shattered.

Even now, while the others were at the hay festival, Jane sat in her little room beneath the gables and dreamed. She dreamed on while the stars tried to lure her with their mischievous twinklings, and while the big yellow moon frowned down upon her with the mock worldliness of his many centuries. Somewhere a cow-bell began to tinkle and was lost in the melody of church chimes. All the world seemed so sweet and kind and happy—but she was alone, always alone! She seemed to be out of it all, in a world tinged with the half-glad, half-sad sorrow that only youth being denied beauty and pleasure can know.

"It isn't fair!" she told herself bitterly as out of the distance came a shout of laughter from the merry-makers. "It isn't right!" Why wasn't she with them? Why didn't folks ever invite her anywhere? Why didn't she ever go to theatres and dances and parties like other girls? It wasn't her fault that she wasn't pretty. It wasn't her fault that she didn't have gay little frocks and becoming little hats. She fell asleep that night with a funny little pain somewhere inside—and she dreamed that everything had changed—that she was tall and slender and pretty with a wardrobe full of beautiful things to wear!

When Darkness Precedes Dawn

Then, one wonderful day, Bob came to town. There was a big reception, and everyone was at the station to greet him—for wasn't Bob the son of old Bill Jenkins who had done so much for the folks way back when they had the blizzard? Even Jane was there, and once when she caught Bob's eye as he stood on the platform making a speech to the welcoming crowd, she blushed and felt strangely warm. But Bob did not glance that way again.

In the days that followed, Jane felt more keenly than ever her unattractiveness. She became self-conscious, timid. She couldn't help it—her clothes made her so. How could anyone feel happy and at ease in a faded old dress that didn't fit at all?

Bob and Helen Randolph became fast friends from the very first, Helen was quite pretty, you see, and somehow her clothes always seemed to be made for just her. Jane used to watch them as they passed by her home on the way to a party or to the theatre. And secretly she used to picture herself in Helen's place, wearing attractive clothes, walking down Main Street with Bob, gloriously and proudly happy for the first time in her life!

It was just about this time that Mrs. Hampton came from the city with her little daughter to live at Jane's home. She was going to open a smart dress shop in town. She had beautiful clothes—soft, shimmering dresses of silk and crisp little affairs of organdie and taffeta. She had exquisite underthings so dainty and sheer that Jane was almost afraid to touch them. And her little girl had dresses such as no other little girl in town had—smart, well-made, colorful little frocks that made her look like a little fairy. Oh, how Jane longed for just such pretty things as these!

Mrs. Hampton saw—and understood. Women have a way of understanding one another, you know. "Why don't you make some pretty things for yourself?" she asked one morning. "I make clothes? Why, I never sewed a stitch in my life," Jane answered, crimsoning to think that even strangers could see at once that she was "plain." "Neither did I," the other laughed, "until just six months ago when I registered for one of the most remarkable courses in home clothes-making you ever heard about. Now I've finished that course and I've come here to open a dress shop and make lots of money."

Jane glanced at the open trunk with its mysterious depths of lace and ribbon, its shimmering folds of

satin and velvet, its gleam of rich, deep colors. "You—made—these—things?" she asked slowly. Mrs. Hampton nodded. There was a moment of silence—and then with an impulsive little sob of pure joy Jane grasped the stranger's hand and whispered, "Show me how!"

A Dream Comes True at Last

That was the beginning. By the end of that week, Jane was enrolled officially as a member of the School of Modern Dress and Mrs. Hampton was busily launched on the selection of interior decorations for her new shop. If she hadn't been so busy, perhaps she would have helped Jane—but after all, the course was so ridiculously easy to follow.

Before two weeks had passed, Jane found out just why she hadn't been attractive—the course told her. She found out that folks didn't have to be pretty to be attractive, and that it was really her unbecoming clothes that made her appear "plain." Why, she was actually wearing the kind of clothes that concealed all her "good points" and revealed the "bad points!" Here was a lesson that told her exactly what colors were most becoming to her, what style dresses and blouses she should wear, how to combine colors and lines so that the dress would make her look positively pretty!

There followed many busy month in which every spare minute was devoted to "the course." Jane found it quite fascinating to study stitches and hems and seams, embroidery and tucking and ruffling. All the methods taught in the course were the newest, quickest and most improved—and she was as thrilled as a child with a new toy when she watched ten yards of material rapidly transformed into tucks or ruffles or plaits in only ten minutes. Why, it would take two hours to do it by hand! And Jane found that even the most exquisite braided designs could be made in this new rapid method. Before she realized it, she had learned the modern, up-to-the-minute, simplified way of transforming lifeless material into the most exquisite blouses and dresses and underthings she ever owned! In less than a third the time she had thought possible! For only the small expense of what the materials alone cost!

It didn't take long then before people began to remark how pretty Plain Jane was becoming. They didn't know that the new little brown frock had a lot to do with it—that the little orange blouse she wore with the neat black skirt was exactly the color and style that were most becoming to her. They noticed only the bright new light in her eyes, and the new poise and grace she had suddenly acquired. And they weren't a bit surprised when Bob began to profess a sudden and keen interest in the girl who had been known as Plain Jane.

The Beginning of a New Story

It's really remarkable what a difference clothes can make. Jane's whole life seemed to be changed. The evening she wore her new satin dress, for instance. Bob told her how pretty she looked—*she*, pretty! And then at Helen's party, when she wore a net dress with a tiny lace bodice and huge pink sash, even Mrs. Hampton paused to admire. After the party there was a long walk in the moonlight with Bob, and a strange new something that Jane could not understand. It was a feeling of complete peace—of complete happiness. It seemed, somehow, as though there were nothing left in all the world to wish for.

Well, Plain Jane is plain no longer. The little girl who was always alone is now surrounded by devoted friends who admire and respect her. The dream that once caused so much heartache is now a reality. For Jane, they say, is pretty now—or if she isn't pretty she is certainly charming, for she always wears clothes that are just suited to her—clothes with a touch of her own personality added—clothes that in their every line and drape suggest the love of youth and beauty—clothes that are only the more attractive because she made them herself.

Jane and Bob have a smart little dress shop, now, right in the heart of the town. They're married, you know—but that's an entirely different story.



Secretly she used to picture herself in Helen's place, wearing attractive clothes, walking down Main Street with Bob

What the School of Modern Dress Will Do for YOU

After great research and experiment, after extensive tests and improvements, a complete course in modern clothes-making has been written. It has been brought up to the last minute. All impractical details have been weeded out. All old-time methods have been replaced. Only the newest, quickest, most practical and easy-to-follow methods of cutting, fitting and sewing have been included—and the complete course is certainly the newest and most up-to-date in the world.

Please do not confuse this course with any other ever written. It is different. It is the only course of its kind. It teaches the hand method and the machine method. It teaches you how to tuck ten yards of material in ten minutes, how to ruffle and shirr and plait ten yards in ten minutes, how to cut clothes quickly and with no trouble, how to obtain a perfect, tailored fit that defies any suggestion of a home-made look. It does not teach machine sewing alone or hand sewing alone; it does not teach style-creating or clothes-construction alone; but it teaches all of them in a simple, understandable, interesting way that you will actually enjoy.

Not only is the School of Modern Dress the only school in the world that teaches the newest, most up-to-date and rapid methods of sewing, but it is also the only school that provides its students absolutely free with materials and trimmings necessary to make certain garments taught in the course. For instance, you receive sufficient material and trimming during the course to make a collar-and-cuff set, a chemise, a waist, a house dress and an afternoon frock. And in addition, you are furnished with a handsome sewing basket containing needle, thimble, thread, scissors, bodkin, tape measure and other valuable equipment.

Mail Coupon for Complete Information—It's Free

We would like to tell you more about this wonderful way to make clothes. We would like to tell you how we teach you to find your perfect silhouette, how to design clothes that are meant for distinctly you, how to combine lines and colors into an artistic interpretation of yourself. But there is not enough space here, and we want to send you important information that you can read at leisure in your own home.

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2451 Dress
4 sizes, 14-202460 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design
No. 1142

No. 2460, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16, 2½ yards of 40-inch, and 2½ yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer Design No. 1142.

No. 2439, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 48-inch material, and 1½ yards of 40-inch contrasting. Width, 1¼ yards.

No. 2425, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material, or 2¾ yards of 45-inch material. Width, 1¾ yards. Transfer Design No. 1150.

2425 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design
No. 1150

No. 2458, MISSES' MIDDY DRESS. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 40-inch or 3¾ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 2¼ yards.

2458 Dress
4 sizes, 14-202439 Dress
4 sizes, 14-202437 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2458

2460

2251

2425

2437

2439

2441

2286

No. 2451, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material, and 1½ yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards.

No. 2437, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 5½ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. The width at lower edge is 1½ yards.

2441 Suit-Coat
4 sizes, 14-20
2286 Skirt
4 sizes, 14-20

Costume Nos. 2441, 2286. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 54-inch. No. 2441, MISSES' SUIT-COAT. Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch. No. 2286, MISSES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Size 16 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards.

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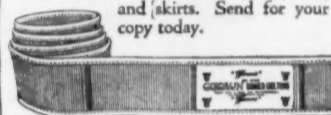
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2444 Dress with Bloomers
5 sizes, 2-10
Transfer Design No. 1120

No. 2377, GIRL'S JUMPER DRESS WITH GUIMPE. Size 8, dress, 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch; guimpe, 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch.

No. 2378, GIRL'S CAPE. Medium size, 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch, and 3/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting.



2442 Dolls' Set
5 sizes, 14-30

No. 2444, CHILD'S ONE-PIECE DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 4, 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch, and 1/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Transfer Design No. 1120.

No. 2315, GIRL'S WRAP COAT. Size 10 requires 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch material. Lining, 3 yards of 36-inch material.



2416 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10

2315 Wrap Coat
5 sizes, 6-14

2377 Jumper Dress and Guimpe
5 sizes, 6-14
2378 Cape
Small, medium large

2455 Coat
5 sizes, 2-10



No. 2455, CHILD'S COAT. Size 8 requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch, and 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting

No. 2416, GIRL'S PANTALETTE DRESS. Size 6 requires 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch material, and 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch material for collar, cuffs, sash, band and knee band.

No. 2450, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 12, View A, 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch. Transfer Design No. 1078 Size 10, View B, 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch material.



2315 2444 2378

2450 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer Design No. 1078
View A

2450 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
View B



2416 2455 2450 2450

Fashion's Decree for Little People

View A



No. 2452, BABY BUNTING. Infants, View A, 1½ yards of 40-inch; View B, 2½ yards of 36-inch.

2452 Baby Bunting
2 sizes, Infants-6 months
1-2 years

View B



No. 2448, GIRL'S OVER-BLOUSE DRESS. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch, or 2½ yards of 40- or 44-inch material.



2430 Undergarment
6 sizes, 2-12



2433 Drawers
9 sizes, 4-20



2448 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

No. 2430, GIRL'S COMBINATION UNDERGARMENT. Size 6 requires 1¼ yards of 32- or 36-inch material.

No. 2433, MISSES' AND GIRLS' KNICKERBOCKER DRAWERS. Size 6 requires 1 yard of 32- or 36-inch material.



View A



2445 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer Design No. 1102

View B



2457 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

No. 2457, GIRL'S MIDDY DRESS. Size 10 requires 3 yards of 36- or 40-inch material, or 2½ yards of 54-inch material.

2426 Apron
5 sizes, 4-12

No. 2426, GIRL'S APRON. Size 10 requires 2¼ yards of 32-inch material, or 2½ yards of 36- or 40-inch material.



2448 2457 2445 2426 2445

No. 2445, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 10 requires, View A, 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Transfer Design No. 1102. View B, 3¾ yards of 36-inch material.

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View A

View B

No. 2431, MEN'S AND YOUTHS' SHIRT. Size 15, 2½ yards of 40-inch, and ¾ yard of 36-inch for detachable collar and collar band.

2434 Corset Cover
9 sizes, 34-502431 Shirt
10 sizes, 13½-182453 Chinese
Costume
Small, medium, large

No. 2453, LADIES' AND MISSES' CHINESE FANCY COSTUME. Small, 14, 16 years; medium, 36, 38; large, 40, 42 bust. Medium size, 3 yards of 36-inch figured, 4¾ yards of 40-inch plain.

No. 2434, LADIES' CORSET COVER. Size 36 requires. View A, ¾ yard of 40-inch; View B, 1 yard of 40-inch material.

2436 Clown
Suit
Small, medium,
large2432 Bathrobe
Small, medium, large

No. 2436, CLOWN SUIT; for men and boys. Small, 8, 10, 12; medium, 14, 16, 18 years; large, 38 to 46 breast. Large size, light and dark material, 4¾ yards each of 36-inch.

No. 2432, MEN'S ONE-PIECE BLANKET BATHROBE; 57-inch length. Medium size requires 6¾ yards of 27-inch material. A blanket 72 x 90 inches may be used. Width, 1¾ yards.

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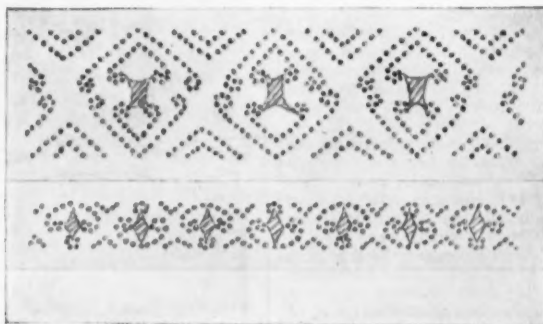
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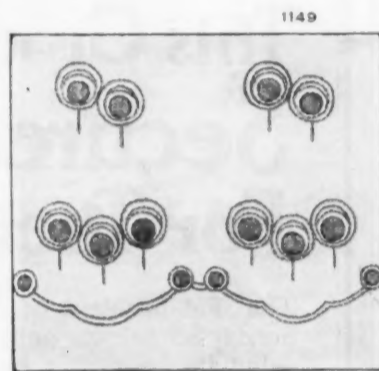
1150

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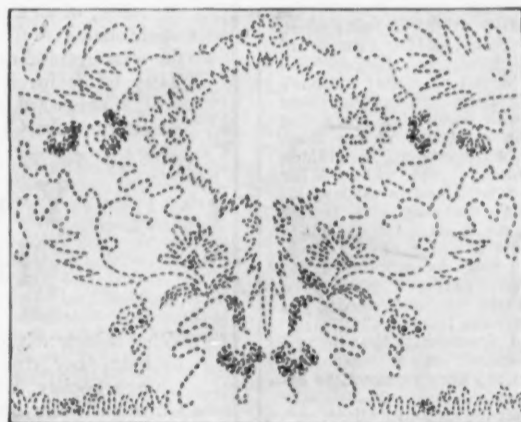
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1151

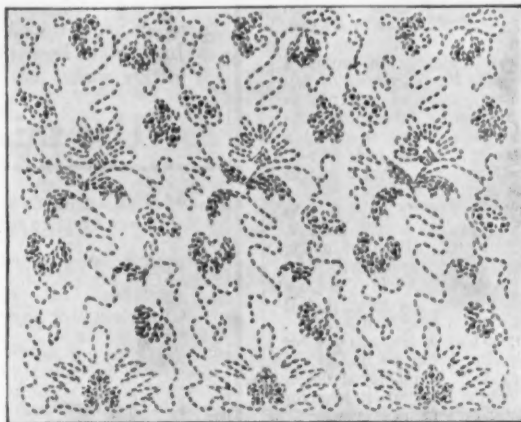
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1147

1147

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The Coast of Cockaigne

[Continued from page 16]

VI

BRIDGE killed the long hours of that first afternoon on board a train whose windows revealed seldom a prospect less desolate than one of prairie meadows fallowed but frozen, dusky beneath a tarnished sky.

Lynn Summerlad made a fourth at the little table set up in the Lontaine drawing-room; invited by Lontaine as an acquaintance of Lucinda's, and a grateful addition to the party because he played something better than merely a good game.

Not only "fearfully easy to look at" (as Fanny confided to Lucinda), but fair spoken as well, if at times a shade carefully mannered, he was intelligent and ready of wit; so that Lucinda, while she waited for sleep to blind her eyes that night, discovered that she was looking forward to the next afternoon, when bridge would be again in order.

She was too sleepy to diagnose the methods with which Summerlad had succeeded in winning back the ground which over-assurance had lost for him at the breakfast table. It was enough that he qualified as that all too unordinary social phenomenon, "an amusing person."

She began to study him more intently if subtly, however, when the train pulled into Albuquerque for its scheduled stop of an hour at noon of the second day, and the Lontaines and Lucinda found Summerlad, alert and debonnaire, waiting on the platform, prepared to act as guide and protect them against their tenderfoot tendency to purchase all the souvenir trash in sight.

This quiet process of noting and weighing ran like a strand of distinctive color through the patterned impressions of the next day, till, retracing it in reverie after nightfall, it was possible for Lucinda to make up her mind that she liked Lynn Summerlad decidedly.

If Summerlad's character as she read it had faults, if an occasional crudity flawed the finish of his gesture, they were condonable in view of his youth. He would improve with age, take on polish readily enough from rubbing up against life. Especially if he were so fortunate as to find the right woman to watch over and advise him. An interesting job, for the right woman.

LUCINDA smiled confidentially into the darkness streaming astern from the observation platform, to which the four of them had repaired after dinner to wait while their several berths were being made up. But the night air was so chill in the altitudes which the train was then traversing, that no other passengers had cared to dispute with them the platform chairs; while Fanny had excused herself before, and Lontaine had quietly taken himself off during Lucinda's spell of thoughtfulness. So now she found herself alone with Summerlad, when that one, seeing the sweet line of her cheek round in the light from the windows behind them and surmising a smile, while still her face remained averted and in shadow, inquired: "What's the joke, Mrs. Druce? Won't you let me in on the laugh, too?"

"I'm not sure it was a joke," Lucinda replied; "it was more contentment. I was thinking I'd been having a rather good time, these last two days, since meeting you and running into the Lontaines."

"It's seemed a wonderful time to me," Summerlad declared in a voice that promised, upon any encouragement, to become sentimental.

"Quite a facer for my anticipations, considering the way I had to fly Chicago and my husband," Lucinda laughed briefly to show she wasn't downhearted. "But I daresay you're wondering, Mr. Summerlad."

"Eaten alive by inquisitiveness, if you must know. All the same, I don't want to know anything you don't want to tell me, Mrs. Druce."

"Well, it seems only fair to confess I was leaving to go to Reno by way of San Francisco when my husband ran me to earth at the Blackstone. But now the Lontaines have persuaded me to spend a few weeks with them in Los Angeles first."

"That's something you'll never regret, if you'll leave it to me."

"Yes, I'm sure you mean to be nice to us; but now you remind me," Lucinda pursued with decision: "I've got a big favor to beg of you, Mr. Summerlad."

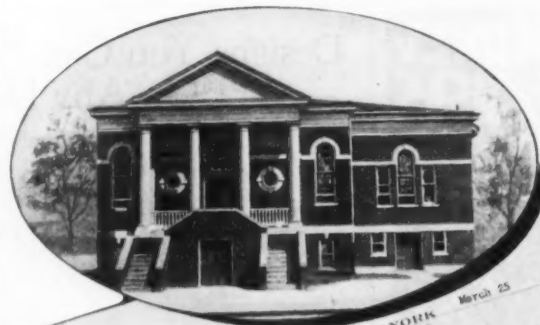
"Can't make it too great."

"Fanny and I were discussing it this morning, and it seemed wise to us. . . . You see, the only way I can account for my husband's having found me in Chicago is on the theory that he employed detectives. And of course I'd made it easy for them by using my own name everywhere."

"Why don't you use another name?"

"Just what Fanny and I were debating. If I don't, Bel—Mr. Druce—is sure to

[Continued on page 51]



Orcutt Avenue Baptist Church of Newport News, Va.



The Fidelis Class which secured \$150.50 for their church

This Group of Ladies Secured \$150⁵⁰ For Their Church

The Fidelis class of the Orcutt Avenue Baptist Sunday School was only organized on January 6, 1921—but in the matter of good deeds accomplished it already has a splendid record. This class has proved conclusively that "where there's a will there's a way." A few weeks after the class was started, one of the members learned about the McCall Church Plan.

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The Coast of Cockaigne

[Continued from page 50]

follow me to Los Angeles, sooner or later, and make more scenes. I'd like to avoid that if I can."

"Surest thing you know, he'll find you out, if our Los Angeles newspapers ever discover Mrs. Bellamy Druce of New York is in the civic midst."

"That settles it, then. I'm going to be somebody else for a while. Help me choose a good, safe *nom de guerre*, please."

"Let's see," Mrs. Lontaine calls you 'Cindy'."

"Short for Lucinda."

"How about Lee? Lucinda Lee?"

"I like that. But it does sound like the movies, doesn't it?"

"What do you expect of a moving-picture actor, Mrs. Druce?"

"Mrs. Lee, please."

"Beg pardon: Mrs. Lee."

"And you'll keep my horrid secret, won't you, Mr. Summerlad?"

"If you know how complimented I feel, you'd know I would die several highly disagreeable deaths before I'd let you think me unworthy of your confidence."

"That's very sweet," Lucinda considered with mischievous gravity. "And I am properly appreciative. But if you will persist in playing on my susceptibilities so ardently, Mr. Summerlad, I'll simply have to go to bed."

"Please sit still. I'll be good."

"No, but seriously," Lucinda insisted, rising, "it is late, and I want to wake up early, I don't want to miss anything of this wonderful country we're traveling through."

"You won't see anything but desert in the morning, the edge of the Mojave."

"But we've been in desert country all afternoon, and I adore it."

"Oh, these Arizona plains; they're not real desert, they're just letting on; give them a few drinks and they'll start a riot of vegetation. But the Mojave's a regular he-desert: sand and sun, cactus and alkali. I'm much more interesting, I'm so human."

"Yes, I've noticed. Male human. But, you see, a desert's a novelty. I really must go."

LUCINDA was sensible of a dull resentment as Summerlad's car—an open one but of overpowering bigness and staggering in its color-scheme of yellow and black with silver trimmings—progressed in majesty through the streets of Los Angeles where monstrous trolleys ground and clanged, motor vehicles, champing at the bits, plodded in solid column formation, and singularly shabby multitudes drifted listlessly along the sidewalks—all utterly unlike her vague expectation of a city Arcadian and spacious.

That sense of having been somehow swindled was, if anything, stronger in consequence of an expedition afoot with Fanny after breakfast, in the course of which the two women explored most of the shopping and business district.

Having lunched with Fanny, Lucinda returned to rooms which the persevering Summerlad had caused to be transformed in her absence into the likeness of a fashionable florist and fruiterer's shop; and while she was trying to decide whether to move half the lot or herself out into the hall, the telephone rang and a voice announced that Mr. Summerlad's car was at the door and at the disposition of Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Lontaine for the afternoon.

"Ought we?" Lucinda doubted.

"Why not?" Fanny asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I presume it would be ungracious to question Californian hospitality. But that car!"

"It is rather a circus wagon; but judging by what we've seen in the streets today, the way to make oneself conspicuous here is to sport a car of gaudy black or screaming navy-blue. In the racy idiom of the Golden West—let's go."

They went. In ten minutes Los Angeles of the skyscrapers was forgotten. For three hours, league after league of garden land, groves, plantations, ocean beach, bare brown foothills, verdant valleys as wide as an Eastern county, unrolled to the gaze of beauty-stricken eyes. In the end the car turned off a main-traveled highway without warning, swept round the bluestone drive of what appeared to be parked private grounds, and stopped before wide brick steps that led up to the imposing portico of an old colonial mansion.

The chauffeur turned back a friendly, grinning face. "This is where Mr. Summerlad works—the Zinn Studios."

Lucinda stared unbelievably at the building, finding it hardly possible to reconcile such mellow beauty of scheme and proportion, so harmonious with the wide lawns and massed foliage of its setting, with memories of those grubby, grimy, backstreet premises tenanted by the Culp Studios in New York.

A screen door beneath the portico opened, Mr. Summerlad emerged, a shape of slender elegance in Shantung silk, and ran impetuously down to the car.

With more deliberation Lontaine appeared.

"Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Lontaine: I do hope you'll forgive me for telling Tom to stop in here instead of taking you back to the hotel. Lontaine's here, and we've planned a little surprise, dinner at my place out in Beverley Hills, just the four of us. You won't say no and spoil everything? That's splendid! But it's early, and perhaps you'd like a look round a regular moving-picture plant first."

Conducting them through the building, Summerlad explained that the stages were temporarily idle, photography on two productions in process having recently been finished and their casts disbanded, only the directors and their staffs remaining to cut and title the films; while the production in which Summerlad was to play the lead was not yet ready for the cameras.

The working premises lay behind the administration building. But here again Lucinda discerned few points of resemblance to the Culp Studios. A field several acres in extent, about half neatly turfed, was surrounded by a sizeable village of glass-roofed stages and buildings dedicated to technical and mechanical departments—a laboratory, a costumer's, property, carpenter, and scene-painting shops, directors' offices, dressing, projecting and cutting rooms, a garage, sheds to shelter motor-cars and trucks by the score, stables, a small menagerie, a huge tank of "water stuff," a monolithic fireproof structure of cement for the storage of film.

"Well, Mrs. Lee! What do you think of a California studio? Not much like what you've seen back East, eh?"

Lucinda shook her head and smiled.

"I am enchanted with this country," she said; "if what I've seen of it this afternoon is any criterion, I'm afraid it's going to be hard to go away from. As for your studio, it seems marvelous. If Mr. Culp had promised me anything like this, I don't believe I should have had the courage to refuse."

"It's not too late to change your mind, Mrs. Lee," Lontaine put in. "In fact, if I thought there was any hope you would, I'd go down on my knees to you. Oh, not to act for Culp, but for me; or rather, for yourself, as head and the star of your own company. No; I'm serious."

"Why pick on me?" Lucinda laughed. "I'm not even an actress."

"Ah! you forget I've seen you prove on the screen what you can do. You don't know yourself, Mrs. Lee. There isn't a woman in the country can touch you, if you'll only take your ability seriously. You need only two things to make you great, a good director and self-confidence."

"Aren't you running a great risk, making such flattering overtures to an untried and unknown amateur?"

"If I had any hope of being able to persuade you to try it on, I'd ask you to name your own terms, and shoulder the risk of losing out without a murmur!"

Lontaine's earnestness was so real, one could no longer meet his arguments with levity. There was a strained look in his blue eyes, a restrained passion of pleading in his ordinarily languid and amused accents. Or Lucinda fancied these things. But a swift sidelong glance showed that Fanny, too, was apparently hanging between hope and fear upon Lucinda's reception of her husband's proposals. And a thought revived that had once or twice before presented itself, a suspicion that all was not as well as one might have wished with the state of the Lontaine fortunes.

Still Lucinda hesitated to believe. "But you can't be serious! Do you really want me to become a motion-picture actress under your management?"

"You can't name anything I wouldn't do to persuade you."

"Why not, Mrs. Lee?" Summerlad urged. "It would be great fun, and you can't fail; you can't lose anything."

"And if you should fail, 'Cindy,' Fanny chimed in, "what does it matter? Who would know? It wouldn't be you, it would be Lucinda Lee."

"No," Lontaine insisted: "I've got a better screen name than that for her. Not Lucinda: Linda Lee."

"Come, Mrs. Lee! Say you'll try it on, if only for the lark of it!"

"If I should decide to try it on, Mr. Summerlad, it wouldn't be for fun."

"Then you will?" Lontaine persisted. And, indeed, Lucinda asked herself, why not? She was alone in the world, lonely but for these good friends who needed her help, or seemed to—without excuse for continuing to live if she refused this chance and found nothing else. It would be fun, it would fill a hole in her life of which she had been discontentedly aware even in the days when she had yet to dream of leaving Bel. And—even as Fanny had argued—if she should fail, who would care what had become of "Linda Lee?"

"Very well," she said at length, with an uncertain smile, "suppose we try."

[Continued in the January McCall's]

RUMFORD

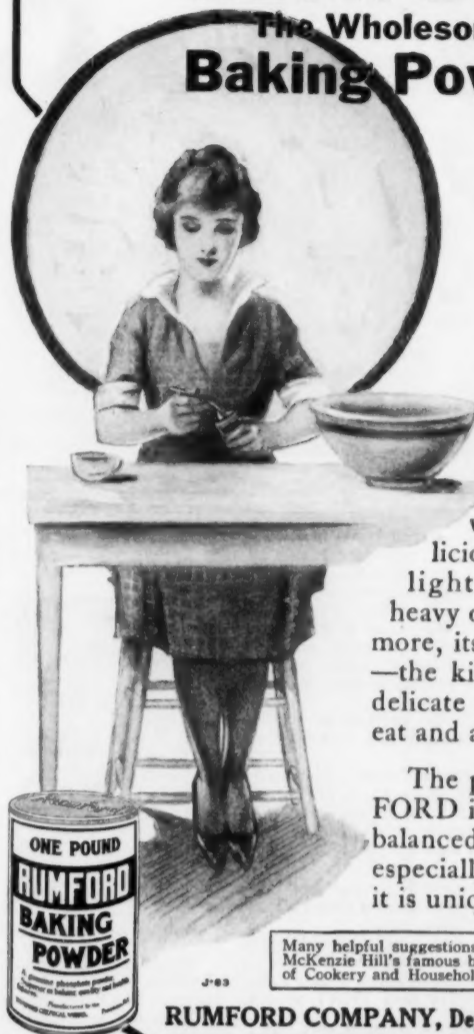
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THE IMPRINT PENCIL COMPANY, 530 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



Deflating the Emotions

ROUGE and eroticism are the revealed and the concealed symptoms of the present emotional instability of women as produced by the left-over from the great war.

Women of all classes of intelligence share the unrest. Many have so exaggerated their feelings that a return to normalcy in sentiment is about as difficult as in commerce.

Deflating the emotions will produce as much good as deflating the currency, in the opinion of many persons, and the present writer's personal opinion is that the way to resume—is to resume.

Consider, for example, the following extracts from most interesting confessions made by refined and accomplished young women.

Is there any way out of the agony, for girls who write thus, other than to get back, by some short process of mental surgery, to a common-sense plane of feeling?

On elegant stationary, in admirable writing, comes this from a girl of twenty who loves a man ten years her senior:

And then, one evening, the crash came. He told me that he was engaged to be married and that he had not confessed for fear he might lose me.

Had I known when I first met him, I would have given him up. I can't now. I've tried—and I can't.

He was married in March. Soon after, I met him. I told him I would go away. He said THAT would drive him mad.

I love him dearly. I know it isn't fair to the parties concerned, but what can I do? I can't give him up—and he won't let me go! So please say something comforting to—Peggy.

In different but equally elegant penmanship comes this from another girl of twenty who loves a married man:

We both know it is wrong for us to go together but I love him dearly. He says he wants me for his wife, but he has no ground for a divorce. We go together once or twice a week but do not stay late because he must please his wife by getting home early. Lately I asked him to take me to a late train. He refused. He had promised to take his child to a picture show. Now that is always the way—he will not break his promise at home, but always to me.

I have spent bitter hours of weeping over him. I am never happy any more unless with him. We both know we are doing wrong. We lie constantly in order to be together. I would be grateful for advice. But I cannot give him up.—Polly A.—

CAN any reader suggest anything but mental surgery as a cure for such infatuation?

A slow convalescence might be brought about by a year or two of association with the man described. Only the older woman can see how complete would be the disillusionment following marriage with a man of this type. Mary Austin describes it thus:

"I don't think that Jerry wasn't fond of his wife and faithful to her, in so far as she didn't interfere with his male prerogative of being played upon by other women."

When the writers of the above letters tell themselves frankly that the males in question are particularly susceptible to being played upon by women, will they care to share the doubtful privilege?

Such an admission, frankly made, would be painful, but it would be the only mental operation required to cure a girl of average intelligence.

A Splendid Ambition

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

Married to a soldier husband, I lost my first baby. Our second child was born in 1920 and life seemed wonderfully good. A month ago our little boy died. That hurt is too near, too deep to be discussed.

It's such a waste when babies die. In many cases, the waste might be prevented. And so I want to be a baby doctor.

Now here is my problem: my husband would think I had stopped loving him if I went away to college.

There is no medical school in our city and no expert baby doctor. There are two hospitals and two excellent practitioners. Could I study with one of them? Or by correspondence?

If I could save some other mother's babies, I'd be more reconciled to my own loss.

I have a high school but not a college education.

What is your opinion?—C. G.

THAT the nation needs hundreds of specialists for babies, doctors with understanding hearts as well as trained minds; physicians made from candidates animated with the enthusiasm of this bereaved young mother.

If you have a problem, accept me as a friend, one who has lived and who understands, and one to whom you may tell your story without a hint of your identity. I shall in all cases use only your initials in answering you in these columns; in fact, you need sign only your initials if you wish. Or send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a personal letter. Address your inquiries to Mrs. Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 232 West 37th Street, New York City.



However it is difficult, almost impossible, to become a physician today without the equivalent of two years in college. The modern physician is rarely self-educated. Moreover, separation and absence from a husband's home is seldom advisable. It all sounds discouraging—but perhaps there is another way. Lately, it has been decided by scientists, that babies need mothering quite as much as doctoring, they need homes instead of institutions, they need the individual care of an understanding mother-heart.

Certain broad-minded woman, some of them spinsters, are undertaking "to mother" orphaned or abandoned infants in many cities. The writer of the above could take a course in nursing at her home town hospital, without leaving her husband, and later organize and supervise a home of the new kind—for not more than six infants.

New Form of an Old Misery

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

My husband and a girl who worked in the same office pretended to be cousins. The man has been married a dozen years and is the father of several children. Nevertheless, he met the girl by appointment and went back and forth with her daily, and was so attentive to her at the office that the conduct of both became offensive to their employer, and after several warnings, both were dismissed.

My husband lost an excellent and congenial occupation which he had had five years, and a very satisfactory salary. In consequence we have failed to make payments on our home and are in danger of losing it. After being out of work for weeks, he was obliged to take an inferior position, at a lower salary.

The girl who caused this misery says that I, the wife, knew about my husband's interest in her, and didn't mind at all! And that anyway, she is innocent because she didn't know she was doing wrong! And my husband wants me to forget what he calls "a mistake!"

Dear Madame, I am in such a mental state that if it were not for my children, I would divorce him—or take my life. My despair is not due to our changed financial condition, although the menace to our home is bad enough. My husband was an ardent and devoted lover and the loss of his affection leaves me desolate and inconsolable.

Help me to see the light again.—M. C. M., Minneapolis, Minn.

THERE may be some light—if no comfort—in the reflection that a little less idealism and a goodly portion of common sense on the part of distressed wives will cure some of the romantic tendencies of errant husbands and fathers.

Common sense, in this instance, suggests that the wronged and insulted wife put aside every thought of divorce and suicide and consider how absurd it would be to make way for the trespasser to take her place in her home.

That would be a decided victory for a girl who has worked almost limitless harm in one family. And the girl insists that she is innocent—that she didn't know right from wrong!

Let's hear no more of that kind of twaddle from the trespassers. Let's insist, if they are going out after married men—and fathers—that they play the game in the open. When they pretend to be innocent ingenues, they deceive the man—and nobody else—not even themselves.

Every girl has age-old instincts and traditions—and if she hasn't them, she hasn't brains enough to be trusted in the business world; and if she violates them, she deserves no consideration, no mercy, certainly not the opportunity to install herself in a place preempted by another woman.

There remains an unexpected and interesting angle to this problem: The employers who discharged both offenders are to be commended and ought to be imitated.

Undoubtedly it required courage on their part to sacrifice the young mother and her children in the husband's downfall, but if that were the recognized penalty to be paid for all slushy office intrigues, most of them would be precipitately abandoned.

An Anxious Age

ENGAGED girls who confess that they secretly love another than the "fortunate" man, write letters of considerable length.

It is invariably the girl of less than eighteen years who cannot make up her mind as to which of two suitors would make the preferable husband, proving, if it prove anything at all, that she is unready for marriage.

Often this doubt becomes imperative about two weeks before the wedding day. Frequently the young ladies describe the rival lovers on half a dozen sheets of paper—and then ask me to choose between them! For example:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I am engaged to marry, next month, a young man whom I thought I loved very much, but this summer another man has come into my life.

The first is fascinating and devoted, his parents are prosperous, but he never keeps any employment long. The second comes of a poorer family, but he is industrious. I cannot tell which man loves me the better.

Here follow pages of itemized charms, and good and bad qualities of the two young men and the letters usually end thus:

I seem to love these men equally. Please tell me which to marry.

ONE case of the kind would not merit part of a column of McCall's space, but there are so many instances of indecision on the part of engaged girls under eighteen that I sometimes wonder if it is ever wise for girls under twenty to consider matrimony.

One reply covers many such queries.

Most experienced wives and mothers would agree, I fancy, that the confused girl would better postpone her wedding until she is sure of herself, until she is so attracted by one suitor that she would neither seek nor accept the decision of a third person.

One other point should be called to the attention of girls in doubt. It is the habit of the youth of both sexes to undertake marriage as something changeable, escapable, indeterminate, whereas marriage actually concludes one phase of existence as effectually as death concludes all conscious existence. Marriage, rightly undertaken, is a life contract.

If girls would meditate upon this fact, they would often lose their anxiety to wed before they are twenty—at which age they should be qualified to know their own minds.

Publicity Important

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I am a bride of a few months. I find that my husband is still writing to a girl to whom he was once engaged.

From her letters, it is plain that she thinks him unmarried, and that she is planning her trousseau, expecting to marry him herself.

He will not tell her, and when I ask him to be fair to her as well as to me, he goes into a bad temper.

Since he will not tell her, would it be wrong for me to do so?—N. A., Altoona, Pa.

YOU would be justified in sending the girl the information, according to my point of view. Many would disagree with the opinion.

As I see it, marriage is not entirely the man's affair. He assumes it to be, and expects two women to shape their lives on his gregariousness.

You might send the young woman your wedding invitation, or announcement cards, or the newspaper clipping of your marriage notice, or license; if none of these are at hand, write a brief businesslike letter to her, or her father or mother.

This course presupposes great wrath on the part of your husband, for secrecy is the zest of irregular love-affairs to some men, as well as the life of them.

Winona Wilcox

Boys and Girls—Make your own Christmas Candy at Home

It's great fun—easy to make and costs little. Read how to do it.



NO festival was ever so beautiful as Christmas. It's the time, as every boy and girl knows, when the Fairy Queen makes her robe of the shimmer of the silver moonbeams; when the Frost King writes his pictured message in feathery crystals on the window panes; when the North Wind strikes his lyre of pendant icicles, and elfin music tinkles through the woodland.

Christmas is the wondrous time of giving—of expressing love and affection in the little token, freighted with golden wishes and tender sentiment.

And it is the time of feasting—of enjoying the good things that many people must consider luxuries at other times.

Of all the good things for the Christmas celebration there is nothing that's enjoyed more than delicious candy. For Christmas really wouldn't be Christmas without candy.

With Karo, the Great American Syrup, the most wholesome and appetizing candy is now within the reach of all.

You can make delicious Chocolate Fudge, Taffy, Peanut Brittle and Caramels with Karo, that will just melt in your mouth, and make everyone in the family wish that Christmas came once a month, instead of once a year.

And there's lots of fun mak-

ing these delicious confections—seeing how nicely they "come out." You could not have more wholesome candy—at any price—and the cost is but little.

Here are the recipes for making Chocolate Fudge, Caramels, Taffy and Peanut Brittle. From your grocer get the kind of Karo indicated in the recipe. Read the descriptions below about the three kinds of Karo—all three kinds make delicious candy:

Chocolate Fudge

3 cups Granulated Sugar $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Milk
3 tablespoons Cocoa 1 teaspoon Vanilla
1 tablespoon Mazola $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Salt
2 tablespoons Karo, Blue Label

Cook together sugar, cocoa, Karo, Mazola, salt and milk until it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Set aside until cool. Add vanilla and beat until it creams. Pour into oiled pan and cut in squares.

Peanut Brittle

1 cup Karo, Blue Label 2 tablespoons Water
1 cup Brown Sugar 1 cup Shelled Peanuts
2 teaspoons Mazola

Boil sugar, Karo and water until it is crisp when dropped in cold water. Just before taking from fire add Mazola and nuts. Pour into tin oiled with Mazola.

Karo Caramels

2 cups Granulated Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Mazola
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups Karo, Blue Label 1 teaspoon Vanilla
1 cup Chopped Nuts

Cook sugar, Karo, milk and Mazola until it forms a firm ball in cold water. Remove from fire, add vanilla and nuts and pour into pan oiled with Mazola.

Taffy

2 cups Sugar 1 tablespoon Mazola
2 lb. can Karo 1 pinch Soda
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Vinegar 2 teaspoons Vanilla

Boil sugar and Karo till it gets a little thick and add vinegar. When nearly done add Mazola and soda. Remove from fire and add vanilla. The test for all taffy is that it must be crisp in cold water.

What some authorities say about Karo and Dextrose

Dr. Edwin F. Bowers, noted writer on foods, says "Karo is one of the most valuable of all energy foods for growing children. It is unusually palatable, and its heavy dextrose content makes it an ideal food for little human dynamos in short dresses and knickerbockers."

Dr. William H. Porter, great food authority, says that dextrose "develops increased resistance to fatigue, and a greater capacity for sustained mental and physical effort. The nervous system shows more stability. Children seem to develop a better color, as well as an increase in the appetite, and in the capacity for assimilating food."

Give the children all the Karo that Nature tells them to eat—on well-done pancakes, spread on sliced bread, or made into pure home-made candies. It will make them sturdy and robust, and more active for work, play or growth.



YOUR PROTECTION

Do not be deceived by cans containing syrup that might look like Karo. The name "Karo" is on every can of original Karo—look for it and be assured of full weight cans and highest quality.

BLUE Karo

The standard table syrup for pancakes, hot biscuits, waffles, etc. Also for cooking, baking and candy-making. Light brown color, delicious flavor—a heavy-bodied syrup.

RED Karo

The ideal syrup for every use—for cooking, baking, candy-making and preserving. Because of its honey-like appearance many prefer it as a spread for cakes, biscuits, breads.

GREEN Karo

Flavored with highest grade real maple sugar. Very moderate in price—absolutely pure. The makers of Karo are the world's largest users of the highest grade maple sugar—over a thousand tons used annually.

FREE The beautifully illustrated Corn Products Cook Book of 64 pages—containing splendid recipes for candy making. Sent free with a booklet that every parent should read. Tells all about the wonderful value of Karo; explains the meaning of Dextrose and why children thrive on it. Write Corn Products Refining Company, Department A, Argo, Illinois.



COLGATE'S *For Christmas*

Cashmere Bouquet Soap
Large size, three cakes in a box—70c.
Medium (10c) size, six cakes in a box—55c.
Floriant Perfume, \$1.00 to \$10.00.
Colgate's Toilet Waters, 50c to \$3.25.
Cha Ming Talc, Floriant Talc, 25c.
Compact Face Powder, 35c.
Charms Cold Cream, 25c., 40c. and 65c.
"Handy Grip" Shaving Stick, 35c.
Refill for "Handy Grip", 25c.
Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—
large size, 25c.
Special Floriant Gift Boxes, \$4.80
to \$12.00.

YOU can almost fill your Christmas shopping list from this group of Colgate articles. Each article is favorably known and widely used in your circle of relatives and friends. The fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap—Floriant Perfume—the soft, perfumed Talc in decorative boxes—toilet water, face powder, Charms Cold Cream—the familiar "Handy Grip" and old faithful Ribbon Dental Cream—all are accepted as standard. In fact the name "Colgate" on toilet articles corresponds to "Sterling" on silver.

A dozen cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap (four boxes), or a year's supply of Ribbon Dental Cream—wouldn't you yourself rather receive *such* a gift than some more costly trifle that isn't what you would have selected for yourself? It is always safe to select Colgate articles for Christmas gifts.

COLGATE & CO. Est. 1806 NEW YORK

Be American in loveliness! Perfume is the gift of gifts!